This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES
3 3433 08167012 1

XFDF

THE

CHRISTIAN EXAMINER

AND

GENERAL REVIEW.

VOL. XXXIII.

THIRD SERIES, VOLUME XV.

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY JAMES MUNROE AND COMPANY.
NEW YORK: C. S. FRANCIS.
LONDON: JOHN GREEN, 121 NEWGATE-STREET.
1843.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

BOSTON.
THURSTON AND TORRY, PRINTERS.

THE

CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

SEPTEMBER, 1842.

ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY.

[Delivered as an Address before the Ministerial Conference in Berry Street, Boston, May 25, 1842. By Alvan Lamson, D. D.]

The topic on which I am to address you, at this time, — "The Value of Ecclesiastical History to the Minister," — is not one of my own selection, nor can I hope to invest it with any attractions. Ecclesiastical History, I believe, is not a favorite study with the profession, nor is there any department of human knowledge more neglected by the public. I am not much surprised that it is so. The subject, as usually treated, is dry, dull, and repulsive in the extreme. I can conceive of nothing more so. It is a study attended with peculiar difficulty on account of the obscurity of many of its records, often clouded by passion and prejudice, darkened by inconsistency, and too frequently bearing marks of credulity, carelessness, and fraud, which justify the remark of Jortin, that "Ecclesiastical History is a sort of enchanted land, where it is hard to distinguish truth from false appearances, and a maze which requires more than Ariadne's clue."

Then the topics to which it invites our attention are often of the most forbidding kind, or such as can awaken no interest in refined and cultivated intellects, — controversies about verbal distinctions and trifles, dialectic subtleties, and barren questions of scholastic theology and metaphysics. Besides, it introduces us to many disgusting views of human nature. It presents

this nature under some of its worst and most degrading aspects, actuated by the basest and most detestable passions, and exhibiting proofs of the melancholy perversion of all its finer sensibilities and instincts. It shows us the weakness and littleness of man under such vivid portraiture, and with such convincing evidence, as almost to make us forget, for the time, his greatness and his strength. It makes us acquainted with some of his saddest aberrations of intellect. As we turn over its pages, the eye is arrested by the superstition, which has paralyzed his faculties and narrowed and dwarfed his best virtues; by his exclusiveness, his bigotry, his persecutions; the prostration of his understanding manifested in his mistaken piety, his adoration of objects more worthless than the divinities of Egypt, his veneration for relics, and faith in lying miracles, pilgrimages, indulgences, legends of pretended saints; his suppression of freedom of thought and inquiry; his pious forgeries; with the whole catalogue of usurpations, infallibilities, inquisitions, tyrannies, follies, contradictions, and absurdities, which, in past ages, have been incorporated with the religion of the cross, and have so disfigured and obscured it, that scarcely a trace of its heavenly origin and beauty has remained visible.

It is not surprising that from such a picture men should have turned away in disgust, and believing the whole subject barren alike of rational use and interest, regarding the study of it as fitted neither to gratify a liberal curiosity, to purify the feelings, or add to the stores of intellectual affluence, they should have abandoned it for fields of inquiry and thought, which have opened more pleasing views and promised a richer harvest.

The nature and intrinsic difficulty of the subject has not been all. Another cause of the indifference and disgust alluded to has been the tasteless manner in which Ecclesiastical History has usually been written, and the false principles which have governed the narrative. One of these is, that whatever makes for the advantage of believers is to be told, and if with a little rhetorical exaggeration, so much the better, and whatever tells against them is to be passed over in silence; that suppression of truth in such a case, far from being a blemish in a historian, is a virtue. It is needless to say that history, written on this principle, necessarily loses the greater part of its value, by ceasing to be just. The principle came in with Eusebius, the father of Ecclesiastical History, and he has had

abundance of imitators, among whom one of the most conspicuous is the old English worthy, Cave, who has been justly censured for writing panegyrics under the name of history.

Another principle, nearly allied to the former, has been, that nothing is too good to say of the orthodox, and nothing too bad to say of heretics. This principle and its applications are well illustrated by Le Clerc, in a lively, but somewhat sarcastic description of the manner in which a person, if he values his reputation for orthodoxy, or looks for promotion, must proceed in writing an Ecclesiastical History. He must, says he, "adhere inviolably to this maxim, that whatever can be favorable to heretics is false, and whatever can be said against them is true; while, on the other hand, all that does honor to the orthodox is unquestionable, and everything that can do them discredit is surely a lie. He must suppress too with care, or at least extenuate as far as possible, the errors and vices of those whom the orthodox are accustomed to respect, whether they know anything about them or no, and must exaggerate, on the contrary, the mistakes and faults of the heterodox to the utmost of his power. He must remember that any orthodox man is a competent witness against a heretic, and is to be trusted implicitly on his word, while a heretic is never to be believed against the orthodox, and has honor enough done him, in allowing him to speak against his own side."*

On these principles the greater part of Ecclesiastical History has been written. The old fathers so wrote perpetually, and the moderns have not been slow to profit by so worthy an example.

But independently of the falsehood which has pervaded nearly all ecclesiastical writings, and to a greater extent, I believe, than any other, the needed helps have been wanting. We have no Christian histories which are good in other respects. The story of Christianity has not been written with the philosophical power, critical research, and discrimination, which mark other productions of the historic muse. Gibbon's chapters, exceptionable as they are, — in addition to his usual faults of style, reflecting everywhere the hues of his own mind, and tending to mislead by the false coloring and drapery, which

* Parrhasiana, T. I. p. 168, ed. 2d. I have given the version of Hallam (Hist. Lit. II. 83), with only a slight change, which fidelity to the original required.

he has artfully thrown over his pictures, which constitutes the great charge against him, rather than falsification of facts or insufficient research, — are still read with more interest than the work of any professedly Christian historian relating to the same period.

We possess no history of religion which is entitled to rank as a standard work. Nor is there any prospect of a speedy remedy. The task of writing a faithful Christian history, which shall prove ordinarily attractive, is a gigantic one, and requires a rare combination of qualities, and the study of a life for its successful execution. And out of Germany there are now no students of Ecclesiastical History. England is doing nothing in this department, in which she has never distinguished herself; and we, on this side the water, have scarcely yet begun to think of the subject. Little importance is attached to it in a preparation for the ministry; we have no teachers of it properly qualified, and few books, even had we the leisure and disposition to read them. Nor in fact does the state of society and general tone of thinking and feeling among us, at the present time, tend greatly to the encouragement of theological learning of any kind; and our scholars are driven to seek laurels in other fields.

Mere learning, indeed, I am not disposed to rate very high. To encumber one's mind with other men's notions, which are often mere lumber and rubbish, — not to separate, to combine, to originate, to put forth no intellectual power, is little better than solemn trifling.

But to be a well informed theologian, it is not necessary that a person should be nothing beside. He may read to stimulate thought, and furnish it with materials to work upon, to add to his stores of illustration and intellectual wealth, just as he becomes an observer of nature or of man for the same purpose. It is not necessary that his mind should be crushed under the weight of other men's ideas, or that its power of forming new combinations, of creating, diversifying, and adorning, of rising to the highest heaven of invention, of pouring forth thoughts that breathe in words that burn, should be lost. The poet and the orator cull from all regions of nature and art, and make all history and science tributary to their purpose; still their thoughts are fresh and original; they are true makers, and enlarged culture adds compass, force, and beauty to their work, and enables them occasionally to gather flowers from the most unpromising soil.

The Christian minister deals with the highest truths, with the deepest feelings, and most enduring interests of man. It is his province to lay his hand on that many-stringed instrument, the human heart, to control its various moods, and awaken all its sweeter melodies. He is brought into contact with all sorts of minds, and he must have in his armory weapons which will reach all; and it is difficult, therefore, to conceive how any species of knowledge, or any variety of intellectual culture, can be wholly useless to him.

But what is the special use to him of Ecclesiastical History? The reply to this question must depend very much on what he proposes to himself, and what it is desirable that he should be; — what should be his aim, and with what he should be satisfied.

What does he look forward to? What should be his ambition? The mere preaching, from Sunday to Sunday, of discourses which shall prove acceptable to his hearers, which they shall be pleased even to commend, which they shall talk of as brilliant performances, or what is more, which shall really move their hearts for the time, and touch their consciences, which shall send them away thinking of themselves rather than of the preacher? Is this, together with a tolerably careful discharge of pastoral duty, his sole aim? Is he to look only at immediate and visible effects, or to measure his usefulness by the plaudits of an admiring audience?

If so, a knowledge of Ecclesiastical History will be of little *direct* use to him, though to the faithful minister its *indirect* uses will be very considerable. It will not, however, help him much in the writing of sermons. A brilliant, glowing, and varied style, dealing somewhat largely in picturesque imagery, abounding in familiar comparisons, and powerfully appealing to the religious sentiment and to the feelings, and demanding no very profound thought on the part of the hearer, will always ensure a preacher popularity, for the time at least. Historical learning will add nothing to the effect of such a style. In this country, and among ourselves, the appeal to authority and prescription is not allowed, nor are historical subjects often treated in sermons. And as for illustration and ornament of discourse, modern researches and discoveries, and the observation of nature and life, furnish resources to which the preacher will resort with more advantage than to Christian antiquity, the study of which, after all, will afford him less aid in becom-

ing a popular and effective pulpit orator, than an acquaintance with the current literature of the day. This reflects, in some measure, the tastes and feelings of the age, and of these he cannot safely be ignorant. He must know what men are thinking and doing, if he would be heard by them with patience. Without this knowledge he may come loaded with the richest spoils of the past, but he will speak in vain. Persons now care little for the past, except a few classical enthusiasts, who are fast dying out. We are too utilitarian and practical for that. A disquisition on the Tariff, or the latest political pamphlet, is more valued than the poems of Homer; and a spinning jenny would not be given for the recovery of the best ode of Pindar, or of Sappho, with all the lost books of the historians thrown in; and as to the musty tomes of the Fathers, it would be thought charity to give them a place among the dust and rubbish of a garret.

In truth the most celebrated preachers have owed little to treasures of historical lore. It is true, some of them have been learned men, and their sermons have borne ample testimony to their erudition. But they were not indebted for their chief celebrity to this circumstance. Origen and Chrysostom, among the ancients, were both of them popular and admired preachers, and both learned men; but it was their ardor and rapidity of style, their originality, freshness, and vigor, united with great copiousness of thought and illustration, and not their erudition, which gave them the mastery over the spirits of their age.

Of the giants of the English pulpit in the seventeenth century, whose writings are still occasionally read, Barrow, Taylor, and South, the two first were learned; but Barrow, with all his wonderful affluence and comprehensiveness, was regarded as a somewhat tedious preacher, and Taylor's learning, varied and beautiful as it is, must have appeared, I think, to his hearers, as it certainly appears to the reader of the present day, often misplaced, and must have impeded, rather than heightened, the effect of his naturally surpassing eloquence. The witty South, often found on the very verge of buffoonery, had little learning; but as a preacher, afforded, I believe, more delight in his day than either of the others.

The French preachers, who at, or near the same period, in their sermons and funeral orations, carried the eloquence of the pulpit to a height it had never before attained, and which, al-

lowing for national characteristics, it has seldom reached, and perhaps never surpassed, since, were, as a class, not remarkably learned; and an occasional passage from the Fathers, short and introduced without effort, was all which, in general, attested their familiarity with the writings of ecclesiastical antiquity.

Luther was far less learned, certainly in the earlier part of his career, as well in Ecclesiastical History as in the writings of classical antiquity, than Erasmus; yet his earnest, but rude and artless eloquence struck a chord which vibrated through all Christendom. In his attacks on established errors he made at first very little use of history. He employed the strong language of common sense, and his appeals were effectual, and shook to their centre the citadels of canonized superstition.

If we turn to examples of more recent times, and among ourselves, the authors of the most admired productions of the pulpit will tell you, that in the composition of their sermons they have derived little or no help from Ecclesiastical History, that it has been to them a barren field, that they have never loved, nor cultivated it, that they have never brought off from it a solitary flowret that was pleasing to the eye, or the least fruit that was inviting to the taste.

Nor is there anything singular in this. It is so with regard to ethical learning. A person may know little of ethics as a science, and may be wholly unacquainted with its history; he may be ignorant of the systems of the various authors who have written upon it, in ancient and modern times; yet the value of his preaching, viewed merely as preaching, may not be impaired. He may stand up in the pulpit and utter strains of the most thrilling eloquence, and the consciences of his hearers may bear testimony to the fidelity of his appeals. So far as his public addresses are concerned, he may be a very exciting and successful preacher, may have the power of a Whitfield to rouse attention, and stir up the soul to its inmost depths, though he may never have read a line of such writers as Butler, Hutcheson, Wollaston, or Price, or Smith, or Kant, or Jouffroy. He may have searched no further nor deeper for the foundation of morals, and sanction of morality, than the will of God revealed in the Bible, and may have no more theology than is needful to enable him to call Tillotson an atheist; yet he may for the time preach with as much effect, and to a common audience, with a great deal more, than a Bossuet or a Taylor.

But is it well that he should be thus ignorant, or that he should be ignorant of Christian History? The question is one I need not ask. It is surely not desirable that a minister should limit his acquisitions to the knowledge he can turn to immediate account. I am not much of a utilitarian in my views on this subject. Or if I am a utilitarian, I would not confine my regard to mere present and palpable utility. I think we should all look beyond immediate and temporary effects — a mere ephemeral popularity. We should look to a permanent influence and usefulness. There is nothing which will sooner degrade the ministry than the resting content with just such a measure of attainments, as the present exigency demands, or as is necessary to please for the moment the popular ear, though the temptation to this was never greater than now.

There are certain intellectual qualifications which it is important the clergy should possess, which will not benefit them directly and immediately, except so far as they are in themselves sources of gratification, and a pleasing self-consciousness, but which are necessary to secure to them the permanent respect of the community. They add to the high standing of the minister in society. They are not merely an ornament of the profession, but they dignify and elevate it, and in the end augment its power and usefulness. All intellectual accomplishments contribute to this effect; and for this reason, if for no other, a liberal and wide culture of the faculties is, I conceive, to be recommended to the ministers of religion.

If this liberal culture be desirable in the minister, it would be superfluous, as it seems to me, to offer any argument to prove that the study of Ecclesiastical History should not be neglected. Of this a minister cannot with propriety be ignorant. From its very intimate connexion with his profession, he may be expected to know something more about it than other well educated men in the community, just as the physician or lawyer is expected to be better acquainted than others, not simply with the practice of law or medicine, but with the past history of the art or science, — its fountains, growth, and the various revolutions it has passed through. Such knowledge may not perceptibly help their business, may not procure the lawyer more briefs, or the physician more patients; yet they rank higher in our esteem, and must rank higher in their own for possessing it, and we feel that the want of it is a blemish. Just so for the minister to be ignorant of the history

of the religion he professes to teach, its character and fortunes in past ages, the phases it has assumed, the effects it has wrought on society, and the modifications it has itself received from the progress of intellect and the agency of human passions, must be felt to be a defect. It is discreditable to him. It involves, to say the least, a sort of indecorum. It does not, to use the old phraseology, harmonize with our idea of the nature and fitness of things; with our abstract conception of what a minister should be.

But to descend from this position, which may be thought to savor a little too much of idealism for the present day, and to be seeking a footing in the clouds, (though such notions were current when I was young,) there are, if I mistake not, *indirect*, but substantial and positive benefits, which the minister will derive from the study of Christian history.

An acquaintance with a few traditionary dogmas and a little sectarian divinity have been all, which have frequently, heretofore, until within a short period, been thought essential to the education of a preacher; I do not say universally, for there have been honorable exceptions. For some time past more liberal ideas have been gaining ground; but there is still room for advance. The character of the times, and the condition of knowledge and progress of intellect in other departments of human inquiry, and the direction which speculative minds are taking, are certainly such as require attention to the state of theological science, and should keep the mind alive to the importance of historical research. There are demands of the age which must be met, questions of deep import, some notice of which must be taken, which it will not do always to pass over in silent contempt, and a reply to which requires us to go back to the first elements of belief and knowledge in the human soul, to obviate objections and put an end to doubt.

But independently of all considerations of this sort, and of all questions relating to the historical basis of Christianity, and its defence, the minister has no lack of motives to the study of the history of his religion. It is a history intrinsically important; so far as the subject, — the development of man's spiritual nature, during a period which has witnessed the extinction of ancient civilization, and the reorganization of society in modern times, — is concerned, the noblest of all histories. And putting the study of it on the basis of a comprehensive utility merely, it has strong claims on his attention. A knowl-

edge of it may not tell immediately, but it will tell in the course of a life of ordinary length. Occasions will occur on which its uses will be manifest.

The minister must contend for the simplicity that is in Christ. He must preach the pure truths uttered by the founder of his religion. He must endeavor to form a just conception of these truths; he must separate them from human additions; he must labor to disengage them from the mass of error, by which they have been overshadowed and darkened in past ages. In doing this he must become a reformer. He must remould the Christianity of his day, and bring it back to its original pure elements, and thus in some measure take the attitude of a controvertist. He must combat false doctrines grown venerable by age. He must lay his hand, gently but firmly, on time-hallowed associations, and expose abuses sanctioned by prescription, and the authority of some as great names as have ever adorned humanity. This is the least pleasant part of his duty, but it is sometimes necessary.

In performing this task he will be compelled to make use of the lights of Ecclesiastical History, that part of it particularly denominated in modern times the history of dogmatic theology, or history of the doctrines of Christianity. He must trace the origin and progress of the corruptions, under which the simple truths of the gospel have been buried and well nigh extinguished. He must point out their source in human weakness, ambition, and selfishness, in superstition and false philosophy, in the modes of thinking foreign from the principles of the religion of the humble Nazarene, which the converts from paganism, from time to time, took along with them in passing over to Christianity, and unconsciously blended with the new faith; for they could not be expected at once to emancipate themselves from all their former modes of thought, and all the philosophical notions in which they had been educated. Such a result was not possible.

The advocate for the simple truths of the Gospel will find it indispensable sometimes to adopt this method, in order to meet the objections of his adversaries, for error is ever fond of intrenching itself behind the defences of antiquity, and the general belief of the human mind. To illustrate what I mean by an example, the Trinitarian asserts that his faith is old, that it was from the beginning, that it has always been the faith of Christians, and this fact, he argues, affords a strong presump-

tion that it was taught by Jesus and his Apostles; for how else, he asks, can we account for its early and extensive prevalence? Now this objection is certainly entitled to a reply, and the answer must be sought in history. From this it is to be shown that, appearances to the contrary notwithstanding, the doctrine formed no part of the belief of the primitive church; that it is clearly to be referred to the learned converts from heathenism; that the first distinct traces of it, found in any Christian writing of acknowledged antiquity and genuineness, appear in the Dialogue and Apologies of Justin Martyr, the earliest of those converts of whom we have any remains; that it had its origin in that confused mixture of the philosophy and traditions of nearly all nations, which, united with a spirit of allegorizing, and strongly tinctured with oriental mysticism, was taught in the schools of the Alexandrine Platonists in the second and third centuries, and with them passed into the Christian Church, where it received from time to time various modifications and additions, till it assumed the form, very nearly, which it has since retained.

I am stating nothing which is not familiar to you. I take this instance simply as illustrating one of the uses to which a knowledge of Ecclesiastical History may be appropriated. It assists us to explain other errors which have cast a dark shade over the religion of the Son of Mary. Thus we trace the doctrines of modern Calvinism back to the stern old African, the bishop of Hippo, who found the germs of them in Manicheism, of which he was for some years a disciple, before he became an orthodox Christian, and of which he always seems to have retained a certain taint.

The argument against Popery which proves most embarrassing to its supporters, if I may be pardoned an allusion to the subject here, is the historical one, because Popery ensconces itself in what it considers as the strong hold of tradition. The Oxford controversy is but a form of the Popish, and the combatants use weapons drawn from the armory of ancient Christian history. This controversy does not disturb us, in this vicinity, but there are parts of our country in which its influence is sensibly felt. It has rendered arrogant pretensions more arrogant; it has relighted a spirit of bigotry, and emboldened intolerance and exclusivenees.

A writer in a recent number of one of our Literary Quarterlies, circulated somewhat extensively, I believe, and enjoy-

ing some reputation, I allude to the New York Review,* expressly, and in so many words, condemns the right ("fancied" right he calls it) of private judgment and religious freedom, pronounces the principle of the Congregationalists "arrogant dogma," and contends strongly for the necessity of an authoritative church, and an authoritative interpreter of Scripture. These views connect themselves with the claims of Prelacy and the doctrine of apostolical succession, which have been of late urged with such frequency and obtrusiveness in portions of our country, from the pulpit, and in the leading Episcopal Journals, several of which are pledged to the support of the doctrines of the Oxford divines, that it has been found necessary to take the field, and already a goodly sized octavo, manifesting no little industry and research, has appeared, printed in this city, though written by a Presbyterian of the South, in refutation of these, as we are accustomed to consider, perfectly absurd and obsolete claims.† The whole constitutes a phenomenon of little importance in itself, but yet, as Carlyle would say, noteworthy in this our nineteenth century, and in our republican America.

These are instances in which the uses of an acquaintance with Ecclesiastical History are manifest. True, the chief business of a minister should not be controversy. He may seldom be called to engage in it, perhaps never. He may preach what he conceives to be the unadulterated truths of Christianity, and never touch, if he can help it, on sectarian distinctions and differences. Still it is desirable that he should be able to defend his opinions when attacked. He will have more confidence in himself, and feel more at ease, and more self-possessed, in consequence of his familiarity with the past history of his religion, with the mode of its reception and administration by various minds and by different classes of Christians, with the foreign influences to which it has been subjected, and the traces they have left upon it, and which it still retains.

None of this knowledge will be superfluous, and occasions may occur in which the want of it would be felt as a serious misfortune. Old controversies are from time to time revived,

---

* For Jan. 1842.

† The Prelatical Doctrine of Apostolical Succession Examined, and the Protestant Ministry Defended against the Assumptions of Popery and High Churchism, in a series of Lectures. By Thomas Smyth, Pastor of the 2nd Presbyterian Church, Charleston, S. C. Boston, 1841.

and new ones are continually springing up, and in neither of them will the lights of the past be wholly useless.

A quarter of a century ago we were in the midst of an earnest controversy on nearly all the great questions which have divided the theological world, — the Trinity, Calvinism, and the power of the churches. And the controversy on some of these points, though the language we sometimes hear would lead us to the contrary supposition, still continues, and will long continue, where Unitarian societies exist in the bosom of orthodox communities, and in parts of our land remote from us, and well informed champions of truth, as well as eloquent preachers, are needed on all our frontier posts. The battle for liberty is not yet ended, — the time of protest is not yet past, nor will soon be past, beyond the boundaries of this little peninsula and its immediate vicinity, if even here.

The advocates of religious inquiry and intellectual freedom are as yet by no means authorized to count on their enemies as finally extirpated, but must still sleep on their arms, ready to seize them, whenever the trumpet shall call, and go forth to do battle valliantly in the name of the God of truth. Surely we may say in regard to truth and freedom, that knowledge is power; it puts the weapons into our hands; and if we resign them, the Philistines will be upon us, and the ark will yet be taken captive, and as a sect, or class of Christians, we shall be swept, not from this land merely, but from the earth; I say not within twenty years, if I may allude to the language of last evening,* but certainly in the end. The spirit of orthodoxy has continued the same from the days of Athanasius and Augustine to the present time, only occasionally modified by the protests and arguments of the friends of freedom and a more rational theology; and it is not now going to surrender without a contest. It is not yet in its death struggle. With comparatively few exceptions, if any, it yet closes its pulpits against you, and denounces you, and despises your sympathy, and laughs at your projects of amalgamation, and will continue to do so for a long time yet to come. Orthodoxy is not yet dead nor dying. Let it alone, cease to protest against it, and it will trample you in the dust, or drag you in triumph at its chariot wheels, before the end of fifty years. Such are the lessons taught us by the last fifteen centuries.

* The Annual Meeting of the American Unitarian Association.

We may think that there is no need of an appeal to history on questions of the kind alluded to, that the instinctive convictions of our own minds are enough to settle them. But we cannot always choose our weapons of attack and defence. There are some who will be embarrassed by the historical argument, and there are those who will insist on urging it, because with them authority is everything; and we must meet them on their own ground. It is often so in religious controversy. We are called on to prove that the sun shines in a clear day at noon, that black is black, and white is white. Melancholy enough, to be sure; but there is no help for it. It is not always sufficient to say that such a doctrine, or such a position, is intrinsically absurd or incredible. It may appear so to us, but not to another, and he will be convinced only when he sees the supports on which he rests sink under the blows of the adversary. Luther, as I said, began the Reformation without a knowledge of Ecclesiastical History, and with an appeal only to common sense; but in its progress he was compelled to call in the aid of historical learning, which he diligently sought, and which he wielded with great effect, beating down by means of it the last strong hold of the Potentate on the Seven Hills.

But it is not in connexion with the controversies which have agitated, or which may hereafter agitate, the church, that the Christian minister will take most pleasure in reading the past history of his religion, or will find the study of it of most value to him. He will read it that he may derive from it new impressions of the worth of Christianity itself, — that he may learn its power from its beautiful effects.

I have said that Ecclesiastical History exhibits human nature under some of its worst and most degrading aspects. It also exhibits it under some of its noblest. It is a history of the religious sentiment, or capacity, and its manifestations for a succession of ages, and in connexion with the highest revelations of truth and the law of love ever made to the world. As such it must not merely afford pleasure, but furnishes a subject by the study of which the teacher of religion especially can hardly fail to profit, and profit greatly.

How much has Christianity done for the world. How has it connected itself with all the deep workings of the human intellect. What joy and hope has it lighted up in the breasts of millions of our sinning and sorrowing race. What power

of endurance, of self-sacrificing benevolence, and sympathy has it awakened. What wonderful transformations has it wrought. What new life has it infused into the cold, dead heart. How has it stirred the conscience, and by its trumpet tones roused the spiritual slumberer. It has bent over the couch of the sick and dying, and stood by the martyr's stake. It has planted truths in the heart, — soul-awakening, hope-inspiring truths, — truths which address the spirit in language suited to all its varying moods of joy and sorrow, of devout aspiration and penitence, — truths which survive amid all changes, and of the value of which the experience of life, and gradual falling away of our earthly hopes, only serve to produce a new and growing conviction. The words of Christ uttered on the hill-sides of Judea, eighteen hundred years ago, in the streets, in the temple, in the dwellings of his friends, in Gethsemane, and on Calvary, — how wonderful their power! The seed, which was sown in darkness and amid tears, has sprung up and grown, and to multitudes of earthly pilgrims has yielded the healing fruits of life. Look for the greenest spots in the past, you find them where Christianity has been. When there has been elsewhere nothing on which the eye could rest with delight, but all has been moral barrenness, and deformity, and death, Christianity, like a beneficent stream, has flowed on, and along its secret, winding channel, on either side, verdure has sprung up to fringe its banks, and flowers have scented the air, and birds have sung in the branches.

This power of Christianity, visible in its effects, it will become the most pleasing part of the employment of the minister of religion to trace, and he will derive benefit from the employment in different ways. There are, I suppose, in the life of every clergyman, moments of weariness and despondency, when the mind needs the lessons of the past to dissipate its gloom, and infuse into it new energy and hope. And it will not go back in vain to visit the mouldering relics and venerable images of the faith of former ages. It will not only come home refreshed and invigorated for the moment, but it will bring away something by which it may be rendered better and happier forever after. The imagination will be kindled, and the affections elevated, and the soul will be enriched with new germs of thought. As the ancient Christians visited the tombs of the martyrs, not only that they might honor the memory of the departed, but that they might derive courage and a quick-

ening influence from meditating on their virtues, their patience, and their crown, so the preacher of religion will sometimes make excursions into the past, that by the monuments of its piety, which will everywhere greet the eye, as he travels on, his heart may be strengthened, and his devotions grow more warm, and the fruits of his ministry yet more abound.

Again, the preacher must possess a knowledge of human nature; and to obtain this knowledge perfectly, I hardly need say, that he must not only observe society as it exists around him, — "catch the living manners as they rise," — but he must penetrate the domain of by-gone ages. He must call up the dead from their tombs, and again live over their lives with them, trace their passions as they exhibited themselves on the theatre of the world, and have been preserved in the pages of the faithful chronicler. The history of religion is the history of human nature, under relations which lead to some of the most extraordinary developments of character. Nowhere are the inconsistencies of man, the warring elements of his nature, the divine and the devilish in him, more strikingly manifested than in his religious history. What grotesque shapes do his virtues often put on, and to what miserable sophistry do his passions and vices frequently resort. What strange unions and contrasts are witnessed, — the true and the false, the beautiful and the deformed, springing up side by side, — worthless and parasitical plants attaching themselves to the noblest productions of the soil, sapping their vigor, and overlaying and crushing them by their pernicious growth.

Whatever is most singular and fantastic in man, as well as what is most constant and uniform, exhibits itself in connexion with religion. Over his religious history we alternately weep and smile, feel reverence, or pity, or disgust, and without an acquaintance with it, our knowledge of him must be very imperfect, and imperfect in those very points in regard to which it most concerns us, as Christian ministers, to know him, — his susceptibility of religious influences and his conduct under them.

Such are some of the general uses of Ecclesiactical History to the minister. There are others which are more specific, one or two of which I will endeavor to illustrate by examples.

One of the effects of reading the history of Christianity should be to teach us not to dogmatize, — not to attach too much importance to difference of opinion, or make our own

intellects and theological attainments a Procrustes-bed, by which to measure those of all others. This lesson we derive not simply from the evils of bigotry and exclusiveness, of which it furnishes so many revolting pictures, but, what is more pleasing, from examples of liberty, — from the latitude of opinion and of discussion, which was allowed in what are usually considered as among the purest and best ages of Christianity. This liberty (of individual opinion) continued in the church, though not without being subject to occasional attack, for about three centuries. Origen and his school furnish the most striking illustrations and most splendid examples of it. The fame of this Father was great in the East, and the influence of his name and writings secured the existence of freedom of thought and speculation in the church, long after it would otherwise have become extinct. With the decline of his school in the East, and the triumph of the Athanasians and Augustinians in the West, all liberty of opinion died out, and the world was reduced to a state of spiritual bondage, from which it is yet but partially emancipated.

Of the latitude of thought and discussion, allowed in those times, I will produce two or three specimens, which contrast strangely with the narrowness of subsequent ages.

I will take as my first the manner in which the Fathers of the period alluded to were accustomed to express themselves in regard to the Old Testament writings.

I will not insist on the example of the Manicheans, because they were reputed heretics, though on certain difficult points they scarceley expressed themselves with more freedom than the Fathers deemed orthodox, and there were among them some of the best and noblest spirits and finest geniuses of the age; and many of them possessed no ordinary degree of critical sagacity and skill. They were among the Spiritualists of the day, and the Materialism of the Old Testament was one of the circumstances which inspired in their minds a disgust for it. It contains, say they, no revelation of eternal life, and the temporal promises, of which it is full, are suited only to nurture men's worldly and sensual propensities. They complained, too, that the ideas of the Deity taught in the sacred books of the Jews were impure, and in some respects false and injurious to the Divine Being; that the morality of these books was imperfect; that the Mosaic worship and ceremonies were unworthy of God; the history of the Creation and Fall, false and absurd; and fi-

nally, that it is not true that the Hebrew prophets uttered any predictions of the Christian Saviour.*

These were Manichean opinions. But on several of the points involved some of the most eminent of the Fathers, whose orthodoxy passed unquestioned in their day, were almost equally latitudinarian.

How, ask the Manicheans, are we to attribute anger, revenge, jealousy, repentance, and similar passions and affections, to the one infinite and all-perfect Being? How could an evil spirit come from him, the source of all good, to trouble Saul? How could he command the Hebrews, under a false pretence, to borrow and carry off the jewels and vestments of the Egyptians; or to massacre the inhabitants of Canaan without distinction of age or sex? A multitude of other difficulties were suggested by free inquirers and heretics. And how did Christians treat them? There were some, it appears, who, to dispose of all objections at once, contended for the right of purifying the record, on the ground that Moses did not write the law, that he only delivered his precepts orally to the chiefs of the people, and that, both before and after they were reduced to writing, some things were changed, and not a few were added, and falsehood became blended with truth.†

I am not aware that this hypothesis was assumed by any of the more eminent of the Fathers, certainly not without very important modifications. But Origen expresses views which, traced to their consequences, will to some appear little less startling, when he says, speaking of the Jewish laws, that if we take the language in which they are delivered in its literal sense, or as it is commonly understood, and as the Jews interpret it, that is, if we do not explain it by allegory, or some rule of mystical interpretation, he must blush to own that God had given such laws to the Israelites; that the laws of the Romans, the Athenians, and the Lacedemonians were more rational.‡ This same Father, who was the great doctor of the East, and the flail of heretics, as he was called, pronounces the Mosaic account of the Creation and Paradise, taken to the letter, too absurd for belief. "What man of sense," says he, "will ever persuade himself that there was a first, a second, and a third day, each having its morning and evening, when there

* Beausobre, Histoire de Manichée et du Manicheisme, T. I. p. 270.
† Clement. Hom. I and II. ‡ Hom. in Levit. vii. n. 5.

was neither sun, moon, nor stars? And who so foolish as to believe that God, like a husbandman, planted a garden in Eden, and placed in it a tree of life, a visible and palpable tree, so that he who should eat of its fruit, with his bodily teeth, would receive life?" * The account of the Temptation and Fall is with him a sublime apologue.

The severe, the rigid Augustine treads in his steps. Writing against the Manicheans, after he had forsaken their ranks, he does not think it safe to insist on the literal and historical meaning of the first three chapters of Genesis, lest in so doing he should attribute to them a sense unworthy of God and offensive to piety.† To preserve the credit of Moses and his history, he says, we must have recourse to allegory and enigmatical interpretations, there being no other escape from impiety and profaneness. Truly this, as it has been said, is virtually to abandon both Moses and the Old Testament, though such was not the good Father's intention; nor was it Origen's.

Such freedom was then taken with the Mosaic narrative. Yet all this and much more passed without censure, such was the liberty of speculation and inquiry in those days. No one was thought any the worse Christian for so expressing himself.

Take one or two other points; the question of human inspiration, for example. On this subject the language of the Fathers is not very precise, and it is difficult always to ascertain with certainty their meaning; but it is easy to see that they did not confine inspiration within any very narrow limits. They attribute it, in fact, to every pure mind, heathen and Christian.

The universality of divine illumination, in some sense, indeed, is an old doctrine, and was long anterior to Christianity. The Christian Fathers held the same, somewhat modified by Jewish ideas. They spoke of the human reason as an emanation of the Divinity, and a partaker of the divine reason, or logos, which lightens every man that comes into the world. So far did the Fathers go on this subject, as almost totally to annihilate the distinction between natural religion and revealed. Justin Martyr says, that Christ was "in part known to Socrates," ‡ because he is that light which is in all men. He speaks of

* De Princ. L. iv. n. 16.
† De Genesi ad Manichæos, L. II. c. 2. et Retract. L. I. c. 18.
‡ Apol. II.

him as the logos, or "reason of which the whole human family participates." * "All who have lived according to reason," he tells us, "were Christians, though reputed atheists, as Socrates, Heraclitus," † and others; and he says the same of those then living, "they are Christians," — a very liberal definition, certainly, liberal enough, I suppose, to satisfy any one of us.

This reason, or logos, the same, he says, which inspired the Jewish prophets, and imparted to the Gentile philosophers whatever right notions they possessed of God and of human nature, in the relation in which it stands to him, Justin calls the "seed of reason implanted in the whole race of man," ‡ — the "implanted," or inborn, "reason," — "the divine seminal reason," — "whence come the germs of truth to all." §

The Gentiles enjoyed the higher as well as the lower, or common inspiration. There were genuine prophets among them. So taught Justin, and generally the more eminent of the early Fathers. Nor did they hesitate to assert, what indeed was implied in their views of the inspiring reason, that Christianity was as old as the creation.‖

Again, in regard to the nature of God, history shows us that the early Christian Fathers were as far from being unanimous as we moderns are. The philosophical converts to Christianity appear to have retained, in a great measure, the views of their heathen masters on the subject. The corporeity of God was openly asserted.

It is confidently affirmed, as you know, that Descartes was the first who distinctly taught the strict immateriality of the thinking principle. Before his time, it has been said, that all, whether philosophers or theologians, regarded the soul as having body and extension. They attributed them to God himself. Parts

---

* Apol. I. † Apol. I. ‡ Apol. II. § Apol. I.

‖ This Clement of Alexandria is at great pains to show, in opposition to the objection, which was frequently urged, that it was new, — the mushroom growth of yesterday, — an institution which had suddenly sprung up, and which now showed its arrogance by boldly attacking the time-honored religions and philosophy of the old world. Not so, says Clement, — Christianity is not new, — it dates far back in the ages, — before the birth of the oldest of the sages, or of the world itself. A portion of its rays had flowed in upon the minds of the Greeks, imparting to them some knowledge of the truth, "for a certain divine effluence distils upon all men, but chiefly those who employ themselves in rational inquiry." — See *Christian Examiner*, Vol. V. pp. 142--145, 3d series.

of this statement seem a little too broad.* Augustine at least, among the Fathers, would appear to have been an exception. Yet certain it is, that the notion of a purely immaterial substance was not familiar to the ancient Christians.† Tertullian believed God to possess body and form,‡ and so did many others, perhaps most Christians of his time. Melito wrote a treatise, now lost, with the title, "God is Corporeal." Origen, in some parts of his writings at least, goes with Tertullian. The term incorporeal, he observes, is not found in the Scriptures.§ Those passages in the Bible which teach that God is a spirit, so far from proving that he is absolutely incorporeal, in the opinion of some of that age, proved directly the reverse. The observation of the Saviour, "God is a spirit," is one of the passages they quote to prove him corporeal,‖ for however inconsistent with the modern idea, it was then believed that all spirit had body and shape, — length, breadth, and height, — not body composed of gross, earthly particles, but of a subtile, attenuated substance, somewhat resembling air, ether, or fire. Such was all spirit. Such a substance was God, infinitely extended, according to some, while human souls and angels had only finite extension.¶ The difficulty of forming a conception of a purely spiritual substance, which the Cartesians acknowledged, and which, I suppose, all, who have speculated or thought much on the subject, must have felt, seems to have

* Cudworth (Intell. Syst. p. 767, et seq. ed. 1678) has brought together a variety of passages from the philosophers, having a bearing, more or less intimate, on this subject; but the result is unsatisfactory. So also Stewart's Elements, Vol. I. p. 449, ed. Bost., and Diss. I. Part I. p. 138. Hallam, Hist. Lit. Vol. III. p. 141. Beausobre, Hist. Man. T. I. p. 481, et seq. Petavius has also treated of the subject in his Dogmata Theologica. Priestley will not allow that even Descartes taught the strict immateriality of the soul, but thinks that he finds the first direct assertion of it in Sir Kenelm Digby. Disquisitions relating to Matter and Spirit, Vol. I. p. 259.

† I am not aware that the Docetæ were an exception. There is no evidence, I believe, that their idea of spirit was more refined than that of others of their age, or who preceded or followed them, whether philosophers or Christians.

‡ "Quis enim negabit Deum corpus esse?" Adv. Prax. c. VII.

§ De Princ. Præf. ‖ De Princ. L. I. c. I.

¶ Still God was frequently said to be *incorporeal*. It is difficult to say precisely what idea was meant to be conveyed by this term. "In the language of the philosophers," and of course, of the philosophical Christians, this word, says Beausobre "excludes neither extension, nor body, taken in a philosophical sense."

presented itself to the minds of the Fathers, and to have induced them the more readily to clothe the Deity with an etherial and finely attenuated body.

I state these facts out of many others, which might be presented, as illustrating the free range of opinion and speculation, which was allowed among the Christian Fathers of what are generally termed the best ages of the Church. I have purposely selected those which have a bearing, more or less direct, on the speculations which now engage the attention of theologians, both as possessing more interest for us at the present time, and as showing that the difficulties, which now perplex the inquirer, are such as have been felt in other ages, and which, at certain periods of the world, and in certain intellectual states of society, are reproduced, and probably will always continue to be. They are not new, — difficulties which have recently sprung up. The question of inspiration has always been an embarrassing one; and the nature of the Divine Being has always presented difficulties, one of the chief of which is, to keep the middle point, if we can, between Anthropomorphism, on one side, and a sort of Pantheism, or impersonal Deity, amounting to little more than a metaphysical abstraction, on the other. Towards one or the other of these extremes the human mind has always oscillated.

I know of no new facts, or objections, which have been recently presented on subjects of theological inquiry. New theories there have been; for example, theories of the Life of Jesus, and the origin of our present Gospels. But the objections and difficulties, which these theories are meant to meet and obviate, are all, I believe, old. There is scarcely one of them, indeed, which belongs even to modern times. Most of them belong to a very remote period of Christian antiquity.

As to novel speculations, or such as pass for novel, but which to the student of the past will seldom appear such in reality, I do not think that Ecclesiastical History teaches us that much danger is to be apprehended from them, if the right course be pursued. The lesson it conveys, I think, is that the utmost freedom of thought is to be allowed. Freedom of thought is not to be repressed. For more and worse evils come, and have come from the attempt to suppress it, than from its injudicious exercise. Even the extravagances, which grow out of such exercise of it, may lead on to good, just as true science was promoted by the follies of astrology, and the search for the philosopher's stone and the elixir of life.

This is the result in all instances, and it will be, I am confident, in the present; certainly so, if, as I said, the right course be pursued. And this, if I read history aright, is to admit great latitude of private speculation; to consider the individual alone as responsible for his conclusions, and not to convert every opinion, we may deem unsound, fanciful, or extravagant, which may be thrown out upon the public, into a question of party; but either calmly to discuss it, if we think proper, — first, however, taking care that we comprehend it, and seize the author's stand-point, — or else to let it alone, and leave it to die out of itself, which it will probably do before long, if it be what we take it to be, a really unsound opinion, or mere visionary absurdity.

History is full of such examples. Opinions and hypotheses have their day; they produce a temporary impression; they slightly agitate men's minds for a time, as a pebble thrown into the lake causes a gentle ripple, and are then engulfed and forgotten, or give place to others equally ephemeral. This has often happened, and will happen again, not in theology merely, but in other things; and the result is to produce, in philosophical minds, a distrust or even skepticism in regard to whatever contradicts, or seems to contradict, the experience of the past, which is to be overcome only by the most decisive evidence. This evidence may exist, or the suspected or condemned opinion may contain in it some portion, at least, of truth; and if so, that truth will stand, and we should rejoice that it is so. It is our consolation to believe that no great thought, or sublime principle, once proclaimed to the world, will finally perish. It may be buffeted or rejected for a time, but like the downy seed, it will be at length wafted to a congenial soil, where it will vegetate, and strike root, and yield fruit a hundred fold. Truth may be smothered for a while, but it is not in the power of man to destroy it. Truth never dies. But time soon dissipates the illusions of imagination, brings a remedy to imperfect and half views, and sobers extravagance. If it sometimes canonizes falsehood, in its further progress it unmasks it, and shows us that the divinities we have worshipped are but painted wood. We bow to it not as time the Corrupter, but time the Purifier.

But I must bring my remarks, already too far extended, to a close. You will perceive, that I do not rate very high the immediate and direct benefits the minister will derive from the

study of Ecclesiastical History, in the ordinary discharge of his official duty, though, as I have endeavored to show, these are worth something. He will derive some light from it, which will guide him in questions of a practical nature, which will be continually presenting themselves. But viewed in reference to its indirect and more remote effects, as part of a liberal culture, of which a minister cannot well be destitute, if he would hold a high rank in his profession, and of which he should not be willing to be destitute, if he could, I certainly do attribute no small importance to the study. I think that many species of knowledge, and many intellectual accomplishments, are to be sought by the minister, which he cannot turn to any present and visible account, though he will turn all to account in the end.

There are many evils attending a partial culture and slender attainments in the minister. He will be in danger of sooner exhausting himself, and breaking down, in consequence, or will find himself in some way cramped and impeded in his exertions. On many subjects he will be apt to exhibit a one-sidedness or dogmatism, which are not desirable, and the chance is that he will, at one time or another, see cause to regret his deficiencies, or his friends will for him. The present, surely, is not the period in which high culture can be dispensed with. Many of the questions of the day, questions in which not the theologian merely, but the minister, must take an interest, upon which he can hardly avoid, at some time, and in some way, touching, require in their discussion a wide survey of the past history of the human mind. Some of the problems, which present themselves for solution, carry us back into remote ages. We must call on the past to surrender its facts. We must examine and interrogate those facts, that we may separate reality from illusion, history from fable, divine truth from its earthly envelope and mere time-vesture. The manifestation of the religious element in our nature, and revelations of truth to the human soul, are as old as the existence of man on earth; and there is no fact connected with their history, which may not have its use, and which will not have its use, with the reflecting mind, and often in a manner least anticipated.

THE POETS AND POETRY OF AMERICA.

HERE is a large volume, whose plan seems suggested by such works as "Campbell's," or "Aiken's British Poets." It is designed "to exhibit the progress and condition of poetry in the United States." It is far more formidable in size, and more elegant in its outward getting-up (bating only the portraits in the Frontispiece, which are libels on the distinguished names beneath them) than any of the popular "Selections," as they are called. It is a whole Museum of all the natural and artificial curiosities, peculiar to this region, which fall under the conventional term of poetry. It is a sort of *Camera Obscura*, which brings within a convenient circle of vision the whole country, with its natural features and its improvements. All our original and all our borrowed wealth are here fancifully paraded on long glittering tables, a true Poets' Fair. Faneuil Hall was never more loaded and decked out with specimens of our industrial mechanical powers. This last figure is most to our purpose, and shall suggest the divisions of our discourse. For as we go to a Faneuil Hall Fair, first, to gratify curiosity, secondly, to buy what we want, and thirdly, to indulge a patriotic pride in contemplating the fruits and future promise of our domestic industry and skill; so the book before us, the "Poets and Poetry of America," may be regarded as a chapter in literary history for the curious; as a collection of poetry, where the hungry soul may feed itself on quickening thoughts; and as a practical answer to the much vexed question, whether there be any poetry, or any prospect of any poetry, which may be called American. The book has a historical, a poetic, and a patriotic interest; curiosity, poetic sensibility, and national pride are the appetites to which it appeals.

The historical view of life under any aspect, of literature, of art, &c. almost necessarily engenders the love of completeness, which tyrannizes over the observer, prompting him to note down much which has no interest but its historical prox-

---

[The Poets and Poetry of America. With an Historical Introduction. By RUFUS W. GRISWOLD. Philadelphia: Carey and Hart. 1842. 8vo. pp. 468.]

imity to other, better, and more genuine things of the same kind. The questions which we asked of the stars, as we ignorantly gazed at the heavens, the astronomer with telescope and figures undertakes to answer; but in getting the answer, he brings us back much more than we care or need to know; he catalogues many a star of quite inferior magnitude, many a one which we should never look for in the heavens, or anywhere but in his chart. Yet this is well. And equally so in literary history, in the cataloguing of those hosts of stars, called poets and philosophers, which shimmer through that other firmament, the dimly-lighted, boundless mystery of Mind. The love of philosophy and poetry suggests the love of literary history; enamored of its work, this searches round and rescues from oblivion a thousand poets, whom no one ever thought of loving. It is a large class of minds who love these tabular views of literature; the collectors of literary shells and coins are respectable, good people; and a streak of the same propensity lurks in almost every one who reads, even the man of genius, who is himself a poet. For such, among other things, is this collection of American poetry intended. If the end be laudable, the manner in which it is reached here is no less so. The execution of the work, as another chapter in the history of poetry, merits the praise of thoroughness, clearness, and good taste. As Mr. Griswold remarks, "the judicious critic will be more likely to censure me for the wide range of my selections, than for any omissions he may discover." And again; "In selecting the specimens in this work, I have regarded humorous and other rhythmical compositions, not without merit in their way, as poetry, though they possess but few of its true elements." Accordingly he has given us, first, a very valuable historical introduction on the poetry of America before the Revolution, which, if it all falls under the head of "humorous and other rhythmical compositions, not without merit in their way," and reveals not much poetic genius in our ancestors, serves at least to show what poetry they read, and what the culture, not the sentiment of the times, prompted them to write. Then follows the body of the work, consisting of quite copious selections from the poems of no less than *eighty-seven* different authors; doing as much justice to each, probably, as could be done in a book of this kind; sometimes assigning more space to one author, not because he has more merit, but because he happens to be less known, or from some accidental consideration.

Of course this is a delicate undertaking; one in which it would not be possible to gratify the preferences of each poet and his circle of admirers, either as regards the quantity or the selection given from his pieces. Considering the difficulty, we think the task has been admirably performed. No two readers of poetry, in attempts to make a select album of the choicest verses from their favorite authors, would probably make anything like the same, hardly a similar, collection. And this partly from variety of tastes, and partly because of accidental associations; the worth of a poem to our own private mind consisting so often in the mere fact of the time when we first read it, our own outward and inward state when first it smiled and spake to us. In addition to all this, the book contains an *herbarium* of choice poetic flowers esteemed for their intrinsic beauty, and not as specimens of the works of those who have written enough to be called poets. Of these there are some sixty-six, some of them anonymous. To the name of each author is prefixed a brief biographical notice, sometimes with criticisms, which are generally just, often beautiful and instructive, and which show that the editor had no undiscriminating enthusiasm about American poets, and did not deceive himself into the idea, that it was all pure gold which he was offering us.

Our long known and our newly risen bards of promise seem all to be here represented. Freneau and Trumbull and Dwight, &c. of the old school, who labored through their long heroics, in the safe old normal style of Iliad and Æneid, and Pope and Dryden, and Butler's Hudibras, are followed by the names we love, the school of more American bards, like Allston, Dana, Bryant, Percival; and the line is faithfully traced down to the present time.

But was it worth the while? And have we here a book of *poetry*? So inexpressible and unscrutable is that thing in its essence, which we call Poetry, that we will not attempt to define it. There is much that is beautiful; much that is melodious and gracefully turned; much that is choice in thought and diction; much that is original; — and yet it is not poetry. We can tell all about it, except that in which its essential nature consists. We can give a composition credit for beauty, melody, delicacy, richness and freshness of ideas, depth of feeling and of thought, all that is desirable in poetry, and yet feel that it is not accepted of the Muse. Like everything which never

parts with the power to charm, it keeps that power a secret and a mystery. It never explains itself; but imparts itself to whom it will. It is in vain therefore, that we try to tell what poetry is, preparatory to what we may have to say upon the poetic merits of Mr. Griswold's collection. We will not complain that he has not been more select; since it was his plan, and not his taste or poetic appreciation, which led him over so wide a field, to gather up such a profusion of flowers.

Of course, among so many, (and no one can think of reviewing a hundred poets at a sweep,) there must be all varieties of excellence. There is some true poetry; some little gems, which give us the feeling which all genuine beauty gives, that the smallest thing, if only beautiful, is infinite; that all regard to length or size vanishes, that quantity ceases to be an element, so soon as quality is perfect. We can say this of all the picture-poems of Allston; of the "Thanatopsis," the "West-wind," the "Water-fowl," &c. of Bryant, (though it is only in a limited department that he is a poet, while uniformly as a describer of outward nature, and as an artist in words, rising sometimes to a diction almost Shakspearian, he is unsurpassed;) of the "Picture-song," the "Health," and the "Serenade" of Pinckney; of the Sonnets of Jones Very; of pieces by Emerson, and of many a gem scattered through the volume;—we speak from casual recollection, and the omitting of a name is not the denying of merit.

Then there is much which has every excellence, except that of genuine poetic inspiration. There is a great amount of clever talent displayed throughout the book; lively fancy, sweetness and variety of melody, and almost universally a pure moral tone, a high ideal of virtue. All the various styles of poetry have been, to say the least, happily imitated. At first, as we have seen, it was all Pope and Dryden and Butler. Since, we have had Byron and Wordsworth, and something of Keats, (see "Hymns to the Gods," by Alfred Pike,) and quite too much of Mrs. Hemans. These, mixed in various proportions with such original force as our own most susceptible minds have found in themselves, have dictated the form, and in great part the material of our later poetry. And now, within these few years, we have Shelley, and Goethe, and Schiller, responded to in echoes of their own influence, but in notes of greatest promise; for their effect has been, not so much to set a standard, which can be tamely followed, or to create a shallow en-

thusiasm, which apes their form, and voice, and manner, as to arouse and call forth by sympathy, as with the encouraging voice of an elder brother, the nobler nature and the deeper life. The spirit of the modern German muse is so manifest in almost all the best of this last and as yet tender growth of our own poetry, as to make it as yet doubtful whether we can claim much more than translation in the widest sense, namely, reproduction, of European poetry. But it is such translation or reproduction as shows deep and appreciating natures, and the soul of Poesy latent even here, which can respond so nobly to the voice from abroad. The Psalms of Professor Longfellow, for example, distinguished alike for simplicity and elegance, loved so widely for their heart-felt tone, have all the flavor of the rarest foreign fruits engrafted on a native stock.

In one department, certainly, we may say that many, very many of our bards have written well. And that is in descriptions of the beauty of nature, and of impressions received therefrom. Our glorious ravines, woods, and prairies, our sunsets, and our autumn foliage have not spoken in vain, however much we are as a people given to narrow utility. Records of genuine impressions from nature, descriptions so true to the fact, that they savor of the woods and pines, and show that they were written from individual experience, actually abound in this book.

We may contemplate this Poet's Fair, then, with some just pride. That there is any such thing as an *American School* of poetry; that we have a poetic literature which is truly *national*, it may be too early to say. But that good poetry has been written in America, and that too in goodly quantities, and of manifold varieties, is here made visible to all who will read. We yet look for our own great poet. We yet see no bold, earnest enterprise of this sort on a grand scale. No long poem has been written;* but only brief, off-hand, casual effusions. With most of our writers it has been a mere stooping to pluck a wild-flower or two, on the way to and fro between business and home; or the bestowing of a few odd moments on the cultivation of a few choice exotic plants. No

* Our correspondent forgets The Conquest of Canaan, The Columbiad, and The Fredoniad. The first two of these are well known. Of the other it may be enough to name the titles of the three first Cantos, which stand thus; "Heaven," "Hell," "The Surrender of Detroit!" — Ed.

one has committed himself in full to the vocation of a bard. Thousands are guilty of the fantastic folly of a few rhymes in the course of their life; they get the taste of it; show that they know what it is; and then throw it by, like a plaything.

One thing strikes us, (we may almost say, startles us,) as the eye runs along over these well-spread tables of poetic home-produce. Almost every article is the product of young hands. All the rhyming now-a-days is by young men, (or young women, who sometimes hold out rather longer,) and the lyrics and smaller poems, which have been our admiration since we began to talk of American poetry, appear here as reminiscences of the youth of men, who have long since forsaken the Muse and dropped the idle reed, and are now grown gray and shrewd in practical affairs. From Percival and Bryant and Sprague we hear but seldom; from Dana never. Allston, who might have been the bard among them all, has spoken rather (and who does not feel compensated by the result?) to the eye in divine works of art, throwing out now and then some slight, but exquisite poetic interpretation, as he rested from his labors and mused upon the creations of his hand. With but few exceptions, all our poets renounced, if not the "*vision*," yet the "*faculty* divine," ere they had long reached the manly age. Surviving, as it were, this fever of their youth, they have become prudent, sober men, and utter themselves in solid prose, or still more solid deeds. Why is it? Is the poetic impulse only a disease which all must pass through once, an extravagance of youth? Or, granting it to be a wholesome and divine thing, is poetry in its very nature a flower that blossoms early, a wind-flower of the spring, whose bloom it would be unreasonable to seek to continue into the summer and autumn of life? And is this the natural economy and law of growth, that the soul, like the shrub Rhodora in the woods, shall first put out its short-lived flowers in dreams and poetry, and then the leaves which last all summer, then prosaic thought and drudgery, the earnest work of life? Not so with the genuine, the chosen, and inspired priest of song. He is always young. He carries spring-time and hope and fresh enthusiasm through life with him; and wherever he treads, fresh flowers spring up about his feet. Nay, poetry is a perpetual fountain of rejuvenescence; we drink of its waters and are young again; the sober formalist, the intellect slinks away like a self-convicted pedant, and the heart has its day, and fond ideals revive, and the first

faith of childhood triumphs for an hour over the skeptical lessons of experience. Poetry is not, in itself, unmanly, or unfit to dwell with the maturest age and wisdom. Woe to the man who allows the conventionalisms of the world to shame him out of the boyish simplicity with which he wooed the Muse, who has ceased to "reverence the dreams of his youth." Poetry forsakes not man, as he passes from youth to manhood, until he forsakes himself, and learns to temporize with fortune and with fashion.

We must seek further. Is the poetic impulse genuine, it may be asked, which so soon folds its wearied wings, and attempting no more flights in upper air, prefers to creep upon the earth with other "tame villatic fowls?" Was it not a false ambition, exciting to feeble imitation natures never born to fly? Was it not all forced work with them, which they could not force themselves to perform much longer? Doubtless in many cases this has been so. The culture, not the spirit of the man, may often lead him into efforts, not without success for a time, which, not being prompted from the inmost heart and marrow of himself, where all heavenly influence enters, must necessarily lose their strength at last for want of a perpetual spring to feed it. But the genuine in poetry, as in all arts, always approves itself at once; and we have seen that there has much been written here which gives us that true feeling, while we read it. Moreover, is not our general literature, are not our conventions where the word is spoken and not written, all glowing with unconscious poetry? The most poetic minds of the age write in prose; and there is room for beauty, fervor, and richest melody, even in that apparently unmeasured form. Has any verse more melody than Milton's prose, or much of Channing's and of Emerson's? And are not all the higher flights of eloquence poetry? And of this no people will boast more.

Where the impulse has been genuine, nay, where there has been genius of no mean quality, some condition has been wanting, it would seem, to a full development of it. The truth is, that our social life discourages all poetry. It allows none of that simple, spontaneous, self-forgetting habit of mind, which is so essential to any pure worship or fervent praise of the Ideal. Every one becomes awfully self-conscious in the glare of such a self-surrounding, criticising public opinion. He knows that every eye is upon him, questioning the utility, the motives, and the tendency of all he does and says; that his

simplest and most beautiful acts will offend most against the law of custom. Everybody keeps reminding him that he is strange, until he adopts their way and becomes a stranger to himself. Thus the poet, like a bashful child in the midst of a formidable company, is struck dumb, and is happy, if he can only escape from his awkward confusion enough to play a conventional part like the rest. The root of this tyrannizing, narrow public opinion is partly the utilitarian, money-getting spirit of the age, of which we need not speak; and partly the selfish love of comparative excellence, of individual importance in the eyes of the world, which never accepts a man for what he is, but asks how much greater or smaller is he than A or B? How far does he rise above or sink below the common run? Of course the standard by which these questions are answered, the scale of merit for all, will be whatever the majority most prize; and that is wealth. And so the poet, if he would pass for anything, must snatch for his portion, and first get to be fashionable. No one, but the artist himself, can conceive of the immense moral courage which it costs to be an artist, a true one, in such a state of society.

We cannot say how far this social characteristic is connected with our republican institutions. Doubtless it is in some measure a result from them; but it were idle to charge our lack of great poets upon them. We do not believe that there is, or can be in any circumstances, such a thing as a peculiarly *American* poetry. An American poetry would be a poetry which should breathe the spirit of our institutions; and that, if realized, should be purely human, wide, universal, and not merely patriotic and national. It is not the love of country, but the love of man, and recognition of the spiritual equality of all men, which is the idea of our Constitution. But our Constitution is an ideal floating far above our heads, while our life is sordid in its motives, and narrow in its practical maxims; and love of power and invidious distinction, and slavery to custom, so prevail, as to make us all sadly conscious of the glaring inconsistency between profession and practice. This weighs like a spell upon everything like poetic impulse. Poetry must be the spontaneous expression of an earnest, deep, and unmisgiving life. We must *live* the principles of our Constitution, before we shall have that faith in them, which can overflow in song. We must live up to our Constitution, would we as a people realize the promised influence of liberty upon poetry

and art. We have gone too far to return and live contentedly in the belief, that the old ways are right and well enough. And yet the old habit clings to us in spite of our new profession. This every thinking mind feels; and it is plain that the truest poetry for us at present is, to carry out in practice the ideal principles of human brotherhood and justice, which we have hung out as our national banner. Any such practical contradiction, any such consciousness "of a false position," is utterly at war with and paralyzes the creative power of genius. We believe, then, that the most ideal and poetic impulse of our people is engaged in the movements of reform; and that when our social life comes near to the beauty of our national principles, then there will be poetry gushing forth from a full heart, that trusts its own words. A state of full, entire belief is the first condition of poetry. And that occurs twice; *first*, in the simplicity of the olden time, when men do not dream that there may be a better state of society than that they live in, and therefore *do* make a shift to *live* in it. And *secondly*, when, once inspired with the idea of progress, they go the length of their idea, and do not talk about it, but *live* in it.

The intermediate state of perpetual doubt and misgiving and self-accusation, when, having proclaimed their doctrine, they still cling timidly to the ways of the majority, robs genius of its faith in itself, haunts it with the nightmare of a morbid consciousness of self, and takes away all creative energy.

J. S. D.

LIFE AND WRITINGS OF DR. FOLLEN.

A Journal, usually recognised as a dictator in the literary world, has declared, that no one can be expected to write a good biography of a near relative. This canon may safely be disputed, whether it is intended to apply to the relation of consanguinity or of friendship. And a sounder maxim would be, that no one can write a good biography of any person, to

---

[The Works of Charles Follen, with a Memoir of his Life. Boston: Hilliard, Gray, & Co. 1842. 5 vols. 12mo.]

whom he is not bound by the closest ties of affection. Love alone has insight. Indifference, curiosity, hate are blind. The advantage is wholly on the side of the biographer, when he is writing of one united to him by blood. Hereditary tendencies enable him to appreciate by his own experience the radical character, which is essentially the same though superficially modified in all the members of a family. Friendship is, however, a better qualification for a biographer than consanguinity; for friends are relatives not in the blood but in the spirit. They are bound together from seeing in each other's characters the germ or full-grown beauty of what they know to be best in themselves, or yet oftener, from finding there the very qualities, of which they are consciously deficient, and which they most need to complete their ideal. Friends are born together of God, and learn through love to know the greatness of the nature, which casual acquaintance overlooks, and which the rudeness of worldly collisions drives into the hiding-places of reserve. A man's real spirit is a walled city to his fellow-man, till confidence has unbarred the gates. Relationship, whether by birth or friendship, is the best preparation for a biographer.

We should have taken up this memoir of Charles Follen by his wife, then, with the prepossession, that we should find there portrayed his most characteristic features, even if we had not known how very pure, tender, and perfect was the love that bound and still binds these friends together. But we frankly confess, we were not prepared, from what we knew of the enthusiasm of the author, for the tone of subdued affection which makes the charm and constitutes the atmosphere of this book. We have felt, in reading it, how very near must have seemed to her the presence of him, who has passed into the world of transparent truth. The duty has been faithfully rendered which she thus simply and touchingly describes.

"It was only for the sake of my child, that I first thought of writing the history of his father's life, feeling the conviction, that it would be the best blessing I could confer upon him; but my friends convinced me, that I ought to have a wider aim and a higher purpose than this, and that many hearts might be elevated, many souls quickened and blessed, by the contemplation of the life and character of such a being.

"I may say with truth, and in his own words, 'I have wished to perform this duty in his spirit, not attempting to present what my own mind might invent, or my personal feelings

dictate, but, from such records as I have, to give the simple story of his life, which is his best eulogy.'

"I feel an unutterable shrinking from thus removing the veil of privacy from all that is most dear and holy in my own existence; but by no other means could the beautiful image of his life and character be given. No one knew him as I did. Therefore, with an unhesitating faith and a cheerful courage, I commit this inadequate record of my husband's life to the public, remembering, that the weak feeling, which makes this act a sort of self-crucifixion, will pass away, and that, while the hand that drew it will be forgotten, this faithful picture of human excellence will live forever in the minds of many.

"The effort to suppress the anguish of soul, which would unfit me for my sacred task, has contributed much towards the fulfilment of his parting charge to me, to 'be of good courage' till we meet again." — pp. 581, 582.

Charles Follen was the second son of Christopher Follen, counsellor of law and judge, first at Giessen, and then at Friedberg in Hesse-Darmstadt. He was born on the 4th of September, 1796. It was ominous of an eventful life, that while the ceremony of his christening was going on, the hitherto quiet house was suddenly filled with a troop of French soldiers, with General Jourdan at their head. The son united in beautiful harmony the characters of the parents. The father is thus described in a letter from Charles, written after his death.

"How clear and living does the image of my father's soul stand before me. His penetrating and comprehensive understanding; his uprightness and firmness; his glowing justice, aiding the oppressed, unmoved by the prayers or power of the oppressor; his contempt of all false appearances; his self-sacrificing, untiring sense of duty, which acknowledged no superior, regarded no relationship, which knew neither friend nor foe, which kept him always ready to stand before the highest judgment. Who of us does not remember with a painful pleasure his cheeful disposition, his wit, his power of entertaining, his noble and truly youthful interest in the generous though imprudent exertions of young people; his childlike pleasure in children, whom he attached to himself by his humorous inventive imagination, and gift at story-telling." — pp. 317, 318.

The mother was a gentle lady, full of loveliness, who died when Charles was but three years old; — and probably we see the traces of her softness in the feeling, which made him through life remember the "sad day, when he sat all alone

upon the great old-fashioned stairs, feeling as if he were forgotten, and no one of those who passed up and down spoke a word to him, and he heard a bell toll, and felt that something very sorrowful, he knew not what, had happened, and he cried, he knew not why." p. 4. After his mother's death, the two other sons and the daughter were sent away, and Charles remained alone at home, where his father devoted himself to his improvement with a patient affection, which may be tested by the amusing and pleasing anecdote, that he allowed Charles to stretch wires across every part of his study, and hang them with bells to make a tune, without complaining of their jangle or of the trouble in stooping under them. Surely an indulgent man for a studious judge! Indeed it is plain, that the father's heart was peculiarly poured out on this beloved son. And a friendship then began which each remaining year served only to ripen. The tone of hearty love, in which the father addressed his son through the period when he was following a course that his own sobered judgment did not wholly approve, and the frankness with which he proposes to come and live with him in America, speak volumes as to the truth of the relation that bound them together. They were what parent and child should ever be, intimate, confiding friends. The simple words of the father to Augustus and Charles, when they told him they had enlisted, "If you had not done so, I should not have acknowledged you as my sons," shows the manly freedom in which he desired them to stand. Christopher Follen was a good father.

But Charles was greatly indebted also to his step-mother, a woman for whose spirit and character all that is said in the volume, and all that we can gather from her letters, awakens a warm respect; and to whom he was plainly attached as to a mother. And so the boy grew up in a loving home, where the sunshine which a child's heart needs was warm. He was delicate in health, and rather backward, sensitive, and gentle, yet resolute and persevering, inclined to be grave, though open-hearted to the romance of youth. All the little anecdotes he gives of his early years are full of beauty. You see the magnanimity of later years in the grand way, with which he held out his hand to his father, who had angrily punished him, and said, "Father, I forgive you." p. 6. A steady industry, so characteristic of his manhood, enabled him to mount rapidly from class to class, and he remained below only because his

age would not allow him to go higher. A delicate honor and self-respect shows itself in the violent fits of grief, which any attempt to banter him upon peculiarities awakened. Perhaps a somewhat stern and even morbid conscientiousness appears in his premature seriousness; and a mind too early thoughtful in the curiosity, which led him, after lying awake to solve some puzzling question, to rise and wake his father to answer it for him. He says, that he was naturally timid; but this we doubt, and should rather refer to the powerful action of imagination whatever may have seemed like fear. It is an error often made; and many a boy and man seems brave, who is merely hard and sluggish in his ideal nature. Certainly one anecdote, which Dr. Follen related of himself in after years, shows a most determined purpose, if not instinctive fearlessness. When he was at Coire, he found a bridge, deep beneath which the Rhine rushed foaming along. Being easily affected to dizziness when looking from a height, he thought a good opportunity here offered itself to subdue the weakness, and daily walked upon the parapet with his eyes upon the whirling stream, falling in upon the bridge when vertigo seized him, until by perseverance he was able to run backwards and forwards upon this narrow footing with perfect ease. He could scarcely have been fearful as a boy, who in manhood showed such steadiness of nerve. Another anecdote to the same effect we feel inclined to mention, as it is a remarkable indication of his courage and decision, and, like the foregoing one, does not appear in the narrative. He was once, with a party of fellow-travellers, threading his dangerous way along a mountain side in the pass well called "Via Mala;" where now, indeed, thanks to the policy of Austria, is a broad and smooth macadamized road; but where then was only the narrowest foot-path, winding along on the face of the precipice. The companion before him, an Italian exile, had been eloquently discussing the wrongs of his country, quite unconscious of danger, till suddenly looking down into the yawning abyss, where hundreds of feet below the river lay like a skein of foam, he trembled, turned pale, and leaning against the side of the precipice declared, he could go no further. There was no time for parley, no room to turn, the fate of the whole party was at stake, for had he fallen he would have dragged with him the others. Dr. Follen instantly seized him by the neck, and calling him by name said, if you do not at once go forward, I will

dash you headlong down. Of course this appeal drove the blood from the Italian's heart again, courage returned, and they were safe. This shows him cool and brave. But that he was all alive to strong impressions of the imagination we can well believe. His nature was poetical and tender. He liked to pass whole days by the brook, that ran behind his grandfather's garden in Romrod, and mingle his young thoughts with the gurgling waters. In a word, his boyish character was formed amidst all the loving charms, and simple tastes, and humble romances of a German home; and we doubt, if England or America can often show a soil so prodigal of hearty manliness and sweet courtesy. The Germans have a sensitive kindness pervading daily life, somewhat foreign to the hard Anglo-Saxons. Any one, who in after years saw Dr. Follen with children, a boy among boys, all awake to their little fancies, and winding the garlands of his sympathy and the crowns of his cheerfulness round them, needs not to be assured, that affection had filled his young mind with all gentle associations.

Having obtained many prizes for literary labors, and passed the regular examinations, Charles entered the University of Giessen in 1813, being under seventeen years of age, and devoted himself to jurisprudence. Immediately after the battle of Leipsic he joined a volunteer corps of riflemen, consisting mostly of students. And to understand his after character, his sternness against wrong, his heroic daring against all manner of oppression, his readiness to combat for justice, we must bear in mind the mighty influence which this German crusade against the tyrant of France excited. The spirit, that was nurtured into vigorous life in him through these stormy years, found its expression in the Funeral Hymn of Körner, which may be read on p. 610, Vol. I. Thus early he had consecrated himself to the cause of freedom, and was inspired with that hope, which then bound the youth of Germany into a living whole, and which, but for the cowardice and treachery of their governments, might ere this have redeemed their own land and Europe. Alas! when will such an opportunity return again, as was opened to Christendom by the outbreak of democracy, and the downfall of that apostate to freedom, who was called to be and might have been its favored son.

From this period we may date the history of Charles Follen's public life. Though devoting himself perseveringly

to literary labors, with the scrupulous thoroughness of a German student, he gave his best thoughts and energies to awakening among his fellows a hope for the political, moral, and religious reform of the German people. "When but a boy of twelve years of age, he had dwelt upon the idea of a state of society, in which every man, through his own free effort, should make himself a true image of Jesus. He thought that nothing short of Christ-like perfection should satisfy us." Thus was freedom to be secured for one's own soul; and then would he be ready to struggle against all tyranny. These views diffused through the hearts of his people he believed would destroy all oppressions. An occasion was immediately presented to test his principles. On returning to their respective universities, after the holy struggle for their native land, the students generally felt a disgust at the selfishness and pettiness of the customs prevailing among them, at the folly of the distinctions and divisions which banded them into hostile Landsmanschaften; and a general desire for reform of these abuses prevailed. This seems to have been especially the case at Giessen, where Follen was a leader if not *the* leader of the movement; and we wish we had room for a lengthened sketch of the stand which he and others took. We refer our readers to the deeply interesting account in the Memoir, pp. 23–50. "He commenced the life of reform with himself; was exemplary in his devotion to study; pure and upright in all his actions; so careful of the rights of others, and so free from blemish himself, that even the malicious and envious could not find aught against him. He had perfected himself in all manly exercises; was a skilful gymnast; a master of the broadsword; a powerful swimmer;" and from the combined effect of such character and accomplishments "exercised an influence that was felt by all. p. 24. This drew upon him, from his exertions to introduce discipline, good morals, and industry among the students, the hatred of the bad and ill-disposed." More than that, he befriended the weak against all the petty tyrants, who attempted to domineer over them; and of course was often called upon to use his sword against these bullies. It is characteristic of the man, that he never fought a duel on purely personal grounds. p. 26. So early had he become the disinterested friend of the oppressed. It is much to be lamented for the good of Germany, and through German Universities, of the world, for plainly enough she must be the focus

of illumination for a long time yet to come, that this manly attempt to substitute a true code of honor and virtue among the students, in place of capricious and barbarous usages, did not succeed. But it failed, doubtless through the underhanded manœuvres of the governments and their spies, who dreaded the effects of the flood of new life gathering on these mountain sides to sweep with fertilizing power over the country. Politicians saw, that their slight barriers would be overwhelmed by a strong tide of generous-hearted youth. And so by an artful working upon national prejudices they raised the cry of "Jacobins — Black Robbers," and silenced the Reformers under threats of severest penalties. It was part of the same cunning and cruel scheme of debasement, that led them to close the gymnasia of the heroic Jahn, who, with his grand maxim of "Strong, free, joyful, and pious," was breathing into all he taught a spirit of manly self-reliance, which in two generations would have re-created a whole people, and made them free. If the politicians of Europe would have had but faith, instead of yielding to childish doubt, all would have been well. It is not too late even now.

But the misfortune of the time was, that owing to the long established usurpations of the church, basing herself as she had done upon man's ineradicable religious instincts, a necessity arose at the time of the French revolution for a revolt against all that was held sacred. Hence democracy, as it first appeared, was atheistic. But just the religious reform, which such young men as Charles Follen longed and prayed for, would have fulfilled the best hope of that generation. Let us rejoice, that in our day the signs have brightened of a wider, purer, more radical reform; though we need even now souls pure, earnest, devout, heroic, as Follen's, to go forth and announce in high-ways and by-ways the coming of the kingdom. Doubtless this young German was an enthusiast; doubtless he did not allow for the slow processes, by which in the moral, as in the material world, the craggy cliff becomes a rounded hill, and the quaking bog a verdant meadow. But what would society do but for such young prophets? Their errors and failures are the sunken stones, on which as a foundation shall be reared, by successive contributions, broad bridges for wayfaring humanity. Let the aged and experienced oppose ultraism, but let the young be earnest in hope. From the time of this first public effort for justice and right, Charles

Follen was a marked man; one of those persons, dreadful for their purity, whom the prudent of the earth call dangerous. And unquestionably he was dangerous to all abusers of their fellow-men. It is plain enough, at least, he was sternly resolved to advance human liberty at any cost. He was never a non-resistant; and in this day of full-blooded youth, with the notions of honor imbibed in a German university, cradled in those earthquake shocks of conquest amidst which his boyhood was past, it is no wonder surely, that he put faith in the strong hand as well as in the small voice, and dared to look boldly forward at the civil convulsions, through which society might be called to pass, ere it reached the promised land of peace. To those, who remember the beautiful sweetness, the air of deliberate calmness in which he moved among us here, it may seem strange that he should ever have penned the really fierce invectives of "The Great Song." But if we call to mind his age, the influences working on his character, and especially the atrocious deceits of the German governments, and the sullen despair into which these generous youths were driven, we shall do more than pardon, we shall honor the single-hearted determination, that flinched at no peril. The many may be prudent, and be willing to lose a great good, and leave unperformed great duties, rather than wade through the horrors of civil contention to reach them; but they are the few, the very few who have faith enough in God and man to see, that Peace and Self-sacrifice advance humanity more surely and rapidly, than even successful contest, where the prophets of reform are faithful unto death. Surely we ought not to blame Charles Follen, that in his youth he did not see, that Good alone can overcome Evil, that Love is the only conqueror, or rather that Good and Love may use no other weapons than conviction, persuasion, and a consistent life. He was at this time twenty-one years of age, and had just completed a thorough examination of every argument urged by the most powerful minds against religion, the result of which was a most firm and joyful faith, from that time forward forever brightening; and the importance of which conscientious grasping with doubts he bore witness to in after years, when he said, "For myself I can truly declare, that next to the Gospel itself, the books that have been written against it have been the most efficient promoters of my belief in its divine truth." p. 56. This fervent Christian faith pours itself eloquently out amid the fiery indignation

of the "Great Song," which we ask our readers to peruse with sympathy. For ourselves we confess that the occasion, on which this stirring lyric, full of fire and beauty although so fierce, was sung, when we consider the time, place, circumstances, and actors, rises up like one of the grand historical events of the century. It has a poetical and picturesque heroism about it, which is almost unique. A graphic account of the meeting may be found in Howitt's Student-Life of Germany. We can only refer our readers to it, as also to the brief sketch given in the present volume, p. 56 – 60. It will be seen from this, that the burning hatred of tyranny and love of freedom, which Dr. Follen expresses in his songs, was shared with all the truly noble and generous spirits of his country; and this must be remembered in judging of the reasonableness of his hope for the regeneration of his people.

"He was not at the feast of the Wartburg. He and his friends, with other students who remained at Giessen, commemorated the day by partaking together of the Lord's supper. The spirit of self-sacrifice, which had led the German nation to victory on that day, four years before, this band of religious and patriotic young men thought worthy of Him who laid down his life for mankind; and it was in order to cherish this spirit, and that they might anew pledge themselves, in this solemn way, to a life of self-sacrificing devotion to their country's welfare, that they chose this mode of keeping the day holy." — pp. 59, 60.

Such was his baptism into Liberty.

And next came his temptation. Six months only after he had finished his University studies, while yet but twenty-one, he was invited by several hundred communities of the province of Hesse to petition the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt to repeal an unjust and oppressive institution. What a reputation must he have acquired, to have been thus honored; and what invincible virtue did it show, to be ready to take up, single-handed, the forsaken cause of the people, under the declaration of the government, that this union was seditious, and their threat to deprive every counsellor-at-law of his office, who should serve in the cause. What a triumph too in the very entrance on active life, so to influence public opinion, as to prevail upon the Duke to take back the ill advised and unjust step. This triumph for his countrymen, however, was his own ruin, as he well knew it would be when he undertook the cause. From this time forward he was an object of hatred

to the government, and finding his hopes blighted at Giessen, he accepted an invitation to lecture at Jena. But what a trifle to this generous man seemed his worldly disappointment.

"There was no period of his life, that he looked back upon with such unmingled pleasure as upon this. He loved to speak of it. He knew, that it laid the foundation of the final ruin of all his hopes in his native land; but he seldom alluded to that. He loved to describe the appearance of the simple-hearted, reverend delegates from the communities, and their gratitude to him for his exertions in their behalf. He loved to remember the general burst of generous indignation, which was called forth from the people by the petition he drew up, stating the injustice of the new law; and his own joy at the triumph of simple right against arbitrary power and selfish cunning. He forgot, he was indeed all-unconscious at these times, by what sacrifices the good had been obtained." — p. 66.

We follow the young hero for liberty now to Jena; and cannot here omit a portrait sketched by the hand of an intimate friend and fellow-martyr in the cause of freedom, who is now a resident in our community, and whom we gladly welcome to such security and peace, as our country, in its present imperfect state of liberty, can afford.

"Dr. Follen received us as an old acquaintance; and we called each other at once Du (thou). He was candid and kind, open and confiding, without appearing to demand the same manner from those he conversed with. But there was, in his bearing, his appearance, the tones of his voice, in his movements, his glances, in fact, in the whole man, something so noble, such calmness, strength, determination, and an almost proud earnestness, a something peculiar to himself, which imperceptibly inspired all who came in contact with him with a deep feeling of respect. Picture to yourself, in addition to this, a very smooth, somewhat broad, but delicately formed forehead; a well-shaped nose; deep blue eyes, full of soul; a red and not too large mouth; thick, light-colored whiskers; smooth, light hair, which, parted on the middle of his forehead, hung around his neck in wavy locks; a skin so fair and rosy, so fresh and clear, that none, among my fair readers, would for a moment have resented a comparison being made between it and their own. Again, picture to yourself this head on a sound, powerful, and well-grown body of middle stature, and clothe the figure ordinarily in a blue, German student's coat, trimmed with buttons of mother of pearl, and you will have before you

the image of Dr. Follen, 'the incarnate devil,' (the term applied to him by Wit, when he vilified his name and his character.) This man was as serene, pure, and chaste in his manners as in his words; and we, who have visited three different universities, can assure you, that we have nowhere met his equal, nor any that could be compared to him, for purity and chasteness of manners and morals." — pp. 80, 81.

Such was the youth who at the age of twenty-two dared to lecture before the cultivated community of Jena on the Pandects of Justinian. It is a proof of great accomplishments and uncommon intellectual vigor, that he met with eminent success, was received into the circle of such noble minds, as Oken and Wieland, &c; and yet more, that the whole class of law students, which was very respectable, remained with him to the last, giving thus their testimonial to the great interest and real excellence of the lectures. The same friend from whom we have quoted says; "Charles Follen was incontestably the most respected and best cultivated young man then living in Jena." And most remarkable was the position which he here assumed. We have already seen, how at Giessen he had consecrated himself to a Christ-like perfection of spirit and of life; we have read above the testimonial of his friend to the peculiar purity and loftiness of his character. And now he was to astonish all by his unflinching self-confidence. He began boldly to maintain that he lived wholly according to reason, and was all that reason could require of him; "he was so proud and exacting that he spoke in terms of indescribable contempt of the meanness and weakness of him, who believed that the consciousness of truth and beauty, and the conception of lofty ideas, could ever be separated from their realization in life, their practice and their development in their whole extent."

His faith expressed itself thus in a Communion Hymn.

> "Hast thou escaped thyself?
> A Christ shalt thou become;
> A child of earth, like thee
> Was he, the Son of Man.
> In thy being the Nought is turned to nought;
> God judges thee, as thou hast judged thyself;
> God through himself, through love, became man,
> That he our aim and model might remain." — p. 599.

"He did not think himself a Christ; but maintained that

every one should, like Christ, strive after moral perfectibility, and be willing to die for his faith." This was enthusiasm, if men please to call it so. We can only say in relation to it, first, that we should have only the highest hopes for any one awakened to such unlimited aspiration; and secondly, that we need nothing so much, as men who dare thus to throw open their whole souls as a temple for holiness. Indeed we see not how any one on the ground of common sense, as well as of religion, can content himself with a lower aim than perfection. But it must be perfection in God's own time. It is the last and hardest temptation to learn, and become patient under the conviction, that the growth of character must be slow; that this gradual development is the necessary condition for a matured freedom; and it is the highest virtue while eager and fervent after the highest good willingly to allow the veil, which God has wrapped around us, as he bears us in his arms, to be unlifted. But we envy not the moderation of those, whose hearts do not leap with joy, when they see a man single-hearted enough, to believe that he can at once be "filled with the fulness of God." How infinitely truer and worthier this state of mind, than the timid, creeping, half-dozing state, in which the thousands burrow, like moles. But enthusiasm, however noble, bears naturally and necessarily fanaticism as its fruit. And it is plain enough, that at this period of his life Follen was a fanatic; truly a most lofty and generous one, but still intolerant, and overbearing. It needed the softening influences of many disappointments to make him the calm though zealous, just though inflexible, courteous and gentle though frank and uncompromising friend of truth, he showed himself consistently to be among us here. The unconditional submission, which he demanded to his moral and political opinions, made him at once the leader of a party, whose aim was the highest and widest reform of the whole people, and at the same time the object of most undisguised and violent attack. A writer of the time indeed hesitated not to call this young saint, for he was one, "a devil." In a word, at the age of twenty-two the boldness of Charles Follen's ethical and social system was producing a strong sensation at Jena, as it had done two years before at Giessen, when the murder of the miserable Kotzebue by Sand gave an opportunity to the government to get rid of a man, whom they feared, and could neither convert nor silence. Any clear judgment would of

course say, that poor Sand was insane; and while disapproving his uncalled for and criminal act, still sympathize with the stern uprightness which was struggling with his morbid fancies. But what gross injustice is it to pour out the vials of indignation, as the world has done, upon this half-crazed young student, and spare none for the hoary-headed traitor, who was secretly undermining the best interests of the nation, which gave him a home. Very possibly the government actually thought Dr. Follen an instigator of this deed, for fear in its twilight converts even guiding sign-posts into threatening fiends, and he had been known to say, "if matters come to the worst, all who are wavering in their faith must be sacrificed," alluding to the necessity that he feared there might be for some violent contest, in securing the triumph of liberty; but more probably the political leaders used this event only as a plausible ground of accusation against one, who was suspected of being the author of those popular songs, which were stirring deeply the hearts of the multitude. The world knows the result of this attempt to implicate Dr. Follen. In March Kotzebue was murdered. In May Dr. Follen was examined at Weimar, where nothing was of course discovered against him, and whence he returned to finish his lectures at Jena. In the following October he was again arrested and carried to Manheim, for the purpose of confronting him with Sand, where he was subjected to the most tedious and vexatious questioning. Every effort was made to prove him guilty, but in vain. There was no ground whatever to suspect him of connivance, and he was acquitted. But how characteristic and beautiful was his parting with Sand.

"After a long and very trying interview, which both of them endured with the utmost patience and calmness, when there was no longer anything to ask him, and they were about to lead him away, the sight of his poor, deluded friend, so quietly and so cheerfully waiting the cruel death that was to finish his sufferings, and conclude the strange tragedy of his life, the beautiful expression of his noble countenance, and his conviction of the purity of his misjudging mind, so overcame him, that, in spite of the presence of his stern judges and all the dictates of prudence, he suddenly pushed those aside who would have held him back, and, rushing to the bedside of his still dear friend, took him in his arms, and pressed him to his heart, as he bade him farewell for ever." — pp. 74, 75.

Dr Follen was acquitted, but he could no longer remain at

Jena, nor even at his father's house in Giessen. He now stood as an object of suspicion to many, and of the unrelenting persecution of men in power. A man who had bitterly opposed him at Geissen said, when he heard of his return, "Ah! the axe has its handle again; this will not do." Some then spoke of his unblemished character. "So much the worse," was the answer, "I should like him better, if he had a few vices." The government determined to imprison him; and, in 1819, the young martyr of twenty-three already famous became an exile. He at last found a retreat, as professor, in the cantonal school of the Grisons at Coire or Chur, where the liberality of his theological opinions obliged him, after a residence of less than a year, to resign his place; receiving at his departure from his fellow-professors and his pupils the highest testimonials of personal respect. He was then appointed public lecturer at the university of Basle. This was a most happy period of his life. He was surrounded by dear friends. The young men received his instructions into liberal hearts, and responded to his stirring doctrines of Liberty. He was engaged to be married. Life was full of promise. His days were beautiful, peaceful, and free. But this period of repose was not to last. Tyrants trembled when they heard that in Switzerland this new temple of freedom was erected; — and on the 27th of August, 1824, the government of Basle received three notes from the government of Prussia, Austria, and Russia, demanding that Dr. Follen and another professor should be given up to the tribunal of inquisition, which the King of Prussia had established at Kaepnick, near Berlin. The governments of Hesse-Darmstadt and Nassau added their demands for the surrender of their born subjects; and finally Berne sent an entreaty, that the general peace should not be hazarded for the sake of two individuals. The accusation was, that they were the prime movers in a grand conspiracy to overthrow the monarchical state of Germany. The government of Basle summoned the two professors to give an explanation of these accusations, which Dr. Follen declared were "as unfounded as vague." He demanded that he should be tried, if tried at all, by the courts of the canton. The government of Basle, feeling the injustice of these general charges, and seeing too that their own honor and freedom were at stake, refused to surrender him. But three more notes from the great powers arrived, and at last the spirit of Basle broke, and Dr. Follen was ad-

vised to depart. But with that firmness, dignity, and perfect fearlessness, which marked his whole course, he refused to go, and claimed a trial. The government issued an order for his arrest; and seeing then the impossibility of longer resistance, he left the city, sending as his farewell, the following protest to the government.

"Whereas the *Republic* of Switzerland, which has protected so many fugitive princes, noblemen, and priests, would not protect him, who, like them, is a *republican*, he is compelled to take refuge in the great asylum of liberty, the United States of America. His false accusers he summons before the tribunal of God and public opinion. Laws he has never violated. But the heinous crime of having loved his country has rendered him guilty to such a degree, that he feels quite unworthy to be pardoned by the Holy Alliance." — p. 119.

From the University he received the following testimonial of respect.

"The highly honored and learned Doctor of the Civil and Ecclesiastical law, Charles Follen, has discharged, during a term of three years, his duty as a public teacher of metaphysics and jurisprudence in our university of Basle with great diligence. He has, accordingly, not only conciliated to himself great esteem from his colleagues, but has also deserved well of the students. He always, like a good man and citizen, has manifested a friendly disposition towards his fellow-teachers, and shown becoming respect to the magistrates of the republic and the government of this university, and has rendered his disciples obliged and attached to him in the highest degree. This, at his request, is hereby testified by the professor of every faculty of the university of Basle, and confirmed, at their order, with the university seal, by

The Rector,
JOHN RUDOLPH BURCKHARDT."

So terminated in a protest against injustice the European life of Charles Follen. And in his exile, his native land drove from her one of her noblest-hearted sons, and one whom she could ill afford to lose. Under the boot of a chaise he left the city, with the passport of a young man who resembled him, and who, though a stranger, thus subjected himself to the heaviest penalties of the law out of regard to Dr. Follen's character and conduct. After various adventures and escapes,

he at last succeeded in leaving Havre, on the 5th November, 1824, and arrived at New York, on the 12th January, 1825.

We have dwelt at some length upon Charles Follen's early years; for it is always interesting to trace the formation of any character, and especially so of a remarkable one. The intrinsic interest of the history of these twenty-eight years, indeed, is a sufficient reason for attempting to do justice to the rare greatness of a man, who while so young produced a deep impression on his countrymen. Yet more we have thought, that many who might read these papers, and who remember with grateful and respectful affection our friend too early lost, would like to review the discipline through which he was trained up to a commanding virtue. But our chief motive in describing in detail the events of his European life has been, to call attention to the extent of the disappointment, which Dr. Follen bore with such cheerfulness. But for the opposition of tyrants at home he might have led a career of usefulness and honor, as large as the most aspiring could seek; and he was rudely expelled from this sphere, where Providence had assigned him the noblest mission, because goodness made him dangerous to the bad. Did we appreciate the sublime equanimity, with which, unmurmuring and wasting no time in regrets, he gave his best energies to the good of his adopted land? How touchingly does he say in his preface to "Religion and the Church," "Twelve years ago, when crossing the Atlantic, to commence life anew in a new world, the long cherished scheme of religious philanthropy was ever before my mind, as the only star of promise amidst the gloom of disappointed hopes, baffled exertions, and broken bonds of affection. Many passages, now first published, were composed on that voyage." How affecting too the account of his arrival.

"Dr. Follen has said to me, in speaking of his arrival in this country, that, when he was told by the captain that they were within sight of New York, while it was yet so foggy that he could see nothing beyond the ship, he stood straining his eyes with almost a feeling of apprehension, lest the New World, like his other hopes, should vanish before he should actually touch the soil; when suddenly the mist lifted up, and the sun burst forth, and kindled up the glittering spires of the city; and he heard the Sabbath bells calling the inhabitants to church. In another moment, as it were, he found himself standing upon the soil of free America. 'I wanted,' he said,

'to kneel upon the ground, and kiss it, and cling to it with my hands, lest it should even then escape my grasp.'" — pp. 138, 139.

The tempest-tost voyager had found a home at last, and to be ready for his work while it was yet day, he devoted himself intensely to the study of the English language, with such success that in six months' time he began to prepare a course of lectures upon civil law, which, from the ease and beauty of style, show him a master of his new tongue. It was characteristic in him frequently to practise one word for hours together, till he had perfectly satisfied his own delicate ear, that he spoke it like a native. We all remember that his singularly felicitous use of the English was seldom surpassed, even by our best writers; and his clear, distinct utterance only gained impressiveness from the very slight admixture of German accent and depth of tone. In the autumn of 1825, through the kind exertions of Professor Ticknor, Dr. Follen was appointed teacher of German in Harvard University. And here he found a friend always warm and kind in that benignant old man, whose smile fell like sunshine on the paths of old and young, and whom all sons of Harvard loved like a Father. Dr. Follen was full of gratitude to Dr. Kirkland. A class was soon formed in Boston to hear his course of lectures on civil law, which were well received, and were the means of introducing him to an extensive circle of interesting acquaintances.

Over the long career of disappointments, great in the aggregate though petty in the detail, through which our excellent and honored friend was called to pass, we have no heart to follow, profoundly instructive as the account in the Memoir is. It seemed as if the furnace could not be heated too much, in order to refine away the last speck of dross from the pure gold of his disinterestedness. We would review those years of apparently outward failure with not one feeling of reproach, for those who may have seemed too little just or kind, with not one sorrow for the crowd of perplexities and annoyances, which mingled bitterness in a cup brimming over with waters of life; we would recognise in the past only triumph. We would look over this landscape flushed in the sunset, and see only the sparkling river widening as it flows, the highlands and lowlands more picturesque in their varied surface than a level plain, and the mountain summits whose snow peaks mingle with the clouds, which brighten while they veil their tops. To the good

the past is always a triumph, and God's blessing floats over it in an atmosphere of beauty. In all that is best worth living for, growth, peace, love, usefulness, honor, an abiding presence in grateful memories, Charles Follen was crowned with a perfect success.

As an instructor few men have been more honored or beloved. There was an utter absence in Dr. Follen's manner of that primness, stateliness, and assumed authority, which so often chills and dispirits young men. A respectful courtesy softened his every look and tone, and bonhommie and sprightliness awakened feelings of cordial confidence. Here was a friend ready to aid, not an overseer to task. And the very conscientiousness, which made him thorough to teach, kindled a generous emulation in the scholar to be equally faithful to learn. It may be safely said, that no young man ever passed through his classes, without imbibing, as by "moral contagion," self-respect, honorable ambition, and courtesy. To many he gave the key to the richest tongue of modern times, and awakened a desire to explore and work the virgin mines of thought and feeling, which this language opened to them. His introductory discourse, delivered at his inauguration as Professor of German Literature, is a beautiful model of criticism, and well deserved the expression of praise and sympathy, which it called forth from J. Q. Adams, whose words in these days of his glorious fidelity always seem like apples of gold. We refer to the letter on p. 305, vol. I. Of his lectures on the Dramas of Schiller, filled throughout with translations of the finest passages, as poetical as they are accurate, which were first written for the use of the students, but afterwards delivered to the best audiences in Boston and New York, it would be superfluous to speak. They have been too universally admired to need commendation. As a Professor Dr. Follen was entirely successful. He would have found a far more appropriate sphere, however, and one better befitting his genius in the ethical or historical departments, if suitable arrangements could have been made. In 1835, he resigned his office in the college.

Meanwhile these nine years had been eventful ones. He had gathered round a home-altar friends of a spirit so attuned to his, that daily life went up like a hymn of thanksgiving. He had gained the confidence and earnest love of all our noblest-minded men and women. He had assumed his true posi-

tion before the community as a minister of religion; and last and best, when all the circumstances are considered, he had put the keystone in his dome of a life devoted to liberty, by appearing as the earnest advocate of the rights of the slave. With a few words descriptive of his virtues in these three relations of social, religious, and political life we will conclude this imperfect notice, wishing greatly that we had space to make extracts from his interesting journals and letters.

As a friend, it seems to us, that Dr. Follen was in the only sense in which the word is applicable to human beings, perfect. All who knew him at all saw how perennial was his goodness of heart.

"But," as the memoir beautifully says, "none, but those who lived in the strictest intimacy with him, could know how true he was to his own principles; how he hallowed the meanest occupations, and gave a sanctity and grace to what might be called the drudgery of life, by the love and patience with which he performed every such labor. None, but those who were the objects of his unfailing love, could appreciate the sweetness and fidelity, with which he ministered to the most insignificant, as well as the highest, wants of all who were dependent upon him." — pp. 259, 260.

His treatment of Wit, for example, who was a snake in his bosom, was in the highest style of virtue, first seeking to elevate him; and when finding his faithful efforts fruitless, saying with a smile to those who were anxious to open his eyes to the real character of the traitor, "I know all that you would say; but what will become of him, if we all cast him off and leave him to his folly?" And even when Wit grossly abused him in a pamphlet, he only calmly said, "He is a fool," and never thought of it again. The Memoir is full of illustrations of the tenderness and beauty of his affections, and the genuineness of his disinterested love for good and bad, rich and poor, old and young; but we have no room to quote them. In the beautiful words of his biographer "all the minor and comparatively insignificant cares of life took their right place in his presence; the spirit of complaint stood rebuked before him; joy, a pure joy, full of faith and immortality, pervaded his whole being, and communicated itself to all who had the privilege of living with him." He acted fully out the principle laid down by himself, "He alone is a great man who can say before God, as to personal affairs, I am always inclined to

sacrifice my own pretensions and feelings, to gratify those of others." There was no resisting the charm of his gentle manners, at once so modest and manly; and the simplicity of his kindness had for his acquaintance a sweetness like the fresh innocence of a child. It seemed as if suspicion or prejudice could never for an instant blind him; and with the eye of confidence and sympathy he looked beneath disguises to the goodness vital in the soul. Men felt better in his presence than they had thought themselves to be, and left him animated with new hope.

It was this genuine respect and love for man, which made Dr. Follen so influential as a minister of religion. In his look and tone yet more than in his words, was the expression of a soul which had inspired the airs of the world of peace, and longed to breathe refreshment upon others. The statement of his thoughts was sometimes dry from the scrupulous clearness with which he sought to unfold them; but his manner was always eloquent with an aspiration after goodness that never faltered, a hope that nothing could dim, and a most affecting earnestness and simplicity. He was most successful in his extempore addresses. Then thought seemed pouring out from deep inward stores in language made fluent by his fervor. Occasionally great beauty of fancy played over the surface of his argument. But the essential quality of his style of preaching was clearness and depth of moral conviction. The great themes on which he loved to dwell were "Immortality and Freedom." He felt, to use his own words, as if "there is such a thing as experience of immortality even in this life," and seemed to regard all men as spirits who had already entered on a career, which would brighten 'from glory to glory' forever; death was to him the mere laying aside of a vesture too small for the expanding soul to wear; and in his earnestness of hope, while he spoke upon this animating topic, "he wist not that his face shone." His genuine faith in human freedom showed itself in his manner of addressing and treating men, yet more than in the high principles he professed and inculcated. He never dogmatized, never demanded assent in his mature years, as he may have done in youth; but appealed to every hearer as the final judge in matters of opinion and of duty. To one who knew the circumstances of his life, it was indeed most apparent, that the wrongs he had personally suffered in his defence of human rights had

awakened in him an habitual reverence for the sacredness of every soul. This gave him his power. He made reason and conscience within each hearer's breast stand at the bar in witness of the truth he taught. He aroused men to do themselves justice, and to learn the wealth of their own experience. But his interest in great convictions and principles did not blind him to the lowly beauties of life. There are sweet touches through his discourses, which show how delicate was his own spiritual sensibility, and how tenderly he could nurture the feeblest flowers of feeling in other hearts. Had he been settled as a pastor, and had an opportunity to attach a people to himself by the invisible threads, fast growing to indissoluble bands of mutual confidences and humble charities, we are sure that he would have been a preacher of the very highest excellence, with a great range of subjects, abundant illustrations drawn from common life, broad good sense, a style of pungent directness, and the unaffected pathos of true affection. Taking even his printed sermons as they are, we think it would not be easy to name many equals and very few superiors to him, as a pulpit orator. In his relation of a religious friend and pastor, it is impossible that he should have been surpassed.

Justice has probably been done to Dr. Follen, as a minister of religion. But our community is hardly yet enough advanced to give him the due meed of respect for his prompt, devoted, and uncompromising advocacy of anti-slavery. The time is nigh, however, when this will be done. The stand he took before the Massachusetts Legislature, in the winter of 1836, at a time when the Attorney-General of the State had declared the opinion, that abolitionists were guilty of an offence against the laws of their country, and were liable to prosecution; when the Governor had allowed himself to seem at least the supporter of this charge; when the wealthy and powerful of the city had arrayed themselves against this small band of persecuted men and women; and when only one or two ministers of his own denomination had come forward in support of justice; was perhaps the noblest act of his life. History has woven this picture with bright colors into the tapestry that hangs the walls of our national temple; and the figure of Follen, firm and meek, stands forever among our heroes and sages. Was it not enough to reward him for all his sufferings in the cause of freedom, thus to have the privilege of leading, like a scarred and trusted veteran, this army of martyrs? Few of

us probably entered into his feelings, or measured the extent of the trial which he saw himself called to bear. An exile, he had found a home; severed from parents and brothers, he had gained friends dear to him as life and dependent upon his exertions; expelled from stations of honorable usefulness in his native land, he had won, though a foreigner, a commanding position here; he was in a situation that promised support for his family, after hard struggles with narrow circumstances in which he had contracted debts; and was gratifying the fondest wish of his heart in becoming a preacher of heavenly truth, in a denomination with whose principles he could sympathize, when he saw it to be his duty to join the anti-slavery society. He took this step not hastily but deliberately, with the distinct knowledge that he was thus destroying all hopes of a permanent connexion with the college, shutting himself out from the friendship of many whom he honored, preventing probably his settlement as a pastor, and raising up a whirlwind of calumny and insult. But for one whose life had been a contest for freedom there was no alternative. Once more he offered all he held dear as a sacrifice to conscience; and a gentle tolerance that nothing could ruffle was the garland with which he decked it.

We have purposely omitted a consideration of Dr. Follen's intellectual and literary character, partly because an adequate criticism and discriminating judgment would require more space than we can rightly occupy; still more, because it might impair the unity of the effect, which his singularly beautiful career, as a teacher by deeds and example, is fitted to produce. His efforts in a literary way were but digressions from the grand moral work, which, under providence and spiritual guidance, he had the honor to accomplish. Neither time nor leisure permitted him to do justice to his intellectual powers among us. And perfect in form, lucid in arrangement, clear in method, graceful and beautiful often in style, instructive from their learning and suggestions as his lectures are, they must be considered but fragmentary, mere indications of the rich veins which he had no opportunity to work. To all his other disappointments was added this sore one for the scholar, that he was forced to fritter away, in constant changes and a routine of multifarious occupations, hours which he longed to consecrate to some grand and worthy composition. But why regret this? He taught a "Moral Philosophy" in the sweet dignity of a gentle, cheerful, loving life, in steady exercise of

a great hope and courage to which all sácrifices were easy. He wrote a "Science of the Soul" on the hearts of constant friends, and chance acquaintance, and the communities he passed through, in lines of sympathy which shall brighten forever.

It is frankly admitted, that this notice of Charles Follen is written in a tone of panegyric which his modest spirit may disapprove; but though there is a form of virtue, yet larger and more beautiful than that he wore, we yet calmly think he was a man entitled to the heartiest praise for earnestness of moral purpose and purity of life; and it is with feelings of grateful reverence that we lay this funeral wreath upon his monument.

W. H. C.

LATIN HYMN.

"Lux ecce surgit aurea."

See the golden morning rises,
Pallid shadows haste away;
Headlong night no more surprises,—
Leads no more the steps astray.

Light like this break in and scatter
Every cloud that shades the soul;
Nought deceptive may we utter,
No dark thoughts within us roll.

All day long may truth, presiding
Over hand and eye and tongue,
Word and look and action guiding,
Keep us pure, and make us strong.

When bright Morn with rosy touches
Lifts the windows of the sky,
Lo, a witness stands and watches
All we do with piercing eye.

And when Eve with dewy fingers
Spreads her veil and clouds the light,
Still that awful Presence lingers,
And that eye looks through the night.

L.

PREACHING.

We have of late often seen and heard it said, that *Ichabod* is written upon the pulpit, that the days of its power have gone by, that the preacher is fast losing the influence of a living voice, and becoming a mere item of church furniture. It will be admitted on all hands, that the pulpit has ceased by prescriptive right to awe down opposition and to compel assent, — that stupidity can no longer be made infallible, or arrogance supreme, by gown and bands, — that the clergy have lost the power, which they once possessed, of changing by their dictum bitter into sweet, or wrong into right. In the downfall of clerical domination every honest minister, every good Christian must rejoice. It is a happy thing for the Church, that her priestly office can no longer command respect and confidence for those who abuse it, or are unworthy of it. But, in the opinion of many, the pulpit has lost with its factitious importance much of its legitimate efficacy. Many of our most faithful ministers complain that they have not the ear of the people, that negligence and skepticism abound and grow, that a worldly and sensual spirit is fast supplanting Christian faith in the general heart, that the ordinances and institutions of religion are losing their hold upon the strong-minded, the busy, and the active, and retain within their grasp those only, who are too weak to doubt, or too timid to disobey. There seems to exist in many quarters a feeling, that existing forms and modes of administration have done their work, and have become effete, that the age has outgrown preaching and praying, the font, and the holy table. There are those who would substitute the debating club for the church, lay teaching for sermons, tumultuous assemblages, where every man should have his own psalm, and interpretation, and prophecy, for the method and holy beauty of the sanctuary service. We cannot conceal from ourselves the fact, that there is in the community a vague restlessness and agitation, a dissatisfaction with the present, a yearning after novelty, a distaste for the old paths in which the fathers walked. Never was there such a Babel-like confusion of tongues proclaiming, *Lo, here is Christ, and, Lo, there.* Everywhere are men taking their stand by newly dug cisterns, and crying out, *Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the*

waters. It concerns those who love the institutions of religion to search and see, whether there be indeed anything to authorize or justify this uneasiness; whether there be any serious and tangible deficiencies in our religious institutions, or their administration.

But, first, lest we waste our efforts in seeking to apply a remedy where none is needed, it may be well for us to ascertain to our satisfaction where the fault does not lie.

The fault does not lie, as we think, with the clerical office in itself considered. So long as men recognise each other as social beings, and meet to strengthen and encourage each other in every good cause and enterprise, they will meet for public worship and religious instruction. So long as the services of religion demand mind as well as heart, they will need more diligent preparation, than one immersed in secular care and business can bestow. He, who on one day in the seven would take of the deep things of God, and show them to his brethren, must, for the remaining six days, be much alone in earnest communion with the divine word and its Author. Moreover, while we admit that *Holiness to the Lord* ought to be inscribed on the counting-room and the workshop, on men's tools and their merchandise, yea, as saith the prophet, on *the very bells of the horses*, this state of things does not yet exist in any part of Christendom. In the present mixed and imperfect condition of society, there are some associations cleaving to almost every department of secular business, there are collisions of interest and feeling, jostlings in the market-place and the forum, to which the best of men are liable, which would interfere with general edification, and detract from the calm and solemn dignity of religious services, were they conducted by citizens from the common walks of life.

Then, again, an order of men, set apart for religious purposes, enjoy a point of view eminently favorable for the observation of society, and for the moral criticism of life and manners; a position a little remote from the arena of active life is essential to a clear perspective. The clergy indeed have their own weaknesses and faults; but they are not those of the merchant, the mechanic, or the politician. Where these err and are blind, the clergyman, from his peculiar position, will be likely to see clearly, and may thus be able to hold up before them the mirror of gospel truth, and to show them their own moral features. But men from the busy walks of life, by their com-

mon liabilities and temptations, are rendered blind to each other's faults, and cannot hold up to each other the true mirror. A distinct clerical profession is peculiarly necessary in a country, swept, as ours perpetually is, by whirlwinds of excitement and infatuation, amidst which the clergy alone retain a charmed indemnity. When, a few years ago, the mania of overtrading and mad speculation passed like wild fire from city to town, from town to village, filling the land with broken obligations and shattered hopes, the mechanic deserted his workshop and the laborer his spade, the merchant left the paths of legitimate enterprise, the farmer bartered his paternal acres for estates as unsubstantial as his own shadow, — the clergy alone remained unscathed, at once to rebuke the reckless hurry to be rich, and to show the finger of a retributive providence in the loss and misery that ensued. So too, when, at a later date, political jealousy and hatred poisoned the fountains of social feeling, when vast masses of men overran the country as the torch-bearers of mutual alienation and strife, by whom but by the clergy was there lifted a pacific voice, saying, *sirs, ye are brethren, — why wrong ye one another?* These are specimens of the many subjects and occasions, on which the clergy are the only disinterested and impartial lookers on, and thus alone have the power to rebuke excess, to reclaim from error, to infuse the great principles of forbearance and rectitude.

We next remark that there is nothing worthy a reasonable man's complaint, in the religious forms of our New England churches generally. It is sometimes said that our forms have become dead. We have yet to learn that they were ever alive, and therefore capable of death. Forms are simply the relation, which religion bears to time and space. They are merely the *πού στῶ* of the living spirit. Their only office is to separate, by accessory circumstances of deep solemnity, a sufficient portion of time and space from common to sacred uses. What they do beyond this (except among the grossly uncultivated and sensual) cramps and cripples, instead of aiding the spirit of devotion, which demands freedom to seek out its own channels, and to breathe its own spontaneous utterances from man to God and from God to man. Those, who are over curious with regard to form, who deem a new genuflexion to mark a new era, who look upon some untried mode of singing or praying as a new gate to heaven, however they may make parade of spirituality, betray a bond-

age to beggarly elements, which befits the babe in Christ rather than the master in Israel. Our congregational forms, when appropriately observed, separate and sanctify as much of time and space as is needed for public and social worship; and we prize them, because they do no more than this, because they are dead, and because, being dead, they are flexible, and not stiff enough to seem alive and to stand of themselves, like the armor of the Knights of old.

We are not then to ascribe aught that we may regret in the posture of the times to the ministry, as an institution, or to our accustomed forms of worship. Let us now inquire wherein the preaching of the word has been and is deficient and faulty.

1. Preaching has been too technical. A great deal of harm has been done by technical phraseology in religion. The Bible has been interpreted in very much the same way, in which lawyers interpret a statute book. The attempt has been, not so much to reach the actual purpose of the prophet, apostle, or evangelist, and to enter into his feelings and spirit, as to determine what construction the mere words taken one by one, will literally bear, — what meaning can be tortured out of every separate clause, or sentence. Now the language of any particular writing ought to be interpreted in the spirit, in which it was used by the writer. He, who draws up a legal document, uses technical phrases, assigns a precise and strictly circumscribed signification to every word, says nothing poetically, uses neither metaphor, hyperbole, nor the language of excited feeling. But no one can imagine that John, Paul, and Peter wrote thus, that they attached peculiar and technical significations to the words that they used, and weighed every phrase in the scale of scholastic logic. No. They wrote on subjects, on which they felt most deeply, and their words fell warm from their hearts. Their writings were the simple outflow of full souls, — the story of him whom they most fervently loved, their fatherly exhortations and warnings to their spiritual children, their expressions of glad amazement at the new light which had broken in upon their minds through the teaching of Jesus. They wrote in a style wholly unartificial, often highly figurative; and their writings should be interpreted with these facts in view. But theologians and preachers have taken everything literally. Where St. Paul has indulged in a metaphor, they have found in it a new doctrine. Where John pours

out in burning words a love too deep for utterance, they have cooled down the glowing page into an icy mass of school divinity. Where Peter with vivid eloquence points to the crucified Redeemer as the world's exemplar, they have moulded the vivid features of the picture into a cold dogmatic statement of this or that theology of the atonement. It is thus that have grown up those orthodox and heterodox bodies of divinity, (aptly termed *bodies*, as being utterly destitute of *soul*,) of whose gaunt skeleton forms we may well say, *the letter killeth*. This anatomizing style of writing and of preaching has not been refrained from, even on subjects appertaining to the most recondite portions and elements of man's inward experience. The process of regeneration has been described with a minute precision, as if it were a process in mechanics. That spirit of the Infinite God, whose visitings are like the viewless wind, has been weighed, and measured, and stretched upon the Procrustes-bed of polemic divinity. That life of God within the soul, which through a wide diversity of gifts and operations may breathe the same spirit, has been narrowed down and rounded off to one unvarying shape and mould. That fervent piety, whose depths of love and devotion God alone can fathom, has had the line and the compass stretched over it, and the lead of shallow speculation dropped into it, till men have learned to look upon it as something petty, mechanical, and grovelling, the work of a moment, and the occupant of some little corner of the soul.

This technical style of preaching has done much to deprive the pulpit of its interest, and of its hold upon strong and fervent, nay, in some instances, upon truly religious minds. Nor have we, who have abjured the complex creeds of past times, altogether escaped these tendencies. In denying those very creeds, we are prone to throw our negations in a dogmatic and technical form, while we too often discuss the great principles of truth and righteousness, as if they were doctrines that admitted of strict logical statement and definition. Now, in the sense in which the word *doctrine* is commonly used, we do not believe that the gospel teaches any *doctrines*, that is, we do not believe that there are any religious truths or principles, which our Master or his apostles intended that the Church should propound in set propositions, such as could be numbered or placed in array in a written creed. On the other hand, the great principles of the gospel, though simple and easy to be understood,

by their vastness and depth defy the subtle distinction and limitations of our grovelling logic, — they cannot be comprehended in single sentences; but, for the full illustration of the least of them, we might say in St. John's artless hyperbole, "The world could not contain the books which should be written."

The object of Christ's mission was not to create a system, but to reveal the actual state and the eternal laws of the spiritual universe, — to open glimpses of a larger and higher sphere of being, than man had known before, — to introduce man to his unseen Father and his forgotten brethren. Not dogmatic statement, but manifestation, exhibition, was the work of his ministry. This we have in himself even more than in his words. He shows us in his own person more than he tells us of the Father. He, who should barely read his words as disconnected sayings, would know God but imperfectly. He, who sees Jesus, and feels the power and beauty of his life and character, has seen the Father. One might read the Sermon on the Mount, and rise to question and to cavil; — one cannot faithfully trace the mortal pilgrimage of Jesus, without knowing the mind of God and the spirit of heaven. The life of Jesus and the character of the revelation through him are well described by himself, when he says to Nathaniel, "Thou shalt see the heavens opened, and the angels of God ascending and descending." In him was revealed and displayed to men that spiritual world, which indeed had always compassed their path and their lying down, but their eyes had been holden so that they could not see it. This world Jesus sometimes describes verbally, as he unfolds its laws, portrays its life, or invites to the contemplation of its joys. Sometimes by a single miracle, or an act of Godlike love, he parts the cloud as by a flash of lightning, and opens to us a deep, searching glance into the inmost recesses of the spirit-land. Then again by a word of power, by a commanding gesture, he brings that unseen world unspeakably near; and those, who live with God, talk with him on the mountain, leave the grave at his call, watch by him in his agony. While thus with every word and act he varies our prospect of the unseen and eternal world, in his own person there still beam on in tranquil glory the traits of the divine image, unchangeable indeed, but to our vision ever new, because exhaustless. These revelations, and the outward facts which stamp them with the Deity's own signet, — facts, which themselves are glimpses of everlasting truth, — these are the

subject-matter of pulpit exhibition and discussion. Rich and glorious as they are, let them not be shrunken and discolored by cold and rigid technicality. Let them be set forth, not with the formal precision of scientific statement, but with the glow and fervor, with which eye and ear witnesses must have talked of them, — with an earnestness of spirit, which the love of Jesus alone can inspire, — with a fond enthusiasm, which hinges upon the faintest traces of his footsteps, and can always find something new in every varied aspect of his character. Let Christ and him crucified be preached with the freedom of a full heart, not by the slaves of system, but by those "who follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth."

2. Another deficiency in preaching, and one that has produced much restlessness and dissatisfaction in the religious world, is the spirit of compromise and accommodation, which has to a great degree characterized the modern pulpit. The preached word has not held up the one unvarying standard, which the pages of the gospel present; but has adapted itself with far too great facility to the prejudices, passions, and prevailing iniquities of the times. The charge has been made from hostile sources, that the clergy are exceedingly bold in attacking such sins as do not exist in their respective congregations, but full of complaisance for the transgressions of those on whom they depend for support. This charge we repel as malicious, cruel, and in the main false. As we trace the history of the pulpit from Chrysostom downwards, as we pass in review the names of preachers of every denomination whom we have heard and known, we cannot but admire the moral courage, the fidelity, the self-sacrifice, with which the word has been and is dispensed, the readiness with which very many of the dead and of the living have preferred persecution and obloquy to concealment of the truth as it is in Jesus, and the promptness with which the clergy have led the van in most of the great moral revolutions and movements of these latter days. But we may be warned and instructed by an enemy; and it cannot be denied that there is a basis, slight though it be, for the slander just quoted. We do not believe that the clergy as a body are chargeable with suppressing what they should utter from motives of selfishness; but their social relations and feelings too often indispose them for the language of rebuke, and make them backward to inflict that salutary pain, that healing sorrow, which the faithful preaching of the word may

cause. Sympathy with the many and splendid virtues of truly worthy men, and gratitude for their devotedness to the Church and their fidelity in most things, make it hard for the preacher to say to such men, "yet one thing thou lackest." Thus, while the secular arm, when it wielded the most deadly power of persecution, could never silence the pulpit with regard to sins out of the Church; such sins as could get a foothold within the Church have been too easily dealt with. Preaching has always been addressed too exclusively to the impenitent, rather than to those professing godliness. The effort has been rather to raise the world to the standard of the Church, than to bring the Church to the stature of the perfect in Christ Jesus. Conversion has not indeed been labored for too much, but sanctification has been insisted on too little. Jesus has, ever since the Reformation, been set forth as the justifier of the penitent; but it has been recently announced from some of the high places in the Church as a new discovery, that Jesus is the Sanctifier.

There is no sin with regard to which the clergy are so blind or unfaithful, as avarice. This has been the evil demon of the Church; and, though it cannot find seven other spirits more wicked than itself, it has taken with it such evil company as it could into the sacred enclosure, and has for the most part found undisturbed abode there. This is the all-pervading sin of Christendom, — the root of all other evil. This is the great source of slavery and oppression. From this come wars and fightings. This feeds the flames of the distillery. This condemns its thousands all over our land to a routine of labor that knows no sabbath. This daily crucifies the Saviour among his false-professing followers, by violating every feature of the spirit in which he lived and died. Other vices the clergy boldly and manfully attack; this they are wont to leave unrebuked in the holy place, "the abomination of desolation, standing where it ought not." But in attacking other sins, they lop off only the leaves and twigs of the tree, whose root still lives. The axe must be fearlessly laid to the root of the tree. It was not without leaving us an example that Jesus drove the money-changers from the temple. They must be driven from the Church, or else the Church cannot arise and shine, and show herself the spotless bride of the Redeemer. The clergy cannot wholly free themselves from the charge of compromising between the gospel and their hearers, till they have made the phrase, "a

covetous Christian," or "an avaricious Christian," as palpably a contradiction in terms, as "a blasphemous Christian," or "a licentious Christian," nay, till they have made it as impossible for a grasping, overreaching, miserly man to maintain an outward Christian standing, as it is for the drunkard or the debauchee.

There is one way in which mistaken benevolence on the part of the clergy has led to much of the spirit of accommodation and compromise, of which we are now speaking. There is no more just moral distinction, than that suggested by the familiar line,

"Not what we *wish*, but what we *want*."

Preachers have too often mistaken men's wishes for their wants, — their unsanctified tastes for their spiritual yearnings; and, in honestly striving to meet the latter, have catered for the former. They have given, too generally, the impression, that men may have what preaching they desire. And hence there is no desire so wild, no taste so diseased, no whim so absurd, as not to seek and expect, nay, to find its gratification in the pulpit. At one time, people grow weary of close and pungent appeals to the moral nature, and demand that the judgment alone be addressed; and forthwith the cry goes forth among their spiritual teachers, that it is vain and useless to preach to the affections, and that the heart can be reached only through the intellect. Then perhaps a fit of sickly sentimentality passes over society, and summons the clergy, ever ready to obey, to cease addressing the reason, and to preach only in strains of melting pathos, or of passionate excitement. Then again a cry (a Macedonian cry, as it has been fashionable to say) comes from some quarter for a less strict dispensation of the word than has been enjoyed, for preaching that will bear but lightly upon avocations or amusements, which others have, perhaps too intemperately, denounced. The call is at once responded by good men, who too easily persuade themselves, that, by leaving the wounded conscience to become scarred over, by letting doubtful callings and indulgences go unmeddled with, by becoming all things to all men, they may save some; whereas the true avenue to the hearts of any community is through the thorough and faithful handling of the points upon which the public conscience is already roused.

Thus also the grounds, on which religion bases its claims and its appeals, are made to shift from time to time with the

current of popular feeling, as a sandbar changes with the tide, instead of remaining the same forever, as a rock against which the storm beats and the ocean dashes in vain. Thus, when the tendencies of the times are mechanical and utilitarian, Christianity is defended mainly on utilitarian grounds; and we have heard it advocated in terms, which seemed to imply that its highest office was to bake men's bread, and clothe them, and to build them houses. This mode of defence is adapted only to deepen and to make more intense the grovelling utilitarianism which demands it; and if it draws any nominal disciples, it can draw only such as those, to whom Jesus said, "Ye seek me, not because ye saw the miracles, but because ye did eat of the loaves, and were filled." Then again, there prevails, as there has of late in some quarters, an unwillingness to receive truth on trust, even on the strongest testimony that God can give. The defenders of the faith are too ready to meet this phasis also of the public mind. They go to those whose consciences are too tender to resign themselves to the guidance of Jesus, and say, "We ask you not to believe in Jesus, because he came from heaven and wrought miracles. But try what he says by your own good sense. See how many things he has uttered, which need not be strained very much to make them correspond entirely with your philosophy. If you will consider his teachings in connexion with the times in which he lived, you can hardly resist the conviction that, had he enjoyed the light of these latter days, his views on all subjects would have been very much what yours are." We have burned with indignation at hearing and reading such apologies for the gospel. Charles Elwood, a work well known to many of our readers, might be cited as a specimen of this tone of writing and of preaching. In this we see Christianity bowing and cringing, making apologies and concessions to Infidelity, who at first turns upon her coldly and cavalierly, but at length, soothed by flattery, consents to forgive her, and shake hands with her. Now this mode of defending Christianity is the very way to make infidels; for it cherishes that unfilial, arrogant spirit, that evil heart of unbelief, without which all the arguments and objections of skepticism are powerless.

These illustrations must suffice for this head. In our view, the times, so far from demanding of the preacher a spirit of compromise, demand more than ever a close, uncompromising adherence to the true grounds and the true spirit of the gospel.

Now that novelty treads on the heels of novelty, and the recent is already old on account of the multitude of things yet newer, we peculiarly need the gospel as an unchanging landmark and point of support, as a standard that shall be neither stretched nor warped. Society, in its mottled surface and tumultuous heaving, resembles the storm-lifted ocean. Shall the gospel dance about upon the waves, like lights upon a phantom-ship, to beguile the mariner to shipwreck and ruin? Or shall it beam, as from a rock-founded Pharos, far and wide over the troubled sea, a star of good omen and of hope? God himself has answered this question, in that he has made *his* "Christ the same yesterday, to-day, and forever." But there remains for the professed ministers of Jesus a solemn question. Shall they launch out on the deep and hoist their phantom-lights; or shall they abide by the eternal beacon-fire, and feed its flame?

In what we have said, we by no means deny that the faithful minister must study and meet men's real wants. Next to the gospel, the necessities of the human heart should be his chosen and constant study. But what or how he shall preach, let him see that he ask of God, and not of man. He is the servant of his brethren in the gospel, and not out of it. It behooves those who would acquit themselves as true men in the work of the ministry, to hear the word of God to his ancient prophet, "Let them return unto thee; but return not thou unto them. And I will make thee unto this people a fenced brazen wall, and thou shalt stand before me, and thou shalt be as my mouth."

3. Once more, the preaching of the gospel has failed to effect all that it ought, because it has been preached with too little faith. We read in the Old Testament, that when the ark was on its way to the city of David, a timid attendant lifted his hand to save it from falling. The hand dropped in the palsy of death; the ark moved on unharmed. Doubt always paralyzes. He who trembles for the ark, might as well cry among the tombs, as preach to living men; nay, he had far better hold his peace; for the spirit of trembling is contagious, and the fearful preacher makes a skeptical congregation. Skepticism betrays itself in the pulpit in various ways. Sometimes it is alarmed for the gospel itself. Seeing iniquity abound and the love of many wax cold, it fears lest the gates of hell may prevail against the Church, forgetting that from a Church, that

could be gathered in "a large upper room," went forth the power, before which old things passed away, and all things became new. Others doubt particular precepts or principles of the gospel, such as those of peace and forbearance, of love unfeigned and of an unworldly temper; and seeing that these principles have no hold upon the popular heart, they are ever ready to account the expression of them by Jesus mere Eastern metaphor or hyperbole. But was his life a metaphor? Was his loving, forgiving, self-sacrificing spirit a hyperbole? Or was it in the language of Oriental exaggeration that he said, "I gave you an example that ye might do as I have done?" Others who preach the word believe the external facts of the gospel, and the leading features of the gospel economy, but are deficient in spiritual faith. They believe in a state of retribution beyond the grave; but not in that retribution of good and evil, which is going on at all times in the human soul, and which death only consummates and makes manifest. They believe in the obligation of outward duty; but hardly know whether there be any holy spirit. They believe in forms; but as to regeneration, they are ready to ask with Nicodemus, "How can a man be born when he is old?" They believe in a kingdom of heaven, in which there shall be golden streets and jaspar walls; but not in that kingdom of God which is within.

The preacher of the word must, above all things, have faith. He needs a firm historical faith; a faith which not only sees the intrinsic worth of the gospel, and discerns its coincidence with the law and the spirit of heaven; but which beholds its foundations upon earth so deeply laid by the divine hand, that it must abide and grow, while the world endures. He needs a deep, awe-stricken sense of the various modes, in which the arm of the Lord has been revealed. He needs an immovable conviction of the constraining authority of Jesus, of his authentication as a teacher, of his right to be implicitly believed and obeyed, in fine, of those facts with reference to his mission, to which the works that the Father gave him to do can alone bear adequate testimony. This well grounded historical faith will make him of good courage, as he preaches the word of the kingdom, and will raise him above the bondage of fear, when foes abound and friends wax cold or fickle. This faith will also prepare him to receive all that Jesus taught, all that he was, as divine and infallible. He, who thus regards the teachings

and the life of Jesus, will own allegiance to the law and spirit of the gospel on subjects, on which its testimony has been suppressed for ages; and thus will belong to the ranks of reform and progress. But he, who does not thus repose on the authority of Christ, will be too prone to rest satisfied with the religion of the Church as it is, instead of striving to raise it more nearly to the standard of the gospel.

But most of all the preacher needs a spiritual faith, — a faith of experience, of insight, of personal knowledge, — that faith which gives substance to things hoped for, and felt reality to things not seen. Jesus, when on earth, spake of himself as in the bosom of the Father. He dwelt not in the world of sight; but in that which is unseen and eternal. There, with him, must his faithful preacher dwell. He must be even now a citizen of heaven, — must "have passed from death unto life." He must hear the voice of God in nature and in Providence. He must trace the spiritual in the outward, the unseen in the seen. The truths appertaining to the inward life must be to him subjects of consciousness, portions of his own personal history. God's law of retribution he must know from his own self-chastening and humiliation for sin, and from the peace of "God that justifieth" shed abroad in his heart through the faithful discharge of duty. The efficacy of prayer he must know from having felt it. The regenerating spirit of God he must recognise from its power over his own heart. Jesus he must know not simply as the greatest personage in human history; but a "Christ formed within" must reflect the features of the evangelic record. The kingdom of heaven he must see as established in his own heart, as built up in the beauty of holiness in his own life. He must be able to say, as to all things that admit of being so verified, "I speak that I do know, and testify that I have seen." Through him who has this faith the word will be quick and powerful. His doctrine will drop as the rain, his speech will distil as the dew, making the waste places of the human heart to blossom and bear fruit, bringing up, "instead of the thorn, the fir tree, and instead of the briar, the myrtle."

In what we have now said, we have been actuated by no censorious spirit. We have spoken of tendencies, against which we ourselves have struggled, of wants which we ourselves have felt. We have unburdened ourselves of various doubts and questionings, as to the signs of the times, which

have rested heavily upon us. Indeed there are many things in the present aspect of the Church, which would utterly dishearten us, did we not believe that God loves his own cause better than we can love it. But knowing this, we rest assured, that the gospel cannot fail, or the Church die. His promise stands recorded for all generations, "I will be a wall of fire round about her, and will be a glory in the midst of her."

A. P. P.

ST. PAUL'S EPISTLES.

Archbishop Whately has said very wisely, that "there appears to be a remarkable analogy between the treatment to which Paul was himself exposed during his personal ministry on earth, and that which his works have met with since. Paul may be said to stand, in his works, as he did in person while on earth, in the front of the battle; to bear the chief brunt of assailants from the enemies' side, and to be treacherously stabbed by false friends on his own; degraded and vilified by one class of heretics, perverted and misinterpreted by another, and too often most unduly neglected by those, who are regarded as orthodox. And still do his works stand, and will ever stand, as a mighty bulwark of the true Christian faith."

Our community of Liberal Christians are not liable to the charge of perverting the meaning of the Pauline Epistles by any Pharisaic superstitions or Antinomian heresies. Our danger is, that we may neglect their study or undervalue their importance. Several causes have led us into this danger.

In the first place, the high value which we attach to morality, or good works, has sometimes given us a distaste for writings which seem to attach such paramount importance to faith; an objection which rests upon the assumption, that the faith advocated by the apostle is anything opposed to those firm principles and earnest affections, that are the only motives to truly good works.

A similar objection to Paul's Epistles has sprung from the general use of his phraseology in the Calvinistic creeds. Paul's language has been so constantly associated with Calvin-

istic notions of Atonement, Original Sin, and Regeneration, that for fear of calling up wrong ideas in the minds of their hearers, our preachers have too generally neglected to use Paul's language in illustrating their discourses, and to lead their people through those states of mind and those views of truth, which Paul has stated with such power over the great mass of the Christian world.

From these reasons, as well as from the intrinsic difficulties of the case, both preachers and people have been fond of calling attention away from the Epistles to the Gospels, and of sheltering their ignorance or indifference under the remark of the Apostle Peter, that in the epistles of our beloved brother Paul are "some things hard to be understood, which they that are unlearned and unstable do wrest unto their own destruction." But, without saying anything of Peter's little sympathy with Paul, before we shelter ourselves under this text we must remember, that the wrong use of the epistles is attributed to the unlearned and unstable, — a class of persons which we ought not to be in; and moreover, that Peter does not confine such danger of abuse merely to the epistles, but extends it to the whole of the Scriptures; — "which they that are unlearned and unstable do wrest, as they do also the other Scriptures, to their own destruction."

Perhaps the most cogent objection to a constant and careful study of the Epistles lies in their supposed opposition, or, at least, great inferiority, to the Gospels. This objection leads us directly to the first point of our discussion, the relation of the Epistles of Paul to the other parts of the New Testament.

I. Their connexion with the Book of the Acts is sufficiently obvious. They give us a view of the inward thought and feelings of the personage, whose outward history constitutes the chief portion of that book; and they make us acquainted with the inward life of the churches whose origin is there described. Without dwelling upon the relation of Paul's Epistles to the subsequent parts of the New Testament, let us consider their bearing upon the Gospels.

I apprehend that an invidious inferiority is attached to the Epistles in reference to the Gospels from the fact, that the word "Gospels" carries with it the idea that the books so designated must contain the whole of gospel-truth. Yet strictly a part of gospel-truth is stated by the Evangelists merely in embryo, and looked to future events for its develop-

ment and explanation. Instead of invidiously contrasting the Gospels with the Acts and Epistles, we ought to contemplate them as parts of a connected whole; and as the promise of the Comforter, made by our Lord and given in such touching language in the Gospel of John, was fulfilled in the foundation of the Apostolic Church, as recorded in the Acts and frequently implied in the Epistles, so the whole import of Christianity was shown in actual development after the time to which the gospel narratives refer. Christ himself expressly declares that the revelation made before his death was not complete, and left his disciples to be enlightened in due time as to the nature of his kingdom by the gift which he promised them. "I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now. Howbeit when he, the Spirit of Truth, is come, he shall guide you into all truth." Obviously the bearing of our Lord's death and resurrection were not understood, until these events actually took place, and after their Master's departure gave the apostles full opportunity to reflect calmly upon all the circumstances of his mission, and to receive those aids which he had promised them.

The Epistles of Paul contain a view of Christian doctrine from an apostle who, apart from any claims to infallibility, brought the highest spirituality of character and the rarest intellectual gifts to the work; and from his position so near to Christ and so conversant with the other apostles, he was able to survey fully all the facts of the Christian revelation, without being misled by those prejudices, which the gradual dawning of gospel light was so slow in removing from the minds of the other apostles. Were we to view Paul merely as an intelligent man suddenly converted to Christianity from Judaism, ardent to form clear ideas of the faith he had adopted, and to convert the Gentiles with the Jews, and to purify the Church, great interest must be attached to his writings. And when we add to his natural qualifications for his work the evidence of his miraculous conversion, and of his personal communion with the glorified Saviour, we must certainly accord to him, not indeed infallibility, but all needful light upon the leading truths of that religion, of which he was chosen by Heaven to be the most illustrious and successful preacher.

The Gospels indeed contain the great facts of Christianity, yet they do not give a full statement of the bearing of these facts upon human feeling and conduct, nor do they set forth

Christian doctrine as a compact whole, as for the guidance of those who are beginning to lead a religious life. It has been well said that "Christ did not come to *make* a revelation so much as to be the *subject* of a revelation. He *accomplished* what he left his Apostles to testify and explain." This view will be allowed just, even by those who disagree with us in our estimate of the value of the Epistles, since they claim liberty for themselves to judge fully and freely of the bearing of the facts of the Gospels; whereas we would accord great authority to the judgment of Paul.

If it is said that Paul must be ranked below the twelve Apostles, who had been witnesses of the great events in our Lord's life, we reply that, as having been with Christ after the resurrection, he must be considered as a witness of that great event, and that not only did he do and suffer more than the twelve, but that the claim which he makes of having received the truth in an interview with Christ must save him from being unfavorably contrasted with any of his associates.

Paul's view of Christianity is certainly more broad and liberal than that taken by the other Apostles, excepting John. He was the first to set forth fully the equality of Christian privilege between Gentile and Jew, and to develop in a decided doctrinal system the spirituality which all our Lord's teachings exhibit, but which even the most spiritual of the Evangelists does not endeavor to set forth in its doctrinal applications.

Perhaps a parallel between Paul, and John the Evangelist, would be the simplest mode of illustrating the peculiarities of the Epistles. "In John," says Olshausen, "the intuitive faculty, or in the best sense of the word *gnosis*, may be regarded as the peculiar element; his whole turn of mind was reflective, contemplative, his soul receptive, all eyes, as it were, to behold the eternal ideas of truth; outward action was not his sphere; the flower of his life was prophecy. Paul presents an entirely different picture. Although not naturally deficient in the intuitive perception of divine things, he yet exhibits a mode of treating religion different from that of John, the dialectic or logical, in which acuteness of understanding, aiming at definite conceptions of ideas, predominates. By this dialectical faculty Paul became the founder of a sharply defined doctrinal phraseology, and the father of theology in the Christian church."

Olshausen further remarks that Paul's letters may be con-

sidered as the crown of the New Testament canon. "Whilst each Gospel has its necessary supplement in the others, but all as a whole form the root of the New Testament, and the Apostolic history forms, as it were, the trunk, which unites the root with the crown of the tree, without laying claim to any independent dogmatic significance, the broad development of Christianity in Paul spreads forth like branches on all sides the rays of his inner life. He was the first, in whom not indeed the personality of our Lord, but yet his spirit, confided to the Church, displayed itself at least as much as is possible in one man, in a universality, which enabled him by the power of this Holy Spirit so to develop in doctrine and life the essence of Christianity, that he stands almost alone the Apostle of the Gospels. What appears in the Evangelists folded in the bud, and indeed in the first three Gospels, shows a leaning towards Judaism, is broadly and freely expanded in Paul, and partly in a form so strictly didactic, as in the Epistles to the Romans and the Galatians, that his views commend themselves to thinking minds by the power of analysis, as well as to susceptible natures by the glow of inspiration which they evince."

II. In speaking of Paul as the Apostle to the Gentiles, as well as the systematic expositor of Christian doctrine, we have not only treated of the relation sustained by his Epistles to the Gospels, but have anticipated the second branch of the subject, their temporary and local bearings. At first view, indeed, it would seem as if their chief importance were of a local and temporary character. Addressed to particular churches in reference to their peculiar circumstances, wants, and dangers, and some of them addressed merely to individuals, and referring to the Apostle's personal friendships, the Epistles are so strongly marked by temporary and local allusions, that not a few readers have turned from them in despair of drawing from them any universal truths. Yet rightly viewed, even the minuter references to times and places will be found to have a lasting value, to give some interesting traits in the Apostle's character, to furnish some clue to early Christian history, and more generally to illustrate some doctrine or principle of the gospel. Passing by the lesser references, we will consider the leading reference which the Epistles bear to the age in which they were written, and the people to whom they were addressed.

It was the divine mission of Paul to apprehend the gospel

in its universality, and free from Jewish narrowness, to preach it to the nations as the religion of the human race. All the circumstances of his position and experience fitted him for his high calling. Called to preach a religion, originating in Judea, to the people of Greece and Rome, his birth in Tarsus gave him a Roman birthright, which enabled him to understand the genius of the Roman people; and the high Greek culture prevalent at Tarsus doubtless aided him in addressing to the Grecian mind the faith, which his Jewish parentage and education had qualified him to understand in its Jewish connexions, and which his conversion by a risen, immortal, and therefore spiritual Saviour, had unfolded to his mind in its fulness and universality. He preached the gospel in its breadth and depth against Jewish narrowness, Pagan idolatry, and Oriental mysticism. The allusions, however, to Pagan and Oriental errors do not mark his Epistles so strongly, as the reference to Jewish exclusiveness. His constant fear is, that his Gentile converts will not receive the gospel in its simplicity and power, but will be held in bondage by the law, as he constantly accuses the Jewish converts of being. Alike in its bearing upon Jews and Gentiles, he aims in his principal Epistles, especially the Romans and Galatians, to urge the great essential principle of the gospel, justification not by works of the law, but by faith. Upon this principle Paul's principal thought seems to have been bestowed, and upon the proper interpretation of his meaning the most important part of controversial theology in ages since has turned.

Paul's own experience must furnish a key to his ardor upon this point. Himself delivered from bondage to a minute ritual law by converse with an immortal being, who had been raised in glory after a death upon the cross; and exalted to a new spiritual life by this event, and his own antecedent preparation and subsequent reflection and experience, what more natural than that the Apostle should constantly urge the doctrine of faith in that divine being, whose death had dissolved all dreams of an earthly Messianic Kingdom, and whose resurrection had established the spiritual nature of his reign, and the spiritual character of his religion? He himself found peace of mind, not by complying with any minute precepts of the law, not even by following the letter of the moral code, but by communion with one in whom perfect righteousness had been revealed in the life, and living faith in whom must ever impart a spirit, that

would be the strongest motive to duty, and highest consolation in sorrow and in view of death. "Wherefore being justified by faith we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ; by whom also we have access by faith into this grace, wherein we stand and rejoice in the hope of the glory of God." This passage from the Romans gives the burden of Paul's Epistles, and the central principle of his theology.

It is common to connect with the doctrine of justification by faith the dogma of vicarious atonement by the death of Christ. Yet Paul evidently attaches more importance to the resurrection than to the death of Christ. There are indeed strong expressions in his Epistles in reference to the efficacy of the blood of Christ; such as "being justified by his blood, we shall be saved from wrath through him." Yet the very next passage ascribes greater importance to the resurrection; "much more being reconciled we shall be saved by his life."

It is very obvious that the death of Christ being the most startling fact in his history, and one which would be particularly urged upon the attention of the first Christians by the scoffs of their adversaries, as well as by its connexion with the resurrection, would form the central point of their system; and all the influences, that had flowed from the gospel, would thus be associated with the death and resurrection of its divine founder. The idea of propitiating divine favor by immolation of victims is indeed found to prevail among all early nations, and to have a place in the Jewish faith. Yet there is nothing in the Old Testament which sanctions the idea, that the blood of victims would propitiate divine favor, apart from a devout spirit. Nor does Paul make any assertions to warrant us in believing, that the death of Christ will have any effect upon our salvation, apart from the moral influence which it exerts upon our souls, — the new life given by the Divine Comforter after our Lord's ascension.

When we consider the state of mind to which Paul addressed his views of justification by faith, and reconciliation by the blood of Christ, the reason of his urgency is very obvious. The Roman and Galatian churches were cramped by Jewish prejudices, and it was especially important to urge upon them that faith in a crucified Saviour, which must dispel Jewish exclusiveness, and call both Gentile and Jew to put their trust in one, who by his death had been exalted to a spiritual glory above all earthly distinctions. In an important local, temporal

sense the death of Christ was the means of breaking down all partition walls, and calling Gentile as well as Jew to the privileges of a heavenly adoption.

Even if we take the strongest passages in the Epistle to the Hebrews, whose authorship is so questionable, and form our opinions upon that, the common doctrine of vicarious atonement cannot be substantiated. This Epistle is a special argument to the Jews; and whilst it illustrates the gospel by Jewish rites and symbols, and urges especially the doctrine of Christ's death as the consummation of sacrifice, and his resurrection as entering into the Holy of Holies, it contains no views inconsistent with our doctrine of Christ's death, as an exhibition of sacrificing love, and leading to a revelation of immortal life. In fact the writer of the Hebrews urges its moral significance as we do, when he calls upon all with "boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, by this new and living way which he hath consecrated for us;" "provoking each other to love and to good works."

We might go on and speak of some other points in Paul's Epistles kindred to those already mentioned, and also consider his views of Christ and the future state, by reference to their temporary and local bearings. But we must now turn to the third point in our discussion,—the bearing of the Epistles upon the faith and practice of the Church in all ages.

III. As a historical fact, it is undeniable that the Epistles of Paul have had more influence upon controversial theology than any other parts of Scripture. Three considerations will account for this. In the first place, Paul alone of the sacred writers attempts to give us a system of theological doctrine, and to state the facts and principles of the gospel in their logical connexions. In the second place, he treats the whole subject of religion in a way especially adapted to meet the wants of those who are beginning, and leading others to begin a religious life, herein differing from the other Epistles, whose aim is not so much conversion as sanctification. In the the third place, Paul's labors, as well as his turn of mind, have made him eminently the Apostle and theologian of the whole western world.

He has been the guiding spirit of western, as John has been of oriental theology. Menzel says beautifully, that "the soul is the inward paradise out of which the four sacred streams flow into the world. The first fountain is opened in the senses,

the second in the will, the third in the feeling, and the fourth in thought." He maintains that in the development of our race each of these streams flows to a peculiar geographical region. The senses to the south, feeling to the east, will to the north, and thought to the west. If such be the case, then, European civilization, so blended of western and northern influences, must be strongly characterized by the predominance of thought and will. Certainly we and our European kinsmen do abound in thought and will, and so far are ready to sympathize more heartily with the Apostle, who unites such strength of will with acuteness of thought, than with the more mystical and contemplative character of a spirit like John. But apart from such considerations, Paul has a right from historical fact to be called the great theologian of the western world. He gave Christianity to Europe in his missionary journeys. Revived in Augustine, the forms of his theology lorded it over the church of the West for a thousand years. And when in the Roman Church a new and corrupt Pharisaism sprung up, which transformed Christianity into Judaism, and united the abominations of priestcraft with the nominal faith of Christ, the spirit of Paul revived in Luther; the Epistle to the Galatians, the sturdy old reformer's darling book, brought to light with new force the neglected doctrine of justification by a living faith, rather than by rites and penances; and once more the spirit of the Apostle of the Gentiles broke the might of Jewish exclusiveness, and the Church built upon the Jewish prejudices of Peter was shaken to its centre by the free Gospel of Paul. Again in the midst of New England, ages after his westward voyage, — in New England, the nursery of our western theology, the system of Paul certainly in its form, phraseology, and much of its spirit, if not in its full freedom, was revived in the mighty Edwards; and the great religious convulsion, that formed the chief event in the American Church during the last century, was prompted by the earnest preaching of that doctrine of divine sovereignty which was ostensibly borrowed from Paul. And probably more sermons are preached at this day in New England from texts taken from Paul, than from all the New Testament beside.

But, without dwelling further upon the historical influences of Paul's Epistles, let us consider what importance we should attach to them as bearing upon the essential truths of Christianity.

As acquainting us with the mental experiences of the most illustrious convert of the apostolic church, the Epistles have a lasting value that must make them indispensable guides to all persons, who are passing through the conflicts that generally attend the entrance upon a Christian life. As helps to experimental religion, they have exerted a power over the Church in all ages, and Christians of all communions have been able by their own experiences to bear witness to the truth, and bless the comforting influence of Paul's exhibition of the soul turning from sin and finding peace in Jesus. Although the logical faculty is Paul's marked intellectual trait, and practical will his great moral trait, we must by no means undervalue him as a man of deep feeling. His love for Christ was almost a passion of his soul, and the fervor, with which he gives utterance to this feeling, appears all the more touching and beautiful, from its union with a will so strong and an intellect so keen. His contemplations of the glorified Saviour, of the grace of charity, of the immortal life, move him to a lyric burst of feeling, that blends the deep sentiment and mystic beauty of John with his own earnest eloquence, and we forget the acute logician in the inspired prophet. It would be well if more regard were paid to the form in which the religious sentiment manifests itself in Paul, and if, without neglecting his doctrinal views, we contemplated them less as logical forms, and more in connexion with the Apostle's own glowing soul. The metaphysical character of New England theology would lose none of its depth, and gain much in power and interest, had it thus regarded the whole compass of the Apostle's mind.

As containing a system of Christian doctrine, the Epistles must have importance in all ages of the Church. Even those disposed to deny his authority in matters of faith, and to assert a right equal to his in judging of the facts and principles of the gospel, must allow that the mere opinions of a man, circumstanced and gifted as he was, must be entitled to great respect. While those of us who believe in the Apostle's peculiar communion with Christ, and special illumination upon sacred things, must look to his words with reverence high as is accorded to any of the sacred writers.

A remark of Neander may here be aptly adduced, as showing the permanent worth of Paul's views. He says that Paul was "a man distinguished, not only for the wide extent of his apostolic labors, but for his development of the fundamental

truths of the gospel in their living organic connexion, and their formation into a compact system. The essence of the gospel in relation to human nature, on one side especially, the relation namely to its need of redemption, was set by him in the clearest light; so that when the sense of that need has been long repressed or perverted, and a revival of Christian consciousness has followed a state of spiritual death, the newly awakened Christian life, whether in the Church at large or in individuals, has always drawn its nourishment from *his* writings. As he has presented Christianity under this aspect especially, and has so impressively shown the immediate relation of religious knowledge and experience to the Lord Jesus, in opposition to all dependence on any human mediation whatever, thus drawing the line of demarcation most clearly between the Christian and Jewish standing point; — he may be considered the representative among the Apostles of the Protestant principle."

There would be great difficulties in our way, indeed, if we considered the Epistles to teach views of Christ's mission and death, not contained or implied in the Gospels, or even the opposite of the most obvious sense of the Gospels. If the Calvinistic views of Paul's doctrine of the atonement be correct, we must confess that we should be in no small degree perplexed in feeling ourselves called upon to adopt sentiments, so strongly conflicting with reason, and so different from the purport of the Gospels, merely upon Paul's authority. But no such perplexity meets us, who interpret his Epistles so perfectly in accordance with the teachings of Christ and the dictates of reason. His great doctrine of reconciliation by trusting to the offices of our Saviour's death and resurrection, or justification by faith, contains the essence of Christian truth, and urges a principle which should be dearer to none than to liberal Christians.

Whether viewed as a manifestation of heavenly love and truth, or as the great fact consummating the Christian revelation, and sealing the immortality of the soul, the death of Christ has an eternal significance, which must always render a living faith in its power the great foundation of faith and motive to duty.

It is a question in some, whether in preaching Christianity it is well to be studious of retaining the phraseology of the Apostle, or indeed to urge principles of faith and duty by personal

references to Christ, as the Apostle does, instead of using a language more general, and treating of moral fidelity and the eternal life in the abstract. But all experience shows, that preaching loses its power, when it loses its personal and historical character. The doctrine of Christ crucified and risen has always exerted vastly more power upon the soul, than any moral essays, however cogent and beautiful, or any speculations upon eternity, however ingenious or sublime. Moreover, we may retain all our liberality of spirit and our philosophical depth, without giving up those personal references and that concrete form, in which Paul presents the gospel to the churches of his charge. Still, as in the Apostle's day, the great question is asked, How shall we obtain reconciliation with God? And still, as in his day, no better answer can be given than the assurance of Paul to the Romans, "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." If we may pride ourselves on our philosophy, and for faith in Christ think best to substitute faith in our own spiritual nature, we may remember that Paul was something of a philosopher, and knew something of the spiritual elements of the soul; and yet he allowed nothing to separate him from the love of Christ, nor from the doctrine of the Cross.

As an earnest champion of freedom of thought and true catholicity of feeling, Paul, in his Epistles, speaks lessons which the Church in all ages may well remember, and which in all ages have been far too much neglected. The most enthusiastic friends of modern philanthropy have by no means compassed the breadth of his gospel of brotherhood, nor the most liberal of churches reached the comprehensiveness of his charity. In all ages the fettered soul of man, in bondage to sin or in bondage to spiritual despotism, will have cause to turn for example and aid to him who declared, "where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty," and who rejoiced, "that the law of the spirit of life had made him free from the law of sin and death."

From this new world, unknown to the Apostle, but so blessed by the influence of his labors, we have abundant cause to pay tribute of earnest gratitude to his memory. Under God and His Son, Paul has been the guiding spirit of American theology. The Pilgrims of the Mayflower breathed his indomitable freedom, and gloried in that justifying faith of which Jesus had elected him to be the great Apostle. The active energy of this

great missionary turned his face westward, and the whole western world has been ready to do him honor in word and deed. His visits to Europe, whether to Greece or Rome, made the great era of European civilization, and have done more than any one event to give America her present character. Not in the discoveries of navigators nor the victories of warriors, but in the life and labors of Paul, we may read the best commentary upon the maxim at once of poetry and history,

"Westward the star of empire takes its flight."

Those of us, who are sometimes weary of Paul's logical manner and practical earnestness, and disposed to complain of the formal character of the prevalent theology, and the bustling nature of ordinary religion, should check our repining, and, grateful for what the Apostle has done for us, remember that the Apostle himself united life with logic, spirituality with active zeal. Although we may pray for more of the serene and profound spirit of John in our churches, we shall never have our prayer granted by disparaging that apostle, whose doctrines exhibit the essentials of faith and life, and whose writings in their most significant passages leave us almost to doubt, whether they came from Paul, the zealous Missionary, or John, the calm Divine.

S. O.

LYCIA.

In a former number we gave some account of a journey through Asia Minor by Mr. C. Fellows, and referred then to a subsequent tour, for purposes of a more thorough investigation, performed a year or two afterwards. The volume, containing the record of the second tour in 1840, is now before us, and we propose to follow on his route, as before, this most instructive and agreeable traveller. We do not wonder that, on his return to London, he felt as if he had but most imperfectly surveyed the interesting country he had visited, and was in haste to traverse it again. In every province he visited, his time allowed him to give only days or hours to investigations

that demanded, and would have richly repaid, weeks or months. Lycia, especially, it appeared to him, he had treated with particular neglect, and he determined to pay it a second visit.

"On my second visit," he says in his preface, "I determined to turn my steps at once to Lycia; and I have, as will be seen from the line of my route on the map, traversed it in several directions. The new discoveries, which I have made on this excursion, have richly rewarded me; and I am led to believe that the materials for the historian, the philologist, and lover of art, which I have rescued from the ruins I visited, will be found of no inconsiderable value. The geographer will see that I have mapped the interior of the country, which hitherto has been unknown, and left blank in the maps." "In this small province I have discovered the remains of eleven cities not denoted in any map, and of which I believe it was not known that any traces existed. These eleven, with Xanthus and those described in my former journal, and the eleven other cities along the coast visited by former travellers, make together twenty-four of the thirty-six cities mentioned by Pliny, as having left remains still seen in his age. I also observed and have noticed in my Journal many other piles of ruins, not included in the above numbers."

But, much as Mr. Fellows has found in Lycia to reward a second journey, he has not even yet explored the whole province. His route has left untouched large districts of it. And for Pisidia, Pamphylia, and Phrygia he obtained on the former journey but the most partial and casual glimpses of the wonders they contain. We hope therefore that his second tour is not to be his last; but that where he has begun so good a work, with so much reputation to himself and advantage to science, he may be induced to carry it on to a full completion, and give to the world a thorough survey of the antiquities of Asia Minor. How cursory and incomplete even the present examination of Lycia has been, will be felt, when it is recollected that the author passed less than two months in making his researches in a district, which, as mentioned above, contained no fewer than thirty-six cities, of one third of which no traces have as yet been discovered. A portion of these may have wholly perished; others may only await in their fastnesses among the hills the approach of the traveller.

On his first journey it will be recollected that Mr. Fellows, on his arrival at Smyrna, went first to Constantinople, and then

passing into Bythinia in an eastern direction, crossed the peninsula, through Pamphylia, Pisidia, and a part of Phrygia, to Lycia on the Mediterranean, whence he returned along the borders of the sea to Smyrna. On the present occasion he left Smyrna on a direct route for Lycia, passing, of course, in the early part of his journey, over much of the ground he had seen on his former return, with, however, occasional deviations. Antiquities being the main object and constituting the chief interest of these travels, we shall at first confine ourselves to extracts relating the principal discoveries in this wide and enchanting field.

We pass by Caria, through which our traveller's route lay on leaving Smyrna, and take him up where he discovers the ancient Calynda, just within the confines of Lycia. The Turkish name of the small village in its neighborhood is Bennajah-cooe.

"At this place we found ample occupation, until it was too late to ramble among the overhanging rocks. We had seen around us, for two miles, tombs excavated in the cliffs, and one which we passed near the wood was highly ornamented as a temple, cut out of the rock, similar to the many I had seen in Lycia, and described at Telmessus. This specimen had tryglyphs, and in its pediment were two shields. I regret that we did not make careful drawings of it; but our guide assured us that thousands of better ones were around the village a mile or two in advance. *Thousands* is in the East used as an indefinite number; but in this instance it was probably no exaggeration, for tombs appeared on every cliff as we travelled eastward up this beautiful valley." "Our guide in these mountain excursions is generally any peasant whom we meet by chance in the woods. The man now attending us has his gun, and seems to live by it; or rather it appears his only occupation; he professes to know every hole in the mountains, having long pursued his sportsman's life in the neighborhood, and offers to conduct us as far as Macry; his pay is at present but sixpence a day. I have observed a striking feature in the character of these men; on being hired, they always say, by way of showing their independence, 'I have no mother; I can go any where with you; no one depends upon me.' These anecdotes serve to mark the devotional respect to parents, which I noticed so often on my former visit. Our present guide, who wears sandals exactly like those seen in the antique figures, led us high into the crags which we had seen above us, where we found the greatest collected number of cave-tombs. Here between two ridges of rocks was the commanding site of an ancient city."

"I at once determined this to be a city within the confines of Lycia, and as such could be none else but the ancient Calynda, which, according to Herodotus, was beyond the boundaries of Caria, the early inhabitants of which district are represented as pursuing and expelling the foreign gods from their country, and stopping not, until they came to the mountains of Calynda." "This range must have been the one down whose beautiful valleys we had been for some time travelling. Calynda, if this was the site of the city, was high up in the mountains, but not far from the sea, where it probably had its port, as we know that it supplied ships to the fleet of Xerxes. From the situation and remains of the city, I conclude that it cannot have been very large; but, from its remaining tombs, it may have existed for many generations, and probably at an early period."

The author makes here an observation in natural history, which will be new to readers in this part of the world.

"Some weeks ago at Naslee, I mentioned having seen a small green frog, sitting on a sunny bank of sand, and apparently deserting the water. I here saw another of the same kind, some feet above the ground, sitting against the stem of a dead shrub, as thick as my little finger. I called to my companions to come and see a frog in a tree, as a fish out of water. On being noticed, the little fellow, to our surprise, leaped upon a thinner and higher branch, and again upon the point of a twig not thicker than a crow-quill, and sat there swinging, with all his legs together, like the goats on the pointed rocks above us, or as the bears sit upon their pole in the zoölogical gardens in London. On inquiry, I find that this description of frog always frequents the trees; it is seldom in the water, and enjoys basking in the hottest places."

Passing through the ancient Telmessus, he arrived, on the 7th of April, at the Turkish Hoozumlee.

"Our attraction to this place was the report of ruins that existed in its neighborhood. We therefore started at eight o'clock in the morning to ascend the mountain to the south. Scarcely beyond the south-east end of the village, and in less than ten minutes, we found among the bushes a tomb of the most usual kind, cut in the rocks, resembling our Elizabethan domestic architecture. The tomb has been much shaken to pieces, apparently by an earthquake; but the detail of its execution we found to be of the highest interest. I do not hesitate in placing this fragment in the finest age of Greek work;

it shows by the simplest effects the full expression of the history and ideas of the sculptured figures. Had they been all perfect, its value in a museum, either for the philologist, antiquarian, or artist, would be inestimable."

"Great additional interest is given to these groups, by the circumstance of several of the figures having over them their names, after the manner of the Etruscan; these inscriptions are in the Lycian language, and some bilingual with the Greek. This, I trust, will materially assist in throwing light upon our ignorance as to the Lycian language, and these sculptures also may be important illustrations."

"Continuing for about a mile a steep ascent, we saw around us immense masses of rock, rolled from their original position, and some containing excavated tombs, now thrown on their sides or leaning at angles, which must have caused the disentombment of their dead." "Ascending for half an hour a steep scarcely accessible on horses, we arrived at an elevation of about three thousand five hundred feet above the sea which lay before us. The view was overwhelmingly beautiful. To the south-west lay the bay of Macry, with its islands and the coast of the south of Caria, while beyond lay the long and mountainous island of Rhodes. Cragus, with its snowy tops, broke the view towards the south, and the coast and sea off Patara measured its elevation by carrying the eye down to the valley of the Xanthus, whose glittering waters were visible for probably seventy miles, until lost in the range of high mountains, upon a part of which we were standing; in this chain it has its rise in the north. The crags of limestone around us were almost concealed by a forest of fir-trees and green underwood. Before us was the city surrounded by beautiful Cyclopean walls.

"The scattered stones of a fallen temple next interrupted our path on the way to the stadium; neither of its ends remained, and I feel sure that they have never been built up with seats, as seen in some of probably a later date. To the right of this stadium was the agora; eight squared pillars or piers stand on either side. For nearly a quarter of a mile the ground was covered like a mason's yard with stones well squared, parts of columns, cornices, tryglyphs, and pedestals; and here and there stood still erect the jambs of the doors of buildings, whose foundations alone are to be traced. Near the stadium some large walls with windows are still standing, and enclose some places which have probably been for public amusements. The city is in many parts undermined by chambers cut in rocks, and arched over with fine masonry; these, no

doubt, were the basements or vaults of the large buildings of the town, or may have served for its stores of provisions; at present they are the wonder and terror of the peasants, who relate, that in one great vault, into which they had entered, there were seven doors all leading in different directions. This report has given the name of Yeddy Cappolee, meaning 'seven doors,' to the ruins, as well as to the mountain on which they stand. We descended towards the west, and came to the upper seats of a beautiful little theatre, in high preservation, a few large fir-trees interrupting the effect of the semicircle of seats. The proscenium was a heap of ruins, only one or two of its door-ways being left standing. The form of the theatre was like those in the east of Caria; in front were the Cyclopean walls of the city blended with the more regular Greek, and evidently constructed at the same period. From this spot for a quarter of a mile were tombs, neither cut in the rocks, nor sarcophagi, nor of the usual architecture of Lycia, but of a heavy, peculiar, and massive style of building, not generally associated with our ideas of the Greek; there was no trace of bas-reliefs or ornaments, and not a letter of the Lycian character among the numerous inscriptions, which were Greek, and much injured by time."

On returning to the village after his visit to these ruins, the principal citizens, who had assembled to see him, assured him that he was the only Frank who had ever visited them. Two days after, continuing his route toward the valley of the Xanthus, he found ruins which he was able to identify as the remains of the ancient Massicytus. These detained him not long, and he pressed on to Tlos, a place visited and described on his former tour. Here he found tombs beautifully sculptured. On the walls of one was discovered a bas-relief representing the fable of Bellerophon, of whose wonderful feats Lycia was the scene; and the author well says, "To find this in a city in the valley of the Xanthus, cut in the rock, at once gives reality and place to the poetic description and services of this classic hero." From Tlos he moved on south to Minara, which he conjectures to be the ancient Pinara. The general ruins of the city, except the very perfect remains of a theatre, are not remarkable, but it is surrounded by "innumerable" tombs in the rocky cliffs. Upon the inner and outer walls of these were found interesting bas-reliefs; one especially so, being a representation of the ancient city, "cut in relief on four different panels."

"I know no instances," says the author, "of a milar insight into the appearance of the ancient cities. Tl ese views exhibit the forms of the tops of the walls, which are embattled, the gateways, and even the sentinels before them. The upper portions of the walls are rarely found remaining at the present day, and I have too often perhaps attributed those I have seen to the Venetian age. The form of the battlements is very singular; none now are left upon the ruined walls of this city, but the tombs and towers might be still selected, probably from the same point of view, as represented in these bas-reliefs."

Mr. Fellows is justly surprised at the number and costliness of the tombs in the neighborhood of the ruins of the Greek cities, and especially at some found here at Pinara. The most wealthy of our citizens, in modern times, would not think of so expensive erections. Our wealth, it may be said, is lavished upon different objects; but if it took the same direction, it could by no means accomplish so much.*

"I have just measured one," says Mr. Fellows; "the form is of the most frequent style, and has its inner front; but the whole appeared so much in relief from the rock, that I climbed up, and found that I could walk by the side, which was ornamented and as highly finished as the front; this passage continued again along the back, making a perfectly independent building, or sculptured mausoleum, eighteen feet six inches deep; the cutting from the face of the rock was twenty-six feet deep, directly into its hard mass."

Mr. Fellows finds among the ruins of Pinara many buildings of which he cannot discover the design.

"How little is known," he says, "of even the names of the ancient Greek buildings! I find the usual vocabulary sadly deficient in supplying appellations for many edifices crowded together in this very ancient city; several have long parallel walls built of massive and good masonry, with numerous doorways, and simple but bold cornices. Others are more square in form, with a fine sweeping circular recess at one end; they have often four door-ways, and columns lying about within the

* This matter is partly explained by an observation made in the Appendix, founded on information obtained from inscriptions on the tombs at Tlos, namely, that most of the tombs of that city were constructed for the use of the dead of several families. This, Mr. Fellows thinks, will account for their more than usual magnificence.

buildings. Near, and within, one of the entrances to the upper part of the city are the remains of a very small theatre, or probably an Odeum. I have not before seen one so small; it would serve as a lecture-room of the present day, where all the powers of the orator might have full effect. Beneath the surface of the highest part of the city are large square chambers, cut in the rock and arched over with masonry; the whole of the inside is beautifully plastered with a white stucco, having a polished surface like marble. These have, no doubt, been stores for corn and other provisions for the city."

At Pinara he writes:

"The people had never before seen a Frank; an old man told me that none had ever been up to his village; their manners were naturally the more simple, and of this I must give an instance. Three or four men, one of them very old, were the most attentive and curious in watching and assisting us to move stones, and leading the way through bushes; of course we returned the civility by signs of obligation. We soon became intimate, and they ventured to make remarks, noticing the spectacles worn by one of my companions, and placing them before their own eyes; these and a magnifying-glass astonished them exceedingly. Our pencils and books were equally novel to them. Soon afterwards a pretty girl joined our group, with a red skull-cap much faded by the sun, and from which were suspended chains of glittering coins, confining her hair, that hung in many long plaits down her back, in the manner of the ancient Egyptians; rows of colored beads hung around her brown open breast. This child was pushed forward to present to me an egg, which I exchanged for half a piastre, and all fear of the Frank at once ceased. Other eggs were brought me, my plant-box and hands were soon filled, and I was reminded of my former servant's instruction, that presents are very dear things in this country, — the price of eggs being twenty or thirty for a piastre."

Another city high up among the mountains was discovered soon after leaving Pinara, and its name, from inscriptions on the tombs, found to have been Sydima. It was small, but of pure Greek architecture, and abounding in "splendidly built tombs." A few hours' travel from the place gave to our traveller a view of the Delta of the Xanthus. He soon found himself in the famous city of that name, to revisit which, and explore more thoroughly its remains, was the principal object of his present journey. His time was spent here in copying in-

scriptions, in both the ancient Lycian and Greek, and in making drawings of the ruins and the more interesting bas-reliefs. From these, many beautiful and valuable engravings are given in the splendid volume before us, without the aid of which it is not easy to convey to the reader an adequate idea of these remarkable relics of a remote and polished age. But notwithstanding their number and excellence, they are too few and too little various in their subjects to satisfy the reasonable wants of the student of antiquity, or lover of art. It would have been a great additional advantage, if some had been given representing the general aspect of a city like Xanthus in its present state, with views of its more remarkable structures, drawings showing the details of architectural embellishment, and sketches of the surrounding scenery. Of those very remarkable places, Sagalassus and Selge, visited by Mr. Fellows on his former journey, a few outline engravings of each, from different points of view, would have conveyed a clearer idea than any number of pages of elaborate description. In truth, in journals of this kind, the reader would hardly ask for more of letter-press than should be necessary to state the few facts, that could not be made known by the draughtsman and the engraver. In the case of some of these ruins, general views of them, indeed, must be impracticable, from the thick growth of shrub and tree by which they are overrun. This was a difficulty here at Xanthus.

"To lay down a plan of the town is impossible," he says, "the whole being concealed by trees; but walls of the finest kind of Cyclopean, blended with Greek, as well as the beautifully squared stones of a lighter kind, are seen in every direction; several gateways also, with their paved roads, still exist. I observed on my first visit that the temples have been numerous, and, from their position along the brow of the cliff, must have combined with nature to form one of the most beautiful of cities. The extent I now find is much greater than I had imagined, and its tombs extend over miles of country I had not before seen."

A few miles brought our traveller to Patara on the sea-coast, which he had seen also on his former journey.

"I again sought the points of greatest interest, its very perfect theatre, the arched entrance to the city, and clusters of palm-trees; and owing to the drier state of the swamp, I was enabled to visit a beautiful small temple about the centre of the

ruined city; its door-way within a portico *in antis* is in high preservation, as well as its walls; the door-way is of beautiful Greek workmanship, ornamented in the Corinthian style, and in fine proportion and scale; the height is about twenty-four feet. I have sought in vain among the numerous funeral inscriptions for any trace of Lycian characters."

Coins among these ruins abounded, and were to be picked up like berries.

"The number of coins and common gems of rude cutting that are found here is quite unaccountable. I obtained above thirty coins from a man, who said he often brought home a hundred in a day when he was ploughing, and that, if I liked, he would go and find some. One of our men picked up two in crossing a field as he drove the horses; they appear to be of all dates, but I hope some may be curious, having the Lycian characters upon them. I am delighted to recognise again on one the figure of Bellerophon, similar to the bas-relief in the tomb at Tlos; this is highly interesting, as being found in the valley of the Xanthus."

Leaving Patara, Mr. Fellows, next passing through Phellus and Antiphellus, places of no great interest, reached Myra, bearing the modern Turkish name of Dembre. Here were seen beautiful and perfect remains of the ancient city; among others more interesting, a multitude of tombs of course. The theatre he found to be "among the largest and best built in Asia Minor; much of its fine corridor and proscenium remains; the upper seats have disappeared, but the present crop of wheat occupies little more than the area; probably about six feet of earth may have accumulated upon its surface." Among the sculptures on the tombs he met with examples of colored bas-reliefs, a practice well known to have been adopted by the Greeks in some of their works. In relation to this curious fact, so contrary to all our common notions of what is classical, he records in a note the opinion of Professor Müller, given on seeing the colored drawing from this tomb in Myra.

"The ancients *painted* their bas-reliefs; they only *tinged* their statues; tinging the drapery, leaving the flesh part uncolored; the wounds and blood were stained, and the ear-rings and ornaments gilded. Their temples were left white, but parts of the frieze and architectural ornaments were colored, but very minutely. Their temples of coarser materials were

plastered and entirely colored. The Parthenon frieze was colored; all the backgrounds of their bas-reliefs were painted."

At this point of his travels the interest of the journal, so far as Greek antiquities are concerned, ceases. The author met with little more of a very attractive nature, although he passed through districts absolutely covered with crumbling remains of former ages; more leisure only was needed, however, we believe, to have invested every square mile of such a country with the deepest interest. At Isium, near Myra, he exclaims, "What a wonderful people the ancient Greeks were! This mountain country was literally strewed with cities and stately towers, which stand uninjured and unoccupied two thousand years after their builders are removed." From the last mentioned place Mr. Fellows turned his face toward the interior in a northerly course, and then bending to the west over the highlands, returned to Macry on the seacoast, whence, after an excursion to Rhodes, he made his way circuitously to Smyrna. With more pages at our command, we should have traced his whole journey as minutely as we have parts of it; especially should we have indulged in many extracts, descriptive of the present manners of the modern inhabitants of these beautiful regions — beautiful indeed, if we may fully trust the pictures — word-pictures — the author gives us of its scenery. We give a single passage to show the effect of the beauty of this country upon the author's mind.

"My tent is pitched about twenty miles up the valley of the ancient Arycandus to the north of Limyra. A journal after all is only a register of the state of the mind as impressed by the objects of the day; I shall therefore not hesitate to describe my own feelings, and confess I never felt less inclined or less able to put to paper any remarks, than the impressions produced by my ride during the last five hours. I have heard others speak of a melancholy being caused by the overwhelming effect of the sublime; but it is not melancholy when better analyzed; it is a thoughtfulness and feeling of gratified pleasure, which affects me; and I long to express what perhaps is better indicated by the prostration of the Oriental worshipper, than by any verbal description; I feel as if I had come into the world, and seen the perfection of its loveliness and was satisfied. I know no scenery equal in sublimity and beauty to this part of Lycia.

"The mere mention of mountain scenery cannot give any

idea of the mountains here, which are broken into sections, forming cliffs, whose upheaved strata stand erect in peaks many thousand feet high, uniting to form a wild chaos, but each part harmonized by the other; for all is grand, yet lovely. Deep in the ravines dark torrents of the purest water, and over these grow the most luxuriant trees; above are the graver forests of pines upon the gray cliffs; and higher than these are ranges capped with snow, contrasting with the deep blue of the cloudless sky."

We close our brief and imperfect notice of this valuable work with one more extract, descriptive of the primitive pastoral habits of the present inhabitants.

"The interest of our halt (at Yeeilassies among the mountains) was greatly increased by our observing an almost uninterrupted train of cattle and people, moving from the valleys to the cool places for the summer season — the *Yeeilassies*. I was much struck by the simplicity and patriarchal appearance of the several families, which brought forcibly to mind the descriptions of pastoral life in Bible history. What a picture would Landseer make of such a pilgrimage! The snowy tops of the mountains were seen through the lofty and dark green fir-trees, terminating in abrupt cliffs many thousand feet of perpendicular height. From clefts in these gushed out cascades, falling in torrents, the sound of which, from their great distance, was heard only in the stillness of the evening, and the waters were carried away by the wind in spray over the green woods, before they could reach their deep bed in the rocky ravines below. In a zigzag course up the wood lay the track leading to the cool places.

"In advance of the pastoral groups were the straggling goats, browsing on the fresh blossoms of the wild almond as they passed. In more steady courses followed the small black cattle, with their calves; and among them several asses, carrying in saddle-bags those that were too young to follow their watchful mothers. Then came the flocks of sheep and the camels, each with their young; two or three fine-grown camels bearing piled loads of ploughs, tent-poles, kettles, pans, presses, and all the utensils for the dairy; and amidst this rustic load was always seen the rich turkey carpet and damask cushions, the pride even of the tented Turk. Behind these portions of the train I must place, with more finish, the family — the foreground of the picture.

"An old man, and generally his wife, head the clan which consists of several generations; many of them must have seen

near five score summers on the mountains; the old man, grasping a long stick, leads his children with a firm step. His son, the master of the flocks, follows with his wife; she is often seated on a horse, with a child in her arms, and other horses are led, all clothed with the gay trappings of a Turkish stud. Asses are allotted to the younger children, who are placed amidst the domestic stores, and never without a pet cat in their arms; long tresses of hair hang down their necks, and are kept closely to the head by a circlet of coins. By their side walks the eldest son, with all the air and alacrity of a young sportsman; over his shoulder hangs a long-barrelled gun, in his hand is the cage of a decoy partridge, and a classic looking hound follows at his heels; a number of shepherd boys mingle with the flocks and bring up the rear. The gay costume, the varied noises of the cattle, and the high glee attending the party on this annual expedition, must be supplied by the imagination.

"I should think that twenty families passed in succession during our halt, few of them having less than one hundred head of stock, and many had more. In some families, attendants, servants, or farm-laborers were among the cattle, generally with their aprons tied around, in which they carried two or three young kids; they had often over their shoulders a small calf, with all its legs tied together on the breast, exactly as seen in the offerings on the bas-reliefs at Xanthus and elsewhere.

"The longevity of these people in this pastoral country is very remarkable. I am sure that we have seen at least twenty peasants, within the last two days, above a hundred years of age, and apparently still enjoying health and activity of body; in some instances the mind appeared wandering. An old-looking hag, screaming violently, seized my servant Mania, and asked if he was come to take away her other child for a soldier, for if he were gone, she should have none left to take care of her. The temperate habits of the Turks, as well as some of their customs, may in part account for the prolongation of life in this country. One custom I may mention, as tending to diminish the cares of age, and to show the excellence of these simple people. When sons grow up and marry, the father gives over to them his flocks and property, and trusts to the known natural affection of his children to take care of him in his declining years; to a son his parents are always his first charge."

A HYMN OF THE SEA.

By W. C. Bryant.

The sea is mighty, but a mightier sways
His restless billows. Thou, whose hands have scooped
His boundless gulfs and built his shore, thy breath,
That moved in the beginning o'er his face,
Moves o'er it evermore. The obedient waves,
To its strong motion, roll and rise and fall.
Still from that realm of rain thy cloud goes up,
As at the first, to water the great earth,
And keep her valleys green. A hundred realms
Watch its broad shadow warping on the wind,
And in the dropping shower, with gladness, hear
Thy promise of the harvest. I look forth,
Over the boundless blue, where, joyously,
The bright crests of innumerable waves
Glance to the sun at once, as when the hands
Of a great multitude are upward flung
In acclamation. I behold the ships
Gliding from cape to cape, from isle to isle,
Or stemming toward far lands, or hastening home
From the old world. It is thy friendly breeze
That bears them, with the riches of the land,
And treasure of dear lives, till, in the port,
The shouting seaman climbs and furls the sail.
But who shall bide thy tempest, who shall face
The blast that wakes the fury of the sea?
Oh God! thy justice makes the world turn pale,
When on the armed fleet, that, royally,
Bears down the surges, carrying war, to smite
Some city, or invade some thoughtless realm,
Descends the fierce tornado. The vast hulks
Are whirled like chaff upon the waves; the sails
Fly, rent like webs of gossamer; the masts

Are snapped asunder; downward from the decks,
Downward are slung, into the fathomless gulf,
Their cruel engines, and their hosts, arrayed
In trappings of the battle field, are whelmed
By whirlpools, or dashed dead upon the rocks.
Then stand the nations still with awe, and pause,
A moment, from the bloody work of war.
These restless surges eat away the shores
Of earth's old continents, the fertile plain
Welters in shallows, headlands crumble down,
And the tide drifts the sea-sand in the streets
Of the drowned city. Thou meanwhile, afar,
In the green chambers of the middle sea,
Where broadest spread the waters and the line
Sinks deepest, while no eye beholds thy work,
Creator! thou dost teach the coral worm
To lay his mighty reefs. From age to age,
He builds beneath the waters, till, at last,
His bulwarks overtop the brine, and check
The long wave rolling from the Arctic pole
To break upon Japan. Thou bidst the fires,
That smoulder under ocean, heave on high
The new-made mountains, and uplift their peaks,
A place of refuge for the storm-driven bird.
The birds and wafting billows plant the rifts
With herb and tree; sweet fountains gush; sweet airs
Ripple the living lakes, that, fringed with flowers,
Are gathering in the hollows. Thou dost look
On thy creation and pronounce it good.
Its valleys, glorious with their summer green,
Praise thee in silent beauty, and its woods,
Swept by the murmuring winds of ocean, join
The murmuring shores in a perpetual hymn.

FIFTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE BOARD OF EDUCATION, TOGETHER WITH THE FIFTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF THE BOARD.

In the floods of periodical literature, which have issued from the press since the publication of this Report, we have scarcely been able to catch a glimpse of a notice of it, or the doings of the Board or Secretary, or of the progress of Education in the Commonwealth. How are we to account for the silence of Literature at the progress or even the movements of Education?

While the Board should have long since found able coadjutors in the conductors of periodical literature, — we acknowledge our own fault in the matter, — and numerous supporters in its patrons, it has been left to convince the public of its utility, and to carry on its plans single-handed and alone; and the only discussions, which have excited any considerable degree of agitation, have related to the question of existence. The question, whether the Board shall be abolished or *suffered to live*, — not supported, — is yet entertaining men's minds; while we might rather have expected them to be engaged in discussing measures of policy and progress with an eager zeal.

How can a body of men act with any degree of vigor, while the humiliating questions of the propriety of continuing its existence as a body is gravely controverted? Why is it, that the voice of Literature has not long since drowned these preliminary clamors? Is it because the subject is exhausted, unpopular, or barren, — because education has nothing to do with the progress of society, or because the Board and the Secretary have by their own individual exertions, — efficient as indeed they are, — forestalled the suggestions of all Experience, the inferences of all Analysis, and the conclusions of all Philosophy? Is it because the office of the common-school system is too insignificant to merit notice, because its chaotic materials have not yet assumed a character, — because it wants individuality, or because it has already arrived at the perfection of a full maturity? Should the Literature of this State fail to discover in its Board of Education the movements and bearing of a young Hercules, while its operations have attracted the admiration of distant nations, and the first words of encourage-

ment, which greet its ear, fall in no insignificant [redacted]nts from the lips of a people separated from us by the broad Atlantic? Not thus does Literature in sister States. Virginia is bestirring herself in the work of common-school education, and her Literary Messenger, if not foremost in the enterprise, espouses its prosecution with a most commendable zeal.

The apathy here is not because people are indifferent. The community is shaking off its slumbers in this matter. To its ear the sleepy hum, by which the indistinctly uttered claims of common-school education once lulled it to a deeper repose, is becoming the imperative summons which quickens it to a vitality of multiplied vigor. The infinite individual and social difference between men educated and uneducated, by the striking contrasts presented in condition, fixes observation. To the common-school system the ignorant, lamenting over their inestimable misfortune in having been insensible to its value in early life, do homage. On it the philanthropist rests his anxious gaze, in the ardent expectation, that, though it now be a little cloud just visible in the horizon, and no bigger than a man's hand, it will soon pervade the whole hemisphere of mind, and, fraught with fertility, penetrate into all the secret sources of mental vegetation, causing abundant harvests to grow upon and beautify barren desolations. To it the wise look joyfully, as the instrument which shall eradicate imposition, empiricism, prejudice, and superstition, and prostrate the barriers of factitious distinction.

That its movements are onward is visible, notwithstanding its many discouraging obstructions. Five years ago the plan of a Board of Education, suggested by the example of sister States, was adopted into practice. Such was the doubt as to its utility, that it was with difficulty that a vote could be obtained from the Legislature to continue its existence. The fostering hand of private munificence gave at once strength to its character, and health and nerve to its feeble frame. Still its claims to support have been granted reluctantly, if not grudgingly. Partisanship and sectarianism have made it the target, on which to expend the ammunition of desperate assaults. These now, beginning to perceive the real grandeur of the objects which the system embraces, are hiding their forms in shame at the dastardly spirit that would lay sacrilegious hands on institutions, whose foundations are laid in a disinterested humanity. Each successive year gives new occasion for the

State to be more and more proud of its offspring, and to reward the labors of its devoted agents by a more ample pecuniary remuneration, or by an increased confidence in their recommendations.

The Report of the Board of Education presents first the Normal Schools and their condition, and recommends them to the continued fostering care of the State. Their influence has been felt, though they have as yet scarcely struggled through the obstacles, ever awaiting novel enterprises and infant institutions. It next alludes to the report of its Secretary, and then to the subject of a school library. Appended to it are the reports of the Visiting Committees, appointed by the Board to conduct the affairs of the several Normal Schools, namely, that at Lexington under the care of C. Pierce, that at Barre under the care of Professor Newman, since deceased, and that at Bridgewater, under the care of Mr. Tillinghast. Then comes the report of the Committee, appointed by the board to consider the state of the Normal Schools, and the expediency of their continuance, which is strenuously urged. Then follows the account current of the Treasurer of the Board. Lastly and chiefly is the highly interesting and elaborate report of the Secretary of the Board. It occupies some 110 pages.

After presenting a general view of the state of the schools in the Commonwealth, which looks favorable, the Secretary takes up several topics connected with common schools naturally coming under his notice.

He proposes a substitute for county conventions. It has been his duty to meet every year, in each county in the State, the friends of education, to discuss with them its interests. These county conventions he regards unequal, as affording but a small portion of the inhabitants the easily accessible means of attending them. He therefore reccommends "more frequent meetings in smaller sections of territory, that sounder views and a livelier interest may be carried to the doors of those who will not go abroad to obtain them."

He then goes on to give a summary of some of the important facts and views, contained in the school returns and reports.

School Districts are first alluded to. The prevalence of the plan of uniting School Districts and classifying the schools is regarded as auspicious. It enables the united districts to give to every grade of scholarship the instruments best suited to it;

and by employing less expensive teachers for rudimental students, enables the united district, with about the same expense, to provide the more advanced pupils with exalted means of acquiring an education of a higher excellence.

Thus, too, the attention is directed to the *Schoolhouse;* and from the extraordinary improvements made in this species of architecture, in the comforts and accommodations afforded to the scholar and teacher, in the increased facilities supplied for acquiring knowledge, and thus carrying out the true purposes of the House, even had nothing else been accomplished by the system, its agency is commended to every philanthropist.

The impulse which has electrified every department of common-school education, since the organization of this Board, has in this one been especially brilliant. When we see throughout the entire State decent, comfortable, many frequently elegant and tasteful Schoolhouses, taking the places of the desolate, comfortless hovels, which were once distinguished by the same cognomen, we are filled with the astonishment one may be supposed to experience on beholding, under the transformations of magic, the humble shed suddenly assuming the graceful proportions of an elegant temple. When we observe these results, we cannot but conclude that a master spirit is at work with an energy as potent as it is ubiquitous. On this subject of Schoolhouses the Secretary says, "during the last year the city of Salem, and the village of Cabotville in Springfield have given the best specimens of schoolhouse architecture. Salem has erected several new schoolhouses, remodeled others, and put the residue in a condition of good repair. In Cabotville the wise step was first taken of uniting two contiguous districts. The united district is erecting and has almost completed a beautiful house, far superior to any other in all the middle or western part of the State. Its cost is estimated at ten thousand dollars. . . . The plan of the house for the High School at Lowell is very well devised. . . . These, and several others erected during the last year, are ornaments to the respective places of their location, an honor to their inhabitants, and a pledge of the elevated character of their posterity."

The increasing interest of the public in the common school is manifest from the increase of the *appropriations of Money* to this object, and the jealousy with which any prostitutions of its funds from their legitimate purposes is guarded. It may not

be fully understood, but it is nevertheless true, that no district can lay its hand on the money raised for the support of schools, and appropriate it to the purchase of furniture for the house, to repairs, to seats, to payment of extra services of committee men, or any object except the *payment of board and wages of teachers, and fuel for the schools.*

Under the head of *Amount and Regularity of Attendance*, in which a striking increase is exhibited, much credit is granted to the School Register. Either we do not fully comprehend the statements made under this head, or the Register does not perfectly perform its functions. In speaking of those by whom the benefits of attendance on schools are received, it appears that the average absences for summer are eighty-three thousand three hundred and twenty-three, and for winter, sixty-five thousand one hundred and sixteen. The Enormity of this amount is illustrated with examples, showing how large a district, were all these absences confined to it, would be covered. From the view of the case that is taken a fallacy might be interpreted. On reading the statement as it stands in the Report the general reader might be led to suppose, that a large portion of the population between the ages of four and sixteen, our common-school system does not reach; that we have a population of at least sixty thousand coming into active life entirely illiterate, having neglected the advantages of even a rudimental literary education.

If the Register were so kept as to show all the names of all the scholars in each district, and if from them it should appear that in the State there are sixty thousand children growing up, whose names are on the Register, but whose faces never are seen in the school room, the identical names year after year appearing blank, there would be just cause of alarm. Occasional absences are confessedly bad both for school and scholar; but the mere circumstance of a child's absence from school proves but very little pro or con, in taking the measure of intelligence in the Commonwealth. It does not prove that it is not under the eye of its mother, that it has not been to school for the most part of the year, nor that it is not in some position for acquiring knowledge quite as favorable to that end as the school-room.

The increase of the *Length of Schools* furnishes another cause of gratulation. This, as well as the last point, should be estimated at its true value. It is by no means an unequivocal

truism, that the very best place for every child between the ages of four and sixteen, and during the whole of that period, is the school-room. The real signification of the term Education should not be misapprehended. Mere book knowledge were scarcely more desirable than no literature. The period spoken of is the season for *fashioning the man.* Literature deserves great praise, but its offices and merits have been magnified. Unless man is to be housed and withdrawn from nature and the world, it becomes him to rely on this aid for an education—reservedly. A child may be incessantly conversant with books, and yet have as little practical knowledge as an automaton. We have daily proofs of the perversions of literature under this form. We constantly meet with lamentable instances of men and women, who know only to read and write, — who indeed can do the latter but very indifferently, — and who are distressed at being placed in a predicament requiring an ordinary degree of tact. Such plead guilty to the name of fools, when required to kindle a fire; nor do they aspire to sufficient philosophy to comprehend the uses of an ordinary furnace or cooking stove. Possibly such might make or mend a pen, but to harness a horse would set their entire stock of ingenuity at defiance. Literature is but the key to knowledge, as knowledge is but the key to truth. The man is no more educated with the faculties of the mind alone brought into action, or in whom the physical organs alone are exercised, than the whole efficient force of an army is brought to bear upon the enemy with the infantry alone, or the artillery alone, in the combat. Physical and mental training must proceed *pari passu.* The exercise of the body will help to digest the pabulum of the mind. Every sense must be disciplined and developed; and the Schoolhouse, Books, and Teachers, are but instruments, manuals, and aids to this. Text Books and formulas, unless they stimulate thoughts, are clogs rather than aids in strengthening the mind. The true and full bred man is only formed by a due union of study, observation, and experience. There is a dispepsia as afflictive and stupefying in the pathology of mind, as in physical pathology. Literature may surfeit the young mind with a multitude of words. In the rage for literature, ideas are quite lost sight of. From frequent repetition and incessant drilling, language loses its efficacy in monotony. The Malay manifests great fondness for literature. He will purchase books and devour them with avidity.

But it is only for the music which the words produce on his ear. His mind is untrained to thought, so that the ideas they are intended to convey he cannot comprehend. While therefore the child may and should be furnished with the best aids for making his attainments, due care should be taken that in the use of means they be not exalted above ends.

The urgent recommendation by the Secretary of a greater uniformity of School Books reminds us of a circular, which has recently been issued by the superintendent of common schools in the State of New York. He urges in it with great firmness the adoption throughout the State, in all the schools, of the New Testament as a Reading Book. The conservators of religion are indebted to the subtle refinements of the present day, backed by its well weighed scruples, for the fancy, that it is a profanation to make use of the Bible as a common school book. And this fine-spun logic is put forward in despite of all the experience of the past. The doctrines once deemed sound, that line must be given upon line, and precept upon precept, now that the moral sense, like the intellect of Minerva, is born into instinctive maturity, is rejected. The teachings of religion which, that they might have due force, were, under a theocracy, enjoined to be taught in the house and by the way, sitting down and rising up, on going out and on coming in, by being written on the posts of the doors and the tablets of the heart, are now practically enforced by a converse scheme. An outline of this is to be found in the canons of a sect, which prohibits the Bible to the common people; and a model, in the usages of our own times, which, while they advocate its freedom, in example, discourage its use, which can discover more beauty in the device of apples of gold set in pictures of silver, than in words fitly spoken, and which, lest they should manifest cant in set phrases, or a discrepancy of profession and practice, carefully keep the oracles of religion as an ornament for the centre table, and take public opinion for their rule of faith and conduct.

But such practices will not stand the test of a close ordeal. Truth is not contaminated by contact. Familiarity with it only serves to increase for it our admiration and reverence. Indeed, like the rarest gems, its beauties are only dicovered by the grindings and polishings of close attrition and constant use. Human nature is now what it ever was. Mothers in ancient times taught their absurd mythologies to their children in their

infant years; and shall they, to whom is committed the ark of the covenant, transmit it to posterity, with the most significant expressions of indifference or disgust? If men have confidence in the power of their religion, they will administer it to their children with their mothers' milk, and daily engrave it, as with a pen of iron, upon their hearts. Were it the business of education to train buffoons, and to ridicule serious things, then might the friends of virtue shrink from making the Bible a manual; but when its office is to educate the whole man, how absurd were it to contravene this intention by a nice squeamishness. It is pretty generally admitted that the education of the intellect, without the moral sentiments, tends neither to the diminution of crime nor the increase of happiness. Let the Bible, then, without note or comment be the daily reading book in our common schools. Such has been the early practice of our Commonwealth, a practice which has made our community the model to many others of virtue and intelligence. Far be the day distant, when she cuts herself adrift from this anchor of her safety.*

In treating on the subject of *Teachers* the Secretary speaks with great power and eloquence. Nearly the whole of this topic is taken up in giving some hints to school committees, as to the tests, by which they may, if themselves of even limited acquirements, ascertain the qualifications of those who offer themselves as candidates for teaching. This chapter every school-committee man should read, ponder well, and study.

The literary and moral qualifications of the teacher, together with his aptness to impart instruction, are all discussed with that glowing fervor, which genuine talents, combined with true

---

* To the practice recommended in these remarks we wholly object, if by reading the Bible in school be meant reading the whole Bible in course, without discrimination or selection — the ancient method. To the reading of the whole of the four gospels and the book of Acts in course, with selections judiciously made from the Epistles and the books of the Old Testament, there can lie, we think, no objection, provided still, that the *manner of the reading* be carefully looked after. But if this exercise is to be left for the closing one of the school, to be hurried over with the indecent haste usually attendant on the last recitation, without remark or illustration on the part of the teacher, *as a mere exercise in the art of reading*, and not distinctly as a religious one, — rather than this, we say without hesitation, it were far safer for the child's moral and religious impressions, that the use of the book in school were entirely interdicted. — Ed.

zeal, sincere love for, and a thorough understanding of the whole subject, inspire. The standard of excellence which he adopts is indeed elevated. Such it should be, since collateral branches of the business of education, — such as attention to the convenience of the scholar, more than keep pace with the supply of good teachers; as it is obvious that a schoolhouse can be built sooner than a good teacher can be qualified for it. This is inevitable. The demand for teachers must precede the supply. Teachers will not qualify themselves for places, which are never to require them; nor indeed is a peculiar power of taste or intellect developed till it is in demand. The people must take the lead; and the leaders must be content to make considerable outlays of time, money, and patience, before they obtain precisely what is wanted. If a few schoolhouses be built of the very first class, where high salaries will be paid, and they at once become prizes for enterprise and talent, numbers will forthwith engage in the preparation of themselves for the places, and among them all some will be found worthy.

On the subject of employing emulation, as a means of literary excellence, Mr. Mann entertains enlightened views, and speaks, though briefly, with much cogency. This view of the subject, namely, the inexpediency of employing emulation, may be set down as one of the just results of modern philosophical inquiry. It is applicable to practice and compassionate in its operation. Scarcely ten years ago to introduce it into colleges among students of comparatively mature years was deemed chimerical. An institution in Vermont had the temerity to adopt its forms of government repudiating this principle of action, and the eyes of the world have been attracted to it. About the same time a young man, a student at Cambridge, had the moral courage uniformly to decline the honor, to which his scholarship entitled him; and in a prize essay, which was unsuccessful, but which he subsequently published, defended himself with arguments between which, and those advanced by Mr. Mann against employing emulation, there is a striking coincidence.

These views are fast obtaining currency, and there is reason to believe, that a principle so opposed to the spirit of humanity, will not be brought to act with its unholy influence on young and susceptible hearts. "The Christian virtues," says the Re-

port, "are found to have an efficiency vastly superior as motives to exertion." It is to be regretted that Mr. Mann has not taken ground more decided on the subject of corporal punishment. He admits that "any person who, in establishing his authority, begins back where the brute begins, and where the savage begins, can have no approvable capacity for the government of a school;" and yet, by a sort of faltering equivocation, neutralizes the whole force of his statement in saying, "I would by no means be understood to express the opinion, that, *in the present state of society*, punishment, and even corporal punishment, can be dispensed with by all teachers in all schools, and with regard to all scholars." What would have been the force of Mr. Mann's argument in favor of a high degree of qualification for the arduous duty of teaching, if at the close of it he had said, that all the requisitions *in the present state of society* were not to be expected? Such facts and admissions people are sufficiently ready to take for granted. We hold that the community should resist, with indignation and retribution, every attempt of the teacher to establish his authority or enforce his rules by brute force. Confinement, supension, and expulsion are the only justifiable penal measures which any teacher may adopt. To entrust them with any greater liberties with the person of the child is abhorrent to nature. The infliction on the child of every species of corporal punishment is a prerogative exclusively parental; as the infliction of a similar punishment on the adult belongs exclusively to civil authority. To delegate any power over the person to any one not influenced by the restraints, which nature in the provision of parental tenderness has instituted, is as unauthorized by the designs of Providence, as it is dangerous to humanity. To be efficacious, corporal punishment must be accompanied with love, — that love which in inflicting pain is first wounded at outraged virtue, and then agonized at suffering humanity. Corporal punishment otherwise administered may indeed temporarily check through fear, but instead of subduing the propensity to evil it excites indignation and revenge, which, though for the time suppressed, rankle in the bosom, and eventually break forth in lawless and fearful impetuosity.

But let the teacher adopt the expedients of expulsion and confinement, and he will find no ally so powerful. To exile a child from his fellows touches his pride and chastens his sympathies, and thus cultivates those affections which, in this case,

are absolutely essential to a symmetrical character, which are in greatest danger of being annihilated, and by which alone the idiosyncrasy can be made available. For the parent to surrender the right to corporal punishment to another is as disgraceful, as for the civil authorities to permit individuals in private brawls to settle their own differences. Between the parent and child an identity exists, which it is the duty of the parent to remember. An indignity inflicted on the child should be regarded by the parent as personal. The inviolability of the person cannot be too highly valued, since on it depends to an inestimable degree the intellectual and moral progress of the man. To it also he is indebted for the consideration and esteem of society and his fellows. Corporal punishment is the inviolable possession of parents and governments, nor can it be invaded with impunity.

Under the topic of *Inequality of the Means of Education*, we find that the average of money appropriated to each child in the State, between the ages of four and sixteen, has been $2.7\frac{1}{100}$ dollars. Some towns compared with others have appropriated as seven to one. Five towns appropriated more than five dollars to each scholar, and eleven more than four dollars, while one hundred and thirty-nine towns appropriated but one dollar.

Coupled with the observations under this head we find the following remark.

"As a general fact, the great work of enlightening the intellect, and cultivating the manners and morals of the rising generation, is going forward most rapidly and successfully in those towns, whose appropriations are most generous; while, on the other hand, a non-compliance with the requisitions of the law in employing unapproved teachers, &c., have most commonly been found in those towns, whose appropriations look rather to the question, how little money will suffice to escape from penalty or forfeiture, than how much, through the alchemy of this institution, can be transmuted into knowledge and wisdom and virtue."

The Report closes with an argument, showing the effect of education upon the *worldly fortunes* or *estates* of men. In the course of this argument testimony is brought from high authority in mercantile and manufacturing life, to prove that the more intelligent the laborer, the more certain are his means of procuring a comfortable support, and of rendering himself valued

and respected. In further prosecuting the subject the following valuable remarks occur.

"Now it is easy to show from reasoning, from history, and from experience, that an early awakening of the mind is the prerequisite to success in the useful arts. It must be an awakening not to feeling merely, but to thought. In the first place, a clearness of perception must be acquired, or the power of taking a correct mental transcript, copy, or image of whatever is seen. This, however, though indispensable, is by no means sufficient. It may answer for mere automatic movements, for the servile copying of the productions of others. . . . But the talent of improving upon the labors of others requires, not only the capability of receiving an exact mental copy, or imprint of all the objects of sense or reasoning, — it also requires the power of reviving, or reproducing at will, all the impressions or ideas before obtained, and also the power of changing their collocations, of re-arranging them into new forms, and of adding something to, or removing something from the original perceptions, in order to make a more perfect plan or model. . . . An awakened mind will see and seize the critical juncture; the perceptions of a sluggish one will come too late, if they come at all. A general culture of the faculties gives versatility of talent, so that if the customary business of the laborer is superseded by improvements, he can readily betake himself to another kind of employment; but an uncultivated mind is like an automaton, which can do only the one thing for which its wheels or springs were made."

In concluding our notice of this Report, we cannot refrain from reminding the friends of education, that however well this system now works, and however much of good it may promise, it is still incomplete as an educational system, so long as it remains theoretic. Education will never do its whole work for man, until it combines theory and practice. Literature, we have said, is but an aid in acquiring knowledge, as knowledge is but an aid in discovering truth. To render knowledge available in the discovery of truth, the exercise of the physical organs is no less essential than the culture of the mental faculties. To *this*, literature is auxiliary; to *that*, practice in the use of tools, and actual observation and discrimination in converting material substances into use, are auxiliaries. Knowledge nourishes the mind and prepares it for the discovery of truth; exercise invigorates the body, strengthens it for the

endurance of mental labor, and imprints more deeply on it sensible impressions. Truth, the vital principle of mind, is only to be obtained by the conjoined energy of mind and body. Whatever in practice or theory will unfold truth, or give action to the mind, is a part of education; and so far as literature is instrumental in this, it is valuable.

Indeed literature to a certain extent is indispensable. To acquire knowledge by whatever means, — and the more systematic the better, — is the business of the pupil; to discover truth, the business of the master. All educational systems, which do not tend, by the training of every faculty of mind and body at an early period of life, to make masters of men, not all of one description or occupation, but masters according to talent and capacity, are imperfect. The legitimate tendency of education is to bring men to a level, not to reduce to a low grade true worth, but by bringing out latent energy to elevate the low. The consequence of this will be to throw open, to the use of all, those secrets by which a few have arrived at distinction.

Hence the nobility of occupation will be more clearly perceptible, since in some of its forms all must resort to it for a livelihood, contentment, and happiness.

Hence too we perceive, that the present common-school system being as yet imperfect is transient, and must give place by modification or revolution to something more in conformity to the wants of man and society. Activity of mind is its most hopeful state, and the more rapid the changes, so that they be not feverish and fitful, the more certain are the indications of progress. Of revolution, with the present efficient officers of the Board, and the present vigilant Secretary, by whom, through its well disciplined district committees and teachers, as through a vital system, every pulsation throughout its entire corporeity is felt, noted, sympathetically heeded, and frankly laid before the public, there is no danger. That all salutary modification will be carefully engrafted upon the system, which will perfect its operation, may be confidently relied upon. The old is constantly giving place to the new or better, and ere long we shall see the work of education, by a due simultaneous cultivation of the physical and mental powers, by a copartnership of the schoolroom and the workshop, the laboratory, and the kitchen, performing for mankind its high and legitimate office.

The Board has upon it weighty responsibilities and arduous

labors, not the least of which are to be found in exciting the attention of parents generally in the public school, of enlightening their minds on the subject of education, so that they will neither shun book-knowledge, lest it should unfit the child for ordinary occupations, nor estimate it by a standard, which will make it the all-engrossing good, to the exclusion of all practical experience; and in imposing such duties upon the Town committees, as will secure districts from the evils of incompetent, indolent, or self-interested Prudential committee men.

Hitherto the branch of the labors of the Board, connected with the Normal Schools, has been least of all satisfactory.

The public will expect from the Board an impartial opinion of the operation of the Normal School system in their next annual Report. The system has now been a sufficiently long time at work, to give proof of its energy and vitality. The State has been liberal in its grants of money, and patient in its attendance on the experiment. If it appears to the Board, that schools are now supplied with better teachers, that the standard of qualification is more elevated, and that the teachers coming from these institutions meet with greater success, — a success creating for them a constant and an exhausting demand, it will be expected of them that they lay the facts before the public. If, on the contrary, it appears that the institutions, instead of supporting themselves, require an annual grant to bolster their languishing and feeble existence; if it appears that many of those, who flock there with the professed desire to become teachers, do so under the blind impulse of a popular enthusiasm, or with the hope of thus escaping the severer requisitions of a more laborious calling, and gifted with little of ability and less of stability, at the close of the course relinquish their original design; if it appears by the unerring test of utility, self-support, that the system will require ample endowments at regular intervals, in order to its continuance; then it will be fatally hazardous to the Board and its high aims, not to speak out frankly, and condemn with undisguised impartiality. Can there not be issued a diploma, which shall be awarded to such as, having been thoroughly tried under a rigid system of practice, are found to be well qualified, and which shall be withheld from all others? To this there may be some objections; but in any event the sole alternative to the stigma of empiricism, and the fate of the impostor, is to be found in adopting some measures, by which the public can confidently

depend on obtaining what is wanted, and what is recommended, when an application is made to the Normal Schools for a good teacher. It is thus only that the schools can acquire such a character, as shall render their continuance desirable.

E. P. H.

WRITINGS OF REV. WILLIAM BRADFORD HOMER, WITH A MEMOIR BY PROFESSOR PARK.

A VOLUME has lately been published, containing Literary Addresses, and fourteen Pulpit Discourses, besides Abstracts and Notes on the classics, the work of quite a remarkable young clergyman, whose great promise was suddenly blighted by an early death. The Memoir prefixed to the volume by Professor Park presents a very full and interesting account of Mr. Homer's brief course. It is written in a good style, in the warm tone of affectionate friendship, and yet free from all extravagant and indiscriminate eulogy. We like particularly the absence from it, as well as from the writings of the subject of the Memoir, of all cant. It is serious, and at the same time lively. It is full of religion, and yet avoids the set phrases in which it has been usual to talk and write about religion. It gives a very engaging picture of a young man of no ordinary powers of mind, who had made very considerable attainments in literature, who inspired an unusual degree of enthusiasm during his brief ministry, and who died amidst the regrets of numerous warm friends. The volume is an offering laid upon his tomb, and is a memorial of his genius, refinement, purity, devotedness, sanctity. It adds another to the many affecting instances, which the world has had, of *genius* consuming itself in the blaze of its own intense flame; of a mind too fervid and too active for the body, within which it burns and struggles.

> "Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
> (That last infirmity of noble mind)
> To scorn delights, and live laborious days;
> But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,

> And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
> Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,
> And slits the thin-spun life."

William Bradford Homer was born in Boston, January 31, 1817. "In his eleventh year he was sent to Amherst, Mass., where he spent three years as a member of Mt. Pleasant Classical Institution," and where he recommended himself to his instructers by his amiable manners and studious habits. After a year spent in Boston and another at Andover in Phillips Academy, he entered Amherst College in September, 1832. Here "he soon took the first rank in his class, which he held to the end of his collegiate course." "In the forms and syntax of Latin and Greek," says Professor Fiske, "he was more thorough than is common, even among those generally accounted good scholars. — If I sometimes helped him in breaking the shell, he always seemed to find a sweeter meat than I had tasted. While he had a strong relish for poetic beauty, and possessed an imagination highly active, and truly rich in ideal pictures, he had also a striking fondness for exact thought, and for lucid order and symmetry in arrangement, and neatness and accuracy in style and performance." After graduating at Amherst, in 1836, Mr. Homer immediately entered the Theological Seminary at Andover, in order to qualify himself for the profession to which he had already dedicated his life. His biographer gives us extracts from his letters during his college life, and his residence at Andover, which are interesting, as showing the workings of a pure ambition, a generous love of excellence, and also somewhat of the morbid action that so often accompanies sensitive and gifted natures.

"'Feb. 18, 1837. (Junior year at Andover.) — Last Tuesday was the most miserable day I ever experienced. I arose in the morning jaded and depressed. It was the turn of the eighty-eighth Psalm to present itself to my devotional meditations, and it seemed a remarkable providence, as a more precise and accurate mirror of my own feelings could nowhere have been selected. It was no religious exercise, I frankly own; but in the solitude of my gloom, I am almost ashamed to confess it, I did pour out my soul like water over that Psalm. Such prospects of discouragement as pressed themslves upon me, I pray to be relieved from henceforth and forever. There is one dreadful thought, that at such moments comes upon my

mind. I would whisper it in your ear. It is that my mind has already reached its maturity, that I shall never grow to a larger than my present intellectual stature. My developments were early, perhaps too early. I have always been beyond my years. And you know that it is no unusual phenomenon that minds too soon matured are of a stinted growth, and those who were men in boyhood become boys in manhood. I know that this is a wicked thought. It may be the conception of a diseased imagination. It undoubtedly is the offspring of a pride of intellect, rather than of that humble and submissive spirit which bows in meek resignation to the will of God. But it is a dreadful thought in itself, and in its accompaniments, when I think of the disappointment of the affectionate hopes that have been centred in me. God forgive me, if I ever think of honoring the earthly objects of my love more than the heavenly.' " — p. 38.

We are glad to find that the biographer did not suppress these secret confessions, through any false idea that they might injure the reputation of his young friend with the ultra good. We have proof in the following remarks by Professor Park, that he did not prune off here and there every natural growth of Mr. Homer's character, in order to adapt it to the standard of any particular circle or sect.

" It may be objected, that the secret confessions of fault which the preceding letters contain should not be exposed to the world. They would not be, if the present memoir were designed for a eulogy. They would not be, if the character of its subject needed to be glossed over and his foibles artfully concealed. But of what advantage is a biography above a fictitious tale, when but half the truth is told, and the character of a man is painted as that of an angel? The Christian philosopher objects to novels because they give false views of life, and benumb our sympathies with man as he is actually found. And what are too many of our biographies but likenesses of nothing which is in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth? The true idea of a memoir is, that it shall impart the general and combined impression of its subject, that it shall give no undue prominence to his foibles, nor make a needless exposure of his uncovered sins, and shall by no means imply that a man may live selfishly among us, and be canonized when he has gone from us; that he may sin cunningly here, and only his virtues shall be rehearsed hereafter. As the love of posthumous favor is one incentive to virtue, so the fear of censure from our survivors is a dissuasive from vice." — pp. 40, 41.

During his residence at Andover, Mr. Homer did not confine his attention to theological studies, but entered upon a wide and liberal range of literary investigation. He examined carefully the German theory of Homer, interested himself in an edition of Macaulay's Miscellaneous Writings, and delivered before different clubs lectures on Jeremy Taylor, and critiques upon the characters of Shakspeare. By this kind of discipline he cultivated a delicate taste, which is conspicuous in all the productions of his pen, and while by these various studies he did not injure the seriousness of his mind, or lower his high spiritual standard, he yet counteracted the injurious effects, too apt to be exerted upon the character by an exclusive attention to the dogmas of a hard and stiff theology. His biographer says of him, that "he had that candor of mind which comes of an enlarged scholarship. He could never have been a partisan in theology, as a young man often loves to be, and he would probably have done much good by his freedom from that narrow spirit which will cling to a sect or school, be it new or old."

"Before he had closed his twenty-second year, he had accumulated much that would have quickened his mental growth for a long time to come. He had written numerous essays and orations, four quarto volumes of notes on his collegiate studies, eight volumes of abstracts and theses upon the topics of his Seminary course, had acquired six foreign languages, some of which he had mastered, had studied with philosophical acumen the writings of Hesiod, Herodotus, Longinus, Dionysius Halicarnassus, Æschylus and Euripides, and many of the old English prose authors; had written an analysis of each book in the Iliad and of the Odyssey, with copious annotations upon them, a critical disquisition also upon each of the minor poems and fragments ascribed to the father of poetry, an analysis of the orations of Demosthenes and Æschines, with extensive criticisms upon each, and various translations from Latin and German commentators upon the sacred and classical writings. He had also collected materials for at least three courses of lectures upon Homer and Demosthenes, and thought himself prepared to finish these courses with but little additional study, and within a short time. A synopsis of these lectures, with a catalogue of the authorities which he considered most important for reference, is published at the close of the present volume." — pp. 55, 56.

But Mr. Homer was not a mere scholar. He was a man

of warm affections, as well as of acute and polished intellect, as his biographer happily expresses it, he "was a true and hearty friend, and all his scholarship never left him a dried up specimen of humanity." This friendship was severely wounded in the loss of Mr. James G. Brown, who perished in the ill-fated Lexington. In a letter dated Feb. 8, 1840, alluding to the melancholy event just mentioned, his remarks seem to us to possess a great deal of beauty and truth.

"'You seem to me to dwell too much upon the aggravating circumstances of our late affliction. This is natural, but unnecessary, and probably incorrect. At first, my own soul was haunted by the terrors of that fearful night, and much of the miserable rhetoric that has appeared in public print upon the subject, has been fitted only to inflame the imagination, and in all probability to carry it beyond the reality. After a cooler examination, I have concluded that the physical suffering of the occasion was probably far less than is generally supposed. The intense and thrilling excitement of the scene to many minds would furnish occupation, without giving them an opportunity to brood over their own personal distresses. The human soul is furnished by its Creator with powers of self-support, to be developed in great exigencies, which are almost miraculous. Where was there an exigency so great as that, and where was the character containing in itself more sources of relief and even happiness, than that of our friend who is gone? I think it not impossible that his constitutional ardor may have made him one of the first who perished. If so, his struggles in the benumbing waters could have been but momentary, and his death may have been as serene as it was quick. We should have perhaps preferred to stand by his bedside and watch his lingering agonies; but for him, it was no doubt physically pleasanter to sink down exhausted and senseless into his ocean-bed. It was more like a quiet slumber than we are apt to imagine. There is another thought which has given me great consolation, even in the more fearful alternative that he may have continued among the last. Our dear friend was prepared to die; probably better prepared than many of us who survive. I think of him in that sweet security, which the presence of Jesus can impart, resigning himself to his fate peacefully and calmly. There is a deep meaning in those passages of Scripture, which were the theme of his last perusal and meditation. There is prophetic beauty in the last words which we heard from him. And now, they are as a voice from heaven assuring us that no outward terrors can disturb the serenity of God's

chosen. I think of him as cheering the comfortless in their gloom. With what ardor may not his zeal have been animated. With what efficiency and success may he not have prosecuted, on the burning deck, the mission he was not faithless to in the common walks of life. And perhaps, many poor trembling spirits may have been guided by his example and direction to the fold of his Shepherd in heaven." — pp. 65, 66.

Mr. Homer, as his biographer informs us, sometimes "gave expression to his feelings in verse." We quote the only metrical composition in the volume before us, and the delicacy and sweetness of this piece make us regret that no more specimens of his poetical talent are furnished.

"I hear thy voice, fond sleeper, now,
Not as it rose in gladsome hour,
When joy illumed thy radiant brow,
And life bloomed fair with many a flower,
But now with solemn tones and still
That wake each chord with finer thr'll.

I hear thy voice in many a scene
Where thou in buoyant hope didst roam,
Not such as when thyself hast been
The cherished idol of thy home:
But now in accents richly deep
From the low grave where thou dost sleep.

I hear thy voice in melting song,
Not as its cadence charmed the ear
Amid the gay and happy throng
Who gathered round thy beauty here.
A spirit's joy, a spirit's lyre
Thy strains of melody inspire.

I hear thy voice in fondness call,
Not as it gave its witching tone
To sway with soft and gentle thrall,
And soothe the sorrows of thine own.
But quivering now with purer love
For us below, for those above.

I hear thy voice! It cometh oft
In sorrow's gush and memory's swell,
When sigh we for its welcome soft
Or whisper of its sad farewell.
It comes with happy tone and blest
And bids us to thine own sweet rest." — p. 69 70.

The paragraph in the Memoir, which relates to Mr. Homer's

religious character, strikes us as very interesting, and is full of just and liberal remarks. Mr. Homer, we are informed, "kept no daily record of his emotions." The particular objection which he felt to Diaries may be perceived by the following remark. "Last week I derived great pleasure from reading the religious diary of——, it is rich, *rich*, in religious experience. He seems to have elaborated his love to Christ until it appears to be almost seraphic. But alas! I shall never read that diary again, for I perceive that a year or two before his death he re-wrote it. What must a man's expectation be, in penning his religious journal the second time?" The piety of Mr. Homer is represented in the Memoir as retiring, modest, unostentatious, natural. To us the phrase "naturalness of piety," is not "an ambiguous one;" it expresses clearly and distinctly to our mind a most important feature in the true religious character. And we rejoice to meet with such sentiments, as are expressed in the following sentences, which we quote gladly from the Memoir. Coming from the quarter from which they proceed, they must exert a good influence in the religious community. "The perfection of goodness is to make a right use of the nature which God has given us." "To shun artificial developments, and mere conventional forms, and to let one's free and full heart flow out in the channel of true benevolence is a great thing; far greater than to catch a certain good tone, and to be familiar with a round of phrases, that may happen to form the Shibboleth of a community." "Like himself too, his (Mr. Homer's) piety was kind, condescending, and considerate. He was not a noisy member of a Peace Society, nor clamorous for Moral Reform, but he cultivated the amiable instincts of his nature, and delighted in diffusing happiness among those around him." "An error of many Christians is, that they attach an authority to the example of some imperfect man, and debar from their fellowship all who do not follow that example. One class of religious developments they commend too exclusively, and are intolerant of another class which are useful in their own sphere, but are not in sympathy with the provincial taste. Our duty is to reverence the graces of the Spirit whatsoever they be, and to aim after that union of all the virtues which we discover in our great Exemplar."

In November, 1840, Mr. Homer was ordained as Pastor of the Congregational Church and Society in South Berwick, Maine, where he had preached most acceptably six months be-

fore. Here he exercised his ministry, and we are informed that his influence was perceptibly growing until he was removed from life. There is to us a delightful simplicity and artlessness in some of the specimens which are given of his discourses. He "was not ashamed to confess that on *his own* account, as well as for *their* good, he desired the regular attendance of his people at church." In a discourse delivered soon after his settlement, he says,

"'You should listen to the preaching of the gospel with a careful regard to the feelings of your minister. Remember that he is a man; by education, by profession, it may be by temperament a *sensitive* man. He has eyes that can see. He has ears that can hear. He has a heart that can feel. Let the delicate and honorable deference with which you meet him in the street, or welcome him to your dwellings, not be entirely laid aside, when he stands before you as the messenger of God. There are many persons who act as if they supposed that the eminence of the pulpit raised their minister above the level of human feelings, that it was round about him like an impregnable fortress, and every mark of contempt or disrespect or inattention from the audience falls as powerless as if he were a senseless machine. If he visit them at their homes, they would be ashamed to treat him with such coldness and scorn, and it would be deemed the lowest indecency to look out of the window, or to read a newspaper, or to drop asleep in the chair while he was talking with them; but when he stands before them in the pulpit, they borrow a license from his remoteness and his elevation, as well as from the multitude who share the responsibility of their politeness, and they never dream that it is rude and ungentlemanly to be gazing around the house, or turning over a hymn-book, or whispering some pleasantry to a neighbor, or fixing themselves in a good position for sleep. The truth is, my friends, the minister is and ought to be more keenly sensitive to these marks of public disrespect, than he would be to private and personal contempt. An insult is offered to the fruits of his own mental toil. A contempt is thrown upon his high office as a preacher. The solemnly dedicated house of worship seems, in their view, to have a claim for decorum inferior to the highway or the parlor. More than all, that august Being in whose name he speaks, before whom angels cast their crowns in ceaseless adoration, Jehovah himself is repulsed by the coldness and stupidity of earthly worshippers. And I wonder how a man can preach, when such reflections are pressed upon him with overwhelming power from a careless or trifling or sleeping audience.'"

"'There is one other thought connected with this subject, to which you will pardon me for alluding. You are aware that there is now extensively prevalent among ministers of the gospel a singular paralysis of the vocal organs, which has driven many from their pulpits and their flocks. The disease is one which has eluded the researches of medical science, as it has baffled the reach of medical skill. But among the many theories to account for its origin, I have found none more philosophical or more consonant with my own experience, than that which attributes it to the stupidity and inattention of an audience. It is well known that there is an active sympathy between the mind and the body, and what more natural than that a depressed and embarrassed spirit should derange an organ so delicate and sensitive as the human voice. Those of you who are at all accustomed to public speaking can testify how much the ease of your utterance depends upon the interest of your audience. If you find it hard to make yourself understood, or the force of your argument falls powerless upon stupid hearers, the utterance at once becomes difficult, the mouth is quickly parched and dry, there is a choking sensation about the throat, a thousand impediments seem to check the flow of language, the speaking is all up-hill work, and you sit down with the vocal organs irritated and inflamed, and an exhaustion of your whole system tenfold greater, than if you spoke to an audience so full of sympathy and interest and excitement, that the flow was easy from your heart to theirs. For myself, I confess, so great has sometimes been the physical difficulty with which I have preached to a trifling or listless congregation, that I have been ready to wish that in the pulpit I could be stripped of every sense and every faculty, but that of speech, so that there might not come in through my eyes and my ears and my wounded sensibilities, so many impediments to the easy current of my language.'" — pp. 106, 107, 109, 110.

Among the sermons given in the volume before us is a Thanksgiving Discourse on "the Connexion between Christianity and the Social Affections," from which we make the following extracts.

"It is said, that the celebrated Dr. Johnson once read a manuscript copy of the book of Ruth to a fashionable circle in London. The universal exclamation of the company was, 'where did you get that exquisite pastoral,' and the thoughtless were directed to the book, which to them had been associated only with gloom and dulness. It is in truth remarkable, that among a people whose domestic institutions and exclusive

habits seemed so unfavorable to social refinement, the Old Testament history should abound in such delicate narratives of the affections. The ancient classics are notoriously deficient in the sentiments of the fireside, but the more ancient literature of the bible, even in the primitive traditions of patriarchal life, seems to have held the family relation among its choicest subjects. In the whole range of eastern story, I know of nothing more rich than the account of Isaac's courtship. The witching pages of fiction have never yet surpassed the true narrative of Joseph and his brethren. And the sweetest refinement which modern taste has thrown around the grave is unequal to the simple pathos of old Jacob, in his dying request: 'Bury me with my fathers in the cave that is in the field of Ephron the Hittite: There they buried Abraham and Sarah his wife; There they buried Isaac and Rebekah his wife; and there I buried Leah.'"

"Go back to the remote ages of antiquity, before the light of our religion had dawned upon the world. Many a bright spot shall you find in the moral waste. Many a city where art has lavished her most gorgeous treasures, and learning has reared her proudest seats. You shall find there the taste of the architect, in marble columns, gracefully carved cornices, and majestic temples that rear themselves towering and queenlike. You shall find there the skill of the sculptor, in the accurately chiseled proportions of that chief earthly beauty, the human form. You shall enter suburban groves, and listen to philosophy in her most inspired lessons, and poetry in her most winning strains. You shall be surrounded by everything outward that speaks of elevation and refinement. But when you penetrate the secrets of domestic life, when you look for the happiness of a pure and holy fireside, the light that is in them has become darkness — and 'how great is that darkness!' You recur to those whited sepulchres, which are beautiful without, but within are full of loathsomeness and corruption. And while you glory in the achievements of human taste and genius, you weep that they can attain so little, when unaided by the gospel of Christ.

"Follow the influence of Christianity during the ages since its origin, and you will find the nature of the case materially changed, yet leading to the same result. *Now* religion and refinement seem to go hand in hand. All that is splendid in art becomes consecrated to, or is consecrated by the spirit of the gospel. Painting and sculpture expend their choicest workmanship on the subjects of the bible, and the mosaic pavement, and the arched galleries, and the frescoed ceiling become vocal

with the praises of God. And it seems as if the social refinement of Christianity attracted to its own service the genius and taste of man, as eminently harmonious with its spirit. Wherever it pressed its way, though among the hordes of barbarism, it invariably carried with it more or less of the blessings of cultivated life. And wherever tribes and nations, that for a time have lived under its power, were left to relapse into their old heathenism, or gave way to the forced establishment of a hostile faith, it has been generally noticed, that barbarism and social debasement have come in, and stalked over the ruins of Christianity with the breath of a moral pestilence." — pp. 302, 303, 305, 306, 307.

At the age of twenty-four years and less than two months, and after a ministry of but four months, the subject of the memoir before us was called out of the world. But short as his ministry and life were, they were long enough for the exhibition of rare qualities of mind and heart, of which the volume before us is a beautiful and permanent monument.

W. P. L.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Hints on the Interpretation of Prophecy. By Moses Stuart, Professor in Andover Theological Seminary. Andover, 1842.

We shall begin to like Professor Stuart, if he gives us such volumes as this. We consider it by far the best book he has ever published. We do not mean to assert that his views, particularly those relating to the principles of interpretation, the theory of double senses, and the import of the phrases, "then was it fulfilled," and the like, which occur in the New Testament, contain in them anything new. They are views, which we have all along held, and which are familiar to all well informed theologians of the class of Christians to which we belong; but it is exceedingly gratifying to meet with them, coming from the quarter from which they emanate in the present volume.

The position which the Professor takes, and which he well defines, is, that the Bible is to be interpreted in the same manner as any other book. Its poetry "is poetry with all its characteristics; its prose is prose;" its history is history, and

nothing more; "the psalms are songs of praise; the proverbs are maxims or apothegms." Its meaning "is simply what the writer had in his own mind and intended to express." — "So far as our circumstances and relations are like those of the persons to whom the Scriptures were originally addressed, so far what was said to them is binding on us; but no further."

The Professor discards double senses altogether. The terms "fulfilment," "fulfilled," &c., used by the Evangelists and Apostles in connexion with certain quotations from the Old Testament, which have given no little trouble to commentators, he considers as implying nothing more, than that the language quoted was in some sort applicable to the Saviour, or that between particular events which took place under the Old and the New Dispensations, there was some resemblance, parallelism, or analogy, so that similar language might be used of both. "Out of Egypt have I called my Son." (Matt. ii. 15) is one of these passages, and he specifies several others familiar to those who have given any attention to the subject.

The Professor strenuously combats the proposition, that "prophecy is unintelligible until it is fulfilled."

In the latter half of the volume he treats, at considerable length, of the "designations of time" used in the Prophecies, particularly in Daniel and the Revelation. He attempts, and we think with entire success, to show that these "designations of time" are used there as elsewhere, that is, a day means a day, and a year a year, unless the writer expressly tells us that they are used in some unusual, or symbolical sense. This principle cuts deep, and at once annihilates the many fanciful hypotheses, which have been erected on a misinterpretation of the above-mentioned books. In this part of the volume is introduced a good deal of incidental matter, relating to the meaning of parts of the Apocalypse, which will be read with interest by those who have a taste for discussions of this kind. The Professor is of opinion that the Book of Revelation, with the exception of the twentieth and twenty-first chapters, has reference to events which took place soon after the time when it was written, and not to a distant future.

There are several passages in the book we should be glad to transfer to our pages, did the limits of this notice admit. At the close of the volume, we have some very just and striking observations relating to the various confident predictions uttered, at different times, by the "*Romancers* in prophecy," on the subject of the supposed approaching end of the world. The following remarks have reference to the *character* of the period of "the latter day glory" of the church, so often alluded to in Christian writings.

"One thing more I feel constrained to say, before I quit this theme of *the latter day glory*. Whether we have respect to the Millennium, usually so named, or to a more prosperous period still, near the close of time, the extravagant apprehensions, so often entertained and avowed respecting this season of prosperity, seem quite unworthy of credit. The prophets have indeed employed most glowing language, in describing the future season of prosperity; and all they have said will doubtless prove to be true in the sense which they meant to convey. But let him who interprets these passages remember well that they are *poetry*, and are replete in an unusual degree with figurative language and poetic imagery. Let him call to mind, moreover, that the language employed in the last twenty-seven chapters of Isaiah, in order to describe the return from the Babylonish captivity, and the prosperity which would ensue, is scarcely, if at all, less glowing than that which has respect to the future prosperity of the Messiah's Kingdom. . . . . The visionary schemes, then, which represent the Millennium as the return of the primitive paradisaical state, are not for a moment to be listened to by a sober and discreet man. The state of Adam's race is fixed and certain. A world of sin and suffering is as sure to be their probationary habitation, as that the decree of God will stand."—pp. 140 – 143.

From some of the views contained in the volume we dissent. We cannot, however, forbear, in conclusion, expressing our most sincere thanks to the Professor for a publication, the effect of which must be, we think, to correct some of the many crude notions which still prevail in regard to the language of the Bible. Such a publication, coming from such a quarter, cannot fail to do good. We know not how it may be received by the denomination of Christians to which the author belongs, but for ourselves, we most heartily commend it to the attention of the religious public.

A Critical and Historical Interpretation of the Prophecies of Daniel. By Nathaniel S. Folsom. Boston. 1842. 12mo.

This is not a book for critics and theologians, and the author does not claim, we believe, to have made any discoveries in the difficult art of interpreting Prophecy. He was induced to undertake the work of exposition, it would seem, in consequence of the new interest awakened on the subject of Scripture prediction, in a portion of the community, by the foolish fancies recently broached, and which, strange to say, find advocates, about the approaching end of the world, and personal advent of Christ, to take place in 1843. The common reader, who sits down to study the Book of Daniel, we think, will find the volume a help, and we commend it especially to the attention of such as allow themselves to be perplexed by those who are

crying, lo here, or, lo there, and who confidently predict that the world is speedily to end.

Oration delivered at the request of the City Authorities of Salem, July 4, 1842. By CHARLES W. UPHAM. 8vo. pp. 56.

THE recurrence of our fourth of July celebrations can be considered in no other light than as an advantage to the country, notwithstanding some attendant evils, if the people are to be gathered together to listen to discourses such as this of Mr. Upham. It is a political sermon full of wise instruction, a beautiful and profitable chapter of American history. Taking for his subject "the origin and progress of American Independence and liberty," he illustrates it, first by giving a rapid sketch of the early tendencies toward freedom in Europe in the seventeenth century, issuing, in one direction, in the emigration to America, and the founding of the Colonies. He then dwells more at length, and with a genuine enthusiasm, on the early charter history of Massachusetts; and, finally, glancing at the revolutionary period, contrasts, by way of improvement of his subject, the conduct of the spurious brood of patriots in modern times, in a sister State, with those of the revolution, and protests with manly indignation against any parallel being run between them, as a gross and wicked misrepresentation of the revolution, and of the great men who acted in it. We have been more particularly struck with the high and wholesome tone of moral and political feeling pervading the whole oration, especially the closing pages, and with the striking sketch, brief though it be, of the "days of the first charter" in Massachusetts, — days which left their deep and ever-during impress upon the character of the people. If there is such a book as an American Reader for the use of schools, it could hardly receive a better addition than the pages of Mr. Upham, where he treats of the first charter and its fruits. We offer a single extract.

"In the mean time circumstances in England were rendering the situation of nonconformists more and more uncomfortable, and the hearts of many of them were turned towards the remote American wilderness for shelter from the gathering storm. The only insurmountable obstacle in the way of emigration was an unwillingness, on the part of men of influence and substance, to subject themselves, when removed across the Atlantic, to the inconveniences and wrongs to which they would, in all probability, be exposed from a government conducted by irresponsible persons remaining in England, and necessarily, therefore, destitute of all personal experience in the affairs, or personal knowledge of the circumstances of so remote a plantation. This difficulty was vital, and if not removed, would have been fatal.

There was one remedy, and only one, and that fortunately for the world was discovered and applied.

"John Winthrop, with Sir Richard Saltonstall, and others, made known to the Court of Proprietors, that they would remove with their families to New England, as permanent settlers, provided that the charter itself, and the government under it, were removed with them. Let it be borne in mind that the incorporated company, to whom the territory had been granted by the crown, were invested by their patent and charter with all the powers of government over it. The question was, whether the colony in America should continue to be dependent upon the Court of Proprietors, assembled in London — in which event neither Winthrop nor any of his distinguished associates would consent to emigrate — or whether the government of the colony should thenceforward be relinquished and committed to those members of the company who should reside in America — in which event they were ready forthwith to embark. The question was, whether British colonists in America should govern themselves, or be governed by a power remaining in England. The language of Winthrop and his associates was this — 'rather than live in America, subject to a power in England, we prefer to endure persecution at home — but let us carry our charter with us, let us govern ourselves there, let us enjoy independence, and we will cheerfully abandon our fertile fields, and costly houses, and pleasant homes, and brave the dangers of the sea and the privations of the wilderness.' The proposal was a startling one to those proprietors who had no intention to emigrate, but it was concluded that the prosperity of the colony would be so much promoted by being under a government, acquainted, from personal observation and experience, with its circumstances, as to render its acceptance expedient, and it was voted that the charter should be transferred to America, and all its powers and functions be exercised and enjoyed there.

"Upon the decision of this question, in a body of merchants and private gentlemen, sitting in London, hung interests and results, as great and momentous, as were ever determined by Congresses, or Cabinets, or Councils of State. Had the proposal of Winthrop been declined, the primeval wilderness might have continued to this day to have brooded over the surface of the American continent — a few feeble colonies might have lingered through a languishing existence, terminating in an Indian massacre, or in pestilence and famine — a few commercial factories might have been scattered along the shores, and a few fishermen and hunters might have frequented the coasts, or penetrated into the interior, but a nation of freemen never could have come into being. The transference of that charter imparted to America the principle of life, breathed over its fields and forests the spirit of independence, and made liberty everywhere a native of its hills and vallies. When Winthrop and his associates embarked with their charter for Massachusetts Bay, the auspicious destinies of this continent were unalterably fixed, the progress of humanity secured, and its prospects brightened to the end of time; and when, on the 12th of June, 1630, the ship Arabella, in which the precious freight was borne, came to anchor in the harbor of Salem, the first age of American Independence began." — pp. 11 - 13.

ΓΕΝΝΗΜΑ ΤΗΣ ΑΜΠΕΛΟΥ. — *Review of a Sermon on the "Danger of being Overwise."* Preached June 7th, 1835. By W. B. SPRAGUE, D. D. Boston: W. S. Damrell. 1842.

A LONG pamphlet upon a perfectly unprofitable subject, namely, the use of wine at the communion, and the kind of wine. We regret that a gentleman, who can write such useful fiction, should spend his time and strength in writing such useless truth — admitting, which we are by no means disposed to do, that the truth is on his side. We know no more remarkable example in modern times of "straining at a gnat," than this fierce and ludicrous quixotism in the matter of the sacramental wine.

Observations on the Bible for the Use of Young Persons. Boston: John R. Eastman. 1842. 12mo. pp. 282.

THE author of this work informs us that his "experience has been altogether in the active business of life." But, though he does "not belong to the clerical profession," it is manifest that he has been a diligent reader of the Scriptures, and is intimately versed in sacred criticism. This appears not in minute details, but in practical results founded in accurate learning. The use he has made of his biblical learning, in his "Observations," is the more valuable, as indicating the strong hold which the sacred records have maintained upon his affections amidst secular cares and pursuits. His reverence for them is not such, as to make him shrink from an encounter with the difficulties by which skeptics have attempted to shake the faith of believers. The real difficulties are acknowledged or accounted for; the factitious ones are stripped of their disguises, and the fallacies with which they are invested plainly exposed.

The author's observations on the books both of the Old Testament and of the New Testament are preceded by preliminary remarks, which cannot fail to win his readers

"to receive
With joy the tidings brought from heaven."

Without taxing their credulity to excess by superstitious adherence to the letter, he gives demonstrative reasons for believing the miraculous origin and character both of the old dispensation and the new. "It may be regarded," he says, "as an unfortunate circumstance that the language of Scripture [of the Old Testament] should appear equivocal, and represent what, in many cases, are natural circumstances, as the act of

God. But I consider the language of the Bible as decidedly the most just and philosophical. Natural events, as they are called, are no less God's doing than supernatural ones. They are only less striking, less powerful in their effect upon our imaginations. But when they are of a striking and peculiar character, what impropriety is there in speaking of them as God's acts? If the east wind did cause the waters of the Red Sea to subside, so that the Israelites passed over the head of that deep bay without being incommoded, who made it to blow? And who, by changing the direction of the wind, brought back the waters, and overwhelmed the Egyptians? Was this preservation of one party and destruction of the other any less the act of God, because he used the instrumentality of a natural cause, the wind, to effect it? Surely not. And so of all other interpositions of Providence recorded in the Bible. Some of them may have been produced through the agency of nature, as it is called, but there are others which are unequivocally miraculous; and it is no less natural than it is proper, to speak of all the acts of God, and to acknowledge his power, as the *disposer of events*, in all that happens in the world." — pp. 49, 50.

This is an important view of divine agency, including all that can be known concerning it; removing any seeming imputations derogatory to God's perfect attributes, without lessening our faith in his almighty power, or our reverence for its beneficent exercise.

The author's remarks on the writings of Moses and on the historical, prophetic, and poetical books of the Old Testament, are, in our opinion, remarkably well suited to his purpose, to the preparation of the youthful mind and heart for an intelligent perusal of the Hebrew Scriptures, and a tender interest in their contents.

Not less discriminating are the author's remarks on the writings of the New Testament. But we have not left ourselves space enough to exemplify this by extracts from the volume. The following explanation of Christ's rejection by the Jews, his own countrymen, to whom his ministry was devoted, is marked by the clearness of thought and simplicity of style, which pervade the whole book.

"There are many passages in the prophets which were supposed by the Jews to describe the glory of the Messiah's kingdom in such terms, as if taken by themselves might, without violence, be understood to refer to temporal splendor. Annoyed and oppressed as they had been for many ages, it is not surprising that they should have so interpreted such passages; nor that, as generation after generation passed away,

their expectation and hope of such a political saviour should have become more and more ardent, till they reached an intensity of fervor. It would be considered at once a political and a religious duty to believe in the coming of one, who was to relieve them from all their distresses, and guide them to a condition the very reverse of that which they actually occupied. How was the Messiah to resemble Moses, if he did not liberate them from bondage, if he did not establish them in independence, and make other nations serve them?

"This must be fully understood and appreciated, in order that we may at all comprehend the extraordinary fury exhibited by the Jews against Jesus Christ. What was there in his character, or conduct, to excite such deadly hatred? How could any body so persecute the mildest, kindest, and purest being ever seen on earth, one who went about doing good, injuring none — even of those who would have stoned him, and who did, at last, kill him with torture and ignominy, — who spake as never man spake, and whose miracles were uniformly for the most beneficent purposes?

"Such a feeling is not only shocking, but it is out of nature; it is not to be accounted for on any other principle, than that it was the outbreak of their sudden and terrible disappointment. Here was a man whom many began to think must be the Messiah, from the miracles they saw him perform; and what does he do? Instead of raising his standard and beginning a rebellion, or, like Moses, performing miracles for the liberation of his countrymen, he goes about preaching peace, humility, and forgiveness of injuries, the very reverse of the proud and military spirit, which they had secretly nourished in the midst of all their humiliation and subjection. The miracles he performed, if they did not convince them that he was the Messiah, as was sometimes the case, only provoked them to anger and violence. They were either ready to seize him by force, and compel him to act as they supposed the Messiah ought to act, or else they would beseech him to depart out of their coasts, and relieve them from all controversy about claims they would not admit, and could not deny." — pp. 189 - 191.

Though "this little tract," as the author tells us, was written for his children, and is published for the use of young persons, all who revere the Bible, as containing the records of divine truth, will find much in it to guide their thoughts and warm their religious affections. To young persons, especially, would we commend it as a gift from a father to his children, pertaining to truths which, of all things, it becomes them most to learn and reverence. Teachers of Sunday Schools, and their pupils, will find it a valuable accession to their libraries and class books; and, as the author has inscribed it to his own children, we, by such authority as may be conceded to us, would dedicate it to the higher classes of youth who assemble on the Lord's day, for special instruction in sacred truth and religious duty.

ERRATA.

In the last number, p. 320, for Genoa *read* Geneva; and for naturalism *read* materialism.

THE

CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

NOVEMBER, 1842.

CICERO ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

[From the Tusculan Questions.]

[We offer in the present number, — to be completed in a succeeding one, — a new translation of the first of the Tusculan Questions "De contemnenda morte." It is offered not so much in the character of a translation, as that of an argument for revelation. To many of our readers it is already a familiar treatise, to many, however, it probably is not so, and they may be glad to see how a Roman like Cicero wrote and reasoned upon one of the most interesting subjects of human investigation. Upon reading it they will feel, we think, that the vast superiority in thought and argument of any Christian of the present day, on the subject of a future existence, to one of the master minds of antiquity, is not easily susceptible of an explanation, except through the light which revelation has poured into the humblest mind. In a treatise like this, we obtain a just notion of what the unaided mind of man can do, under the most favorable circumstances, toward constructing a religion for itself. "Here," observes the translator, "is the natural religion of the human soul; and we must look back of revealed religion for this. We, at this day, cannot have a natural religion; for we cannot help ourselves from using the aids revelation has given us. To know what the human soul can do for itself, we must ask the heathen philosophers. Besides it seemed necessary that the want of more light should be felt before it could well be given. The human mind had tried every expedient to solve the great mystery of being. It had plumed itself to fly to heaven, and would have mounted in its hopes to a higher and better sphere; but it was in vain; all was unsatisfactory, and it was obliged to confess its need, when God sent his Son to tell us why we were born, and what is the ultimate destiny of this mysterious soul.

"The argument of Cicero must be read, as a cry to heaven for light and guidance; as a confession of human weakness and want. Only in this way can it be understood. The argument is not conclusive. It could not be so. Had it been, what necessity for a revelation? It is a proof of that necessity from its very incompleteness; and herein lies its great

value. The etymological critic may point out fifty errors in this attempt to serve the want of many minds, but perhaps not one of them would affect the force of the general argument. It is not offered to a college of professors, but to the inquiring minds of the People."]

I. When at length, O Brutus, I was altogether, or in great part, freed from the labor of pleading causes and my duties as Senator, I returned, chiefly by your influence, to those studies which were retained in my mind, even when interrupted by the state of the times, and which I have now recalled after a long interval. And since the theory and method of all the arts, which relate to a right course of life, are contained in that system of wisdom, called Philosophy, I have thought that I ought to treat of this subject in Latin. Not because Philosophy cannot be understood from Greek books and teachers; but it has ever been my opinion that our countrymen, without assistance, have investigated all subjects, to which they have given their attention, with more wisdom than the Greeks, and that even what has been received from them has been made better, when it seemed worthy the pains. For we give more heed to the customs and rules of life than they do, and arrange with more elegance our common and domestic concerns; and certainly our ancestors excelled them in the institutions and laws by which they administered the public affairs. Why should I speak of the art of war? in which if our countrymen have succeeded much by their courage, they have done still more by their skill; while in regard to those things which are obtained from nature, not books, they will not suffer in comparison with the Greeks, or any other nation. What people ever possessed such dignity, firmness, magnanimity, honesty, and fidelity, — such excellence in every form of virtue, that they could be compared with our ancestors? Greece excelled us in learning and every species of literature; in which conquest was easy, for we did not contend with her. For whilst, among the Greeks, the most ancient of their learned men were poets, as Homer and Hesiod, who flourished before the founding of Rome, and Archilochus, who lived in the reign of Romulus, we turned our attention to poetry at a later period; for it was nearly five hundred and ten years after the building of the city, that Livius brought out a play, (Caius Claudius, the son of Cæcus, and Marcus Tuditanus being consuls,) one year before the birth of Ennius, who preceded both Plautus and Nævius.

II. It was at a comparatively late period in our history, before poets were known and received by us; although it is mentioned in the Origines, that it was the custom at banquets for the guests to sing songs, to the accompaniment of a piper, in honor of the deeds of distinguished men. Nevertheless honor was not shown to poets as a class, as the speech of Cato shows, in which he casts it as a reproach upon Marcus Nobilior, that he carried poets with him into his province. We know that when he went as Consul into Ætolia, he took Ennius with him. The less therefore the poets were honored, so much the less zeal had they in their pursuits. Nor yet did they, who possessed great genius for the art, fail to approach sufficiently near the glory of the Greeks.

Must we not think, then, that if praise had been bestowed upon Fabius, a nobleman, for painting, there would have been amongst us many a Polycletus and Parrhasius? Praise cherishes the arts; and all are incited to such pursuits by desire for glory. Those arts always languish which are held in general disesteem. The Greeks thought it the highest exercise of talent to sing songs to the accompaniment of stringed instruments. Hence Epaminondas, the first of the Greeks, in my opinion, is said to have accompanied himself with eminent skill upon stringed instruments; and when Themistocles, some years after, refused to play upon the lyre, he was esteemed uneducated. Musicians therefore flourished in Greece, all learned music, nor was any one esteemed fully educated who was ignorant of the art. Geometry also was held by them in the highest honor; therefore nothing rendered a man more distinguished than skill in mathematics. But we confined the application of this art to purposes of measuring and calculations.

III. On the other hand, we quickly took up the Orator; not at first the learned orator, but the ready speaker; learning, however, came afterwards; for it is handed down that Galba, Africanus, Lælius were learned. Cato, however, who preceded them, was studious, and after him Lepidus, Carbo, and the Gracchi; and then so many who have been distinguished down to our own time, that we have little if anything to yield to the Greeks in this respect. Philosophy has languished even to this time, nor has Latin literature thrown any light upon it; which subject therefore I would attempt to illustrate and to excite an interest in, so that if, in busy life, I have been of any service to my countrymen, in my leisure, also, I may do them some good, if I

can. Besides, there is more reason for exertion in this behalf, because it is said that many Latin books have been written carelessly; by excellent men indeed, but not sufficiently learned. For it may happen that he, who thinks justly, may not have the power of explaining, what he thinks, elegantly. But he abuses both his leisure and the cause of letters, and fails likewise to bestow any pleasure upon his readers, who publishes his thoughts, without knowing how to arrange them or express them clearly. Such writers read their books to their intimate friends; nor does any one touch them, except those who are in favor of a like license in writing for themselves. Wherefore if by my industry I have added any reputation to the name of orator, much more diligently, on that account, shall I open the fountains of philosophy from which those excellencies flow.

IV. But as Aristotle, a man of the highest genius, and full of knowledge, when he was moved by the glory acquired by Isocrates, the rhetorician, began to teach the youth how to speak, and to join lessons in wisdom with rules of eloquence, so it pleases me, not laying aside the former study of oratory, to employ myself in the consideration of this higher and more fertile subject. For I have always thought that to be the most perfect system of philosophy, which may enable one to speak fluently and elegantly upon great questions. In this exercise I have so studiously wrought, that I have even dared to hold discussions after the manner of the Greeks; as lately in Tusculanum, when, after your departure, several of my intimate friends being about me, I tried what I could do in this kind of study. For as I was formerly accustomed to declaim upon causes, a practice no one has kept up longer than myself, so now this is the declamation of my old age. I suggested to any one to propose some question, which he wished to hear discussed, and upon that I discoursed either sitting or walking. Thus I have arranged the discussions of five days, schools as the Greeks call them, in so many books. We proceeded thus; when he who proposed a question had said what he thought upon the subject, I spoke on the other side. This, as you know, is the ancient and the Socratic method of dialectical discussion. For Socrates thought that by this method the Truth would be most easily and probably discovered. But that you may have the most correct notion of our discussions, I shall write them down as if a passing scene, and not in the form of a narration or report of them.

The beginning was made in this manner.

V. *Adolescens.* Death seems to me an evil.

Marcus. To those who are dead, or to those who have to die?

A. To both.

M. It is misery then, since an evil.

A. Certainly.

M. Therefore both those who are dead, and those who have yet to die are miserable.

A. So it seems to me.

M. There is no one then who is not miserable.

A. Truly no one.

M. And indeed, if you would be consistent, all who have been born, or will be born, are not only miserable, but eternally so. For if you say that they only are miserable who must die, you can except no one living, for all must die; but still there might be an end of suffering at death. But since the dead too are miserable, we are born to endless misery. For we necessarily conclude that they are miserable, who died a hundred thousand years ago, or rather that all are so, who have been born.

A. So indeed I think.

M. Tell me, I pray you, if you are affrighted at those things; the three-headed Cerberus in the infernal regions, the roaring of Cocytus, the passage over Acheron, "and Tantalus half dead with thirst, and only able to touch the top of the water with his chin?" Or that other story of "Sisyphus striving with the rock, sweating with exertion and not advancing a whit?" Or perhaps those inexorable judges, Minos and Rhadamanthus, terrify you; before whom neither Lucius Crassus, nor Marcus Antonius will defend you, nor, since the trial will be before Greek judges, will you be able to call in the aid of Demosthenes,—you must plead your own cause before a most numerous assembly. These things perchance you fear, and therefore conclude that death is an eternal evil.

VI. *A.* Do you think me so foolish as to believe such things?

M. And do you not believe them?

A. By no means, truly.

M. By Hercules you make an unfortunate admission.

A. Why? I pray you.

M. Because I might be eloquent, if I should speak against them.

A. Who could not be eloquent in such a cause? But what need is there of refuting these unnatural fictions of the poets and painters?

M. And yet the books of philosophers are full of discussions against these very things.

A. Vain, indeed! Who can be so silly, that those things can move him?

M. If then the miserable are not in the infernal regions, there are none there.

A. That is precisely my opinion.

M. Where then are those who, you say, are miserable, or what place do they inhabit? For if they exist, they must occupy some place.

A. I think indeed that they occupy no place.

M. Therefore you think they do not exist.

A. Exactly so; and yet miserable on that very account, because they do not exist.

M. Indeed I had rather you feared Cerberus, than make such inconsiderate remarks.

A. Why? pray!

M. You deny and assert existence of the same person. Where is your acuteness? You affirm misery of a being whom you deny to exist.

A. I am not so dull as to speak thus.

M. What then do you say?

A. For example, I say Marcus Crassus is miserable, who has been deprived by death of those great fortunes; that Cneius Pompey is miserable, because he has been deprived of his great glory; that all, finally, are miserable, who are deprived of this light.

M. You come round again to the same point. It is necessary that they should exist who, you say, are miserable. But you deny that the dead are in being. If they are not in being, they can be nothing, so that they are not miserable.

A. I do not perhaps express what I think. But I think that very state of annihilation, after having lived, to be a most wretched condition.

M. How! more miserable than never to have existed at all? Then they who are not yet born are unhappy, because they are not in existence; and we ourselves, if after death we are fated to misery, were miserable before we were born. I do not remember my unhappiness before my birth.

Perhaps your memory serves you better,—I should like to know if you have any recollection of such a state.

VII. *A.* You jest with me; as if I had said, they who are not born are miserable, and not they who are dead.

M. You say then that they do exist.

A. Nay, it is because they do not exist, once having lived, that they are wretched.

M. Do you not see that you contradict yourself? For what so contradictory as to affirm misery, or indeed any state of being, of that which does not exist? Do you, when, going out of the city by the gate Capena, you behold the sepulchres of Calatinus, of the Scipios, the Servilii, and the Metelli, think that they are miserable?

A. Since you press me with the word, henceforth I will not say that the miserable exist, but only that, for the very reason that they do not exist, they are wretched.

M. You say not, then, that Marcus Crassus is miserable; but only miserable Marcus Crassus.

A. Evidently, that is what I mean.

M. As if it were not necessary that whatever thing you declare to be in that condition, must either exist or not. Have you not been instructed in logic? In the first place, it is an established rule that every proposition (it occurs to me now to call it ἀξίωμα, axiom, I will give it another better name if I can find one) is something affirmed, which is either true or false. When therefore you say miserable Marcus Crassus, or Marcus Crassus is miserable, you say something of which we may judge as to whether it is true or false, or else you say nothing at all.

A. Well then, I will grant that the dead are not miserable, since you have forced me to confess that those who are not in existence cannot be wretched. What then? Are not we who live wretched, because we must die? What sweetness can life have, when the thought of death must be present to us day and night?

VIII. *M.* Do you not perceive what a load of evil you have taken off from human life?

A. In what way?

M. Because if to die were misery to the dead, we should have in life the thought of this infinite and eternal misery. Now I see the limit, to which when we have come we have nothing more to fear. But you seem to me to adopt the

opinion of Epicharmus, an acute and not unwitty man for a Sicilian.

A. What opinion? for I do not know it.

M. I will tell you, if I can, in Latin; for you know I am not accustomed to introduce Greek into a Latin discourse any more than Latin into a Greek discourse.

A. And properly too. But what is that opinion of Epicharmus?

M. "I am unwilling to die, but I think that when I die I shall become nothing."

A. There I recognise the Greek. But since you have compelled me to admit that the dead are not in a miserable condition, go on, if you can, and prove that I ought not also to consider the necessity of dying a misery.

M. That indeed is hardly worth the while, as I aim at higher views.

A. Why of little consequence? or what are those higher views?

M. Because since after death there is no evil, death indeed is no evil; the nearest time to which is after death, a time in which you admit there is no evil; so that neither is the necessity of dying an evil, for this is the necessity of coming to that which we admit is not an evil.

A. Speak more fully, I pray you, upon these points, for I confess that these knotty questions compel me to assent to what I do not fully understand. But what are those higher views, which you say you are about to unfold?

M. To teach, if I can, not only that death is not an evil, but a positive good.

A. I do not demand so much as that; nevertheless I long to hear. For if you shall not prove all you wish, you will establish the point, that death is not an evil. But I will not interrupt you with questions. I prefer to hear a continued discourse.

M. What if I question you, will not you answer?

A. That would be arrogant in me, indeed; but unless it be necessary, I would rather you would not question me.

IX. *M.* I will comply with your plan, and explain what you wish as well as I am able; but I shall not pretend to speak, as the Pythian Apollo, certain and fixed Truth, but, as a man subject to error like all the rest, I shall follow probabilities. For I cannot say more than that this or that seems to me to be the truth. There are those who pretend to perceive and speak certainties, — and such people profess to be wise.

A. Do as you please. We are prepared to listen.

M. We must, therefore, first inquire what Death is, which seems to be a thing perfectly well known. There are some who think that death is the departure of the soul from the body. Others say no departure takes place, but that the soul and body perish together, and that the soul is extinguished in the body. Of those who think that the soul leaves the body at death, some think that it is immediately dissolved, some that it remains a long time after the separation, while others say it exists forever. What this soul is, where and from whence, is a great subject of dispute. To some *cor*, the heart, seems to be the soul; hence we have such expressions as, *excordes*, *vecordes*, *concordesque*, silly, insane, and harmonious; and that wise man, Nasica, who was twice consul, was called *Corculum*, a little heart, and Ælius Sextus a shrewd man was called, *Egregie cordatus homo*, a man of a lofty soul.

Empedocles thinks the soul to be the blood in the heart. To some a certain part of the brain seems to hold the chief part of the soul; others will not allow the heart itself or any part of the brain to be the soul; but others have said that the seat and place of the soul is in the heart, others in the brain; but others think the soul is the breath, as our countrymen declare by the name itself; for we use such expressions as *agere animam*, and *efflare animam*, to expire. Also we say *animosos*, animate, *bene animatos*, very brave, and *ex animi sententia*, from the opinion of the mind. But this soul itself, *animus*, is called so from *anima*, the breath. Zeno the Stoic thought the mind was fire.

X. But these theories, which I have mentioned, that the soul is the heart, the brain, the breath, or fire, have been held by entire sects; other opinions, by individuals, as by many ancients before. And latest Aristoxenus, a musician and also a philosopher, supposed the soul to be a certain attuning of the body, similar to that which in singing and stringed instruments is called harmony; and that its various motions are drawn out from the nature and figure of the whole body, as the tones in music. He did not relinquish his art, and yet said something the purport of which had been said and explained much before that time by Plato. Xenocrates denied that the soul had any figure or body, and said it was number, whose influence, as before was thought by Pythagoras, was the greatest in nature. His teacher, Plato, formed

a triple soul, the ruling part of which, the reason, he placed in the head, as in a citadel; the two other parts, anger and desire, which he wished to be considered subordinate, he enclosed in separate places, — anger in the breast, and desire under the præcordia.

But Dicæarchus, in his account of the disputes of the learned held at Corinth, which he has set forth in three books, in the first book introduces many speakers; in the other two he brings forward a certain old man of Phthia, called Pherecrates, who he says, was sprung from Deucalion, saying, that the soul is nothing at all; and that it is an utterly empty name; that things are unmeaningly called animals, animated; that soul or spirit does not exist in man nor beast; and that all that power, by which we perform anything or percieve anything, is equally diffused through all living bodies; nor can it be separated from body, inasmuch as there is no such thing; nor is there anything except body one and simple, which is so formed as to feel by organization.

Aristotle, excelling by far all (I always except Plato) in learning and industry, when he reduced the origin of all things to four classes, thought there was a certain fifth nature, from which the soul originated; for he thought, that to think, to foresee, to learn, to teach, to invent anything, as well as to remember so many things, to love, to hate, to desire, to fear, to grieve, and to be joyful, — these and similar things cannot be brought under any one of the four classes. He employs a fifth class without a name, and this soul he calls by a new name, *ἐντελεχιαν*, as if it was something which possessed a continued and perennial activity.

XI. Unless some escape me, these are nearly all the opinions concerning the soul. For we will omit Democritus, a great man indeed, who thought the soul was the result of the accidental coming together of smooth and round atoms; for there is nothing among those sages which a collection of atoms may not produce. Which of all these opinions is true let some god determine, — which is most probable is a great question. Shall we discuss these opinions or return to our proposition?

A. I desire both, if it might be; but it is difficult to mingle them. Wherefore, not to discuss these points, if we can be freed from the fear of death, let us do it; but if that is not possible without unravelling this question of the soul, let us attend to it now, and leave the other question for another time.

M. The course I understand you to prefer, that I think will be the most suitable. For reason teaches us that, whichever of the opinions I have set forth is true, death is not an evil, but rather a good. Because if the heart, or blood, or brain is the soul, certainly, since it is material, it will perish with the body. If it be the breath, it will he dissipated; if fire, extinguished; if the harmony of Aristoxenus, it will be broken. What shall I say of the theory of Dicæarchus, who thinks the soul is nothing at all? According to all these various opinions nothing can pertain to any one after death. Sense is lost equally with life. There is nothing that can affect in any way whatever him who has no sensation. The opinions of others excite some hope, if mayhap that pleases you, that the souls when they leave the body may be able to go to a heaven, as to their own home.

A. That indeed does delight me; that I would first wish to have so; and then, if that may not be, I would wish to be persuaded that it might be so.

M. What need then of my doing anything for you? Can I excel Plato in eloquence? Con diligently his book upon the soul; there can be nothing more you can desire.

A. By Hercules, I have done so often; but some how whilst I read, I assent, but when I lay aside the book, and begin to reflect within myself concerning the immortality of the soul, all that assent glides from me.

M. But what? Do you not grant that either souls remain after death, or that they perish in death itself?

A. I admit it.

M. What if they survive?

A. I grant that they are happy.

M. What if they perish?

A. That they are not miserable, since they will not exist;—compelled by you, I made this concession some time ago.

M. How then, or why, can you say that death seems to you to be an evil,—a state which results in happiness if our souls survive the body, and not miserable if deprived of all sensation?

XII. *A.* Explain then, unless it be too much trouble, in the first place, if you can, that souls remain after death, which if you fail in doing (for it is a hard task) you shall teach that death is an exemption from all evil. For I fear lest this very thing be an evil, I do not say the being deprived of sense, but the being to be deprived of sense.

M. We can adduce the best authority for the opinion you wish to establish, that which is wont, and ought, to avail much in all questions. And, first, indeed all antiquity favors it, which, being nearer to the time of the birth and divine origin of the soul, could better discover what was true concerning it.

This one idea seems to have been deeply rooted in those ancients, whom Ennius calls Casci, that there is sense after death; that man is not so destroyed by death, as utterly to perish; and this may be understood, as from many other things, so also from the pontifical customs and ceremonies of burial, which men, endowed with the highest genius, would not have observed with so great care, nor punished the violating of them as an inexpiable crime, unless it had been fixed in their mind, that death was not annihilation, the taking away and extinction of everything, but rather a removal and change of life, which, as a guide, might conduct renowned men and women to heaven; as for the rest they believed they remained in the earth where they were retained a long time. By this view, and in the opinion of our countrymen, "Romulus passes his life in heaven with the gods;" as Ennius also says, assenting to common report. And among the Greeks, and thence passing to us, and even to the ocean, Hercules is held as so great and so present a divinity. Hence we have Bacchus, son of Semele; and, of the same wide extended fame, the Tyndarian brothers, who not only aided the Roman people in battle, but became the messengers of their victories. What! Ino, the daughter of Cadmus, was she not named Leucothea by the Greeks, and Matuta by us? What! is not almost all heaven filled, not to mention others, with those who had their origin on earth?

XIII. If I should attempt to examine ancient traditions, and to search out what the Greek writers have handed down, even those, who are esteemed gods of the highest dignity, would be found to have taken their departure from us to heaven. Seek the sepulchres of those pointed out in Greece; remember, since you have been initiated, what is handed down in the mysteries; and then you will understand how widely this impression of immortality has spread. But they who had not known those physical laws, which began to be treated many years after, believed only so much as they knew by the teaching of nature. They did not fathom the reasons and causes of things; they were often moved by certain

visions, mostly appearing in the night time, to think those who had departed this life were yet alive. Moreover the fact, that no nation has been so wild, no one so uncultivated, as to be destitute of the idea of the gods, is the strongest proof of their existence to us. Many hold low views of the gods; this is usually the result of a vicious character; yet all think there is a divine power and nature. Nor indeed has this been effected by the conferring of men together, nor by public opinion; — the notion has not been supported by institutions nor established by laws. But in everything the consent of all nations is to be esteemed a law of nature. Who is there who does not mourn the death of his friends, in the first place, because he thinks them deprived of the pleasures of life? Remove this impression, and you have taken away grief. No one mourns on account of his own trouble. Men may grieve, it may be, and be pained, but that gloomy lamentation, that mournful weeping, is because we think, that he whom we have loved is deprived of the happiness of life, and is sensible of it. And this we feel by the teaching of nature, by no course of reasoning, by no learning.

XIV. But it is a great argument, that nature silently declares the immortality of the soul, in the regard that all have for those things which shall happen to them after death. "One plants trees which will profit another generation," as says the author of the Synephebi. With what view, unless after ages belonged to him? Therefore the diligent husbandman will plant trees, no berry of which he shall behold; and shall not the great man establish laws, institutions, and government? What do the begetting of children, the preserving of names, the adopting of sons, the care about wills, — what do the monuments of burial places and their inscriptions signify, except that we think of the future also? Do you doubt the propriety of drawing an ideal of nature from that nature which is best? And what nature in the human race is higher than that of those, who think they are born to assist, to guard, to preserve their fellow men? Hercules went to the gods. He never would have gone there, unless when he was among men he had secured himself a way thither. These are now old, and are consecrated in the religion of all.

XV. What may we suppose those many great men thought, who in this republic have sacrificed their lives for their country? Did they suppose their names would die with them-

selves? No one, without a firm belief in immortality, will ever offer himself up for his country. Themistocles might lawfully have lived an idle life, and also Epaminondas (and even I myself, not to seek ancient and foreign instances), but a presentiment of future life in some manner is inherent in the mind, and this presentiment exists the most deeply, and appears most plainly, in minds of the highest genius and loftiest character. If this were taken away, who would be so mad as to spend his life in labors and dangers? I speak of great men. How is it with the poets? Do they not wish to be famous after death? Else whence that verse of the poet? "Behold, O citizens, the picture of the form of the aged Ennius! he sang the noblest deeds of your fathers." He demands the meed of glory from those, whose fathers he had covered with glory. And again, he says, "Let no one honor me with tears, nor make lamentations at my funeral rites. Why? I dwell in the mouths of my countrymen." But why should I mention poets only? Artists wish to be made known after death. Why else did Phidias carve his own likeness on the shield of Minerva, against the law? What shall I say of our philosophers? Do they not inscribe their own names in the very books which they write concerning contempt for glory? Now, if the agreement of all mankind is the voice of nature, and if all of every place agree, that there is something which belongs to those who have departed this life, we must think so also; and if we may suppose that they, whose minds excel in genius and virtue, can best discern the laws of nature, because they possess the best nature themselves, it is very probable that, when a good man serves posterity, there is something, which he is going to have a sense of, after death.

XVI. But as we think by the light of nature that the gods exist, and learn what is their nature by reason; so we argue from the consent of all nations that souls are immortal, and we must learn the place and manner of their existence by reason. Ignorance upon this subject has formed the infernal regions, and those terrors which you, not without good cause, seem to despise. Such persons suppose that when bodies fall into the earth, and are covered by the ground, *humo*, from which comes the term *humari*, to be buried, the remainder of existence is spent under the earth. Great errors have resulted from this opinion, which the poets have increased. The crowded audience in the theatre, in which are young women and

boys, hearing such a lofty strain as this, is moved, "I am present, and I come from Acheron, but with difficulty, for the way is steep and difficult, through caves formed of sharp rocks, with masses hanging over head, where the cold, thick blackness of the infernal regions broods." So much did this error prevail, though now it seems to me to be removed, that when they knew the bodies to be burned, they feigned things to happen to them in the infernal regions, which could neither happen nor be understood, unless the bodies were in existence. They were not able to embrace the idea in their minds of souls existing independently, and so they sought for them a definite form and shape. Hence Homer's description of the dead; hence the necromancy of my friend Appius; hence in our neighborhood the lake of Avernus, "from which spirits, are raised from the dark shade through the open mouth of deep Acheron — the bloodless images of the dead." They wished these images to speak, which cannot be without the strength and form of the jaws, and sides, and lungs, without tongue or palate. For they could see nothing with the soul, they referred everything to the senses. But it is the property of a great genius, to separate the mind from the senses, and to draw off the thoughts from what they have been accusomed to. I suppose, indeed, that others must have said the same during so many ages, but, according to the testimony of literature, Pherecydes, the Syrian, is the first who declared the souls of men to be immortal. He was indeed an ancient; for he lived in the reign of my namesake, Tullus. His disciple Pythagoras, who came to Italy in the reign of Tarquinius Superbus, strongly confirmed this opinion, and swayed Magna Græcia no less by the fame of his philosophical views, than by his political authority. The name of the sect of the Pythagoreans flourished so much for many ages after, that no other was esteemed learned.

But I return to the ancients. They hardly ever gave a reason for their opinion, unless something was to be explained by numbers and figures. It is said that Plato came to Italy to know the Pythagoreans, and he learnt all their tenets; and that he first came to the same conclusion with Pythagoras, and besides gave a reason for his belief; which we will pass over, unless you have something to say, and leave this whole topic concerning the hope of immortality.

A. Say you so? Will you desert me now, that you have ex-

cited the highest expectation? By Hercules, I would rather err with Plato, whom you make so much of, I perceive, and whom I admire from your lips, than to think correctly with them.

M. Well done! I myself should not unwillingly err with that philosopher. Do we then doubt in this as we do in other things? Not in this by any means, for the mathematicians teach us that the earth, placed in the middle of the universe, in the embrace of the whole heavens, occupies something like a point, which they call the κεντρον, the centre. Moreover, that such is the nature of the four elementary bodies, which produce by their combinations everything, that they hold the constituents, as it were, divided and distributed among themselves; that the earthy and humid parts, by their own tendency and weight, are attracted towards the earth and the sea at equal angles; that the other two parts, the one fiery, the other etherial, as the former by their greater weight and gravity are carried towards the centre, so these fly upwards in right lines to a celestial place, either because their nature seeks a higher region, or because things lighter are naturally repelled by heavier. Which being established, it ought clearly to appear that souls, when they leave the body, whether they consist of air, or breath, or fire, are borne on high. But if the soul is a kind of number, which is said more ingeniously than clearly, or that fifth nature, without a name rather than not understood, they are the more sound and pure, as they stretch to the greatest distance from earth. The soul then is some one of these principles; nor may the active mind lie buried in the heart or brain, or according to Empedocles, in the blood.

XVIII. We will omit the theory of Dicæarchus, and also that of his contemporary and fellow pupil Aristoxenus, learned men though they be; the one of whom does not seem ever to have lamented much, because he could not percieve that he possessed a soul, and the other so delighted with his songs that he endeavors to transfer the nature of soul to them. For we can perceive harmony by intervals of sounds, whose various combinations produce many tunes; but I do not understand what harmony the relative position and figure of the members of the body, destitute of mind, can produce. But he, however learned he may be, must yield his theory to that of his master Aristotle. Let him teach music; and well is he admonished by the Greek proverb,

"Let each one exercise that art he knows." Let us reject entirely the accidental concurrence of smooth and round atoms, which Democritus will have warm and breathing, that is, vital. But if the soul consists of the four elements of which all things are made, it is formed of inflammable air, as I understand was firmly believed by Panætius, and must necessarily aim at the higher regions. For these two elements (fire and air) have no tendency downwards, but always ascend. So that if they are dissolved, it must happen at a great distance from the earth; and if they remain and preserve their condition, it is the more necessary that they be borne upwards; and the thick and concrete air next to the earth is broken through and divided by these as they ascend. For the soul is of a warmer and more ardent nature than this air, which I have just now called thick and concrete; which can be well understood from the fact, that our bodies, formed of the earthy class of the elements, grow warm by the ardor of the soul.

XIX. And the velocity of the soul, than which nothing is swifter, favors the idea of its easily breaking through this air, which I often refer to, and penetrating it; for there is no speed which can equal the motion of the soul. If then it is to remain uncorrupted and like itself, it must be borne up and penetrate and divide this whole heaven, in which are collected the clouds, the showers, and the winds,—a region moist and dark by reason of the exhalations from the earth. When the soul has surmounted this region, and touches and recognises one like itself, it will stop in that place where is a temperature formed by a thin atmosphere, warmed by the gentle heat of the sun, and it will go no higher. And having attained to a place of the same lightness and heat of its own nature, as it were balanced by equal forces, it will move not at all; and that may be called its natural home, when it comes to a place like itself, in which without a want it will be sustained and cherished in the same manner, that the stars are sustained and cherished.

And since we are wont to be excited to lust by the passions of the body, and are more inflamed, because we envy those who possess things which we wish to possess, we shall be truly happy, when, our bodies being left behind us, we are freed from passions and envyings. And as we now, when free from care, wish to behold and examine some subject, we shall then be more

at liberty to indulge our taste, and shall be placed entirely in an attitude of contemplation and study; for there is by nature a certain insatiable desire in the human mind of seeking that which is true; and the whole face of those regions, whither we shall have come, will afford a greater facility to us of knowing celestial matters, and a deeper desire of knowing them. For this beauty even on the earth excited that national and ancestral philosophy (as Theophrastus calls it) which burned to know. Especially will they enjoy this who, even when inhabiting this earth covered with darkness, desired to see through it by the acuteness of the mind.

XX. For if they think they have attained some knowledge, who have seen the mouth of the Pontus, and those straits through which the ship named Argo passed, — "because, borne in it, the Greeks, a chosen band, there sought the golden fleece of the ram;" or they who have seen the straits leading to the ocean, "where the swift water divides Europe from Africa," — what a grand sight may we suppose it to be, to see the whole earth, its situation, form, and boundaries, the regions that are inhabited, as well as those which are unoccupied by reason of the extreme heat or cold?

And those things we do see, we percieve not by the eyes, for there is no sense in the body, but (as not only natural philosophers but also physicians teach us, who have seen them open and exposed) there are certain paths perforated from the seat of the soul to the eyes, the ears, and the nostrils. Often, when lost in thought, or affected by disease, the eyes and ears being open and sound, we neither see nor hear; so that it can easily be understood that it is the soul that sees and hears, and not those parts which are, as it were, the windows of the soul; for the senses can perceive nothing, unless the soul be present and act. Why do we comprehend the most dissimilar things by one mind, as color, taste, heat, odor, sound, which the soul would never know by the five senses, unless they referred all things to it, and made it the sole judge of everything? And indeed all objects will be seen much more clearly and truly, when the free soul shall have arrived at that place, to which it tends by its nature. Now indeed although nature has by the most cunning workmanship formed these avenues, which conduct to the soul from the body, nevertheless they are often clogged up by earthy and solid substances. But when there shall be nothing but pure mind,

no object will intervene to hinder its seeing how and what everything is.

XXI. We might here mention at length, if the occasion demanded, how many, how various, how splendid are the sights, which are about to open upon the soul in the celestial regions; which when I reflect upon, I often wonder at the arrogance of some philosophers, who are amazed at the knowledge of nature, and exultingly give thanks to its discoverer and master, and worship him as a god, because they say that by him they are freed from the severest tyrants, continual terror, daily and nightly fear. What terror? what fear? What old wife is so silly as to fear, what forsooth you would fear, if you had not learned natural philosophy — "The lofty Acherusian temples of the Infernal Regions, the pale realms of Death, the places thick with black clouds." Is it not a disgrace to a philosopher to boast, that he does not fear these things, and that he has discovered them to be false? From which you may gather how acute they are by nature, who without learning would have been ready to believe these things. They gained I know not what great advantage, in that they learned, that when the time of death should have come, they were utterly to perish. Which, if it be true, — and I will not oppose it now, — what matter of joy or boasting is there? I have seen nothing which proves to me, that the opinion of Pythagoras and Plato is not true. But if Plato had assigned no reason for his opinion, — behold how I venerate the man, — the authority of his name alone would persuade me. But he has adduced so many arguments, that he seems to wish to convince others; certainly he had persuaded himself of this truth.

XXII. But many contend against this opinion, and punish souls with death, as if they were condemned of a capital crime; and no reason is given why the immortality of souls appears incredible, except that, they say, they cannot understand and embrace in their mind the idea of a soul without a body. As if they could understand how it exists in the body, its shape, size, and situation; so that if all those parts now concealed in a living man could be perceived, the soul would fall under their observation, or by its extreme fineness escape notice. Let them think over these points, who deny they can understand how the soul can exist without a body. They will then see how they can know its existence in the body. It is much more difficult and puzzling for me, reflecting upon the nature of

the soul, to decide how it exists in the body in a separate state, than to believe that, when freed from matter, it will rise to the clear heaven as to its own home. And if it be said, that we are unable to comprehend how that exists which we have never seen, we answer that we do embrace in our thoughts the idea of God himself, the divine soul, as unincumbered by body. Dicæarchus and Aristoxenus, because of the difficulty of understanding what the soul is, and the manner of its existence, said that there is no soul at all. It is indeed the greatest mystery of all, that soul can be perceived by soul. And truly the precept of Apollo refers to this power, when he admonishes each one to know himself. He does not command us to know our limbs, our stature, or figure, as I believe. Nor are we all body. I, now speaking to you, speak not to your body. When therefore he says, *know thyself*, he means know thy soul; for thy body is, as it were, the vessel or receptacle of the soul. Whatever is done by your soul is done by yourself. Therefore to know this soul, unless it were divine, could not be the command of any mind so acute, as to be attributed to a god.

But if the soul is ignorant of its own nature, tell me, I pray you, shall it be ignorant even that it exists? that it moves? It was from this, that that argument of Plato originated, which is explained by Socrates in the Phædrus, and by me is placed in my sixth book concerning the republic.

XXIII. That which always moves is eternal; but that which moves another thing, or itself derives its motion from without, when the motion ceases, necessarily ceases to be. But that alone which is self-moved, as it never is deserted by itself, can never cease its motion. And this is the source or principle of motion to all things which are moved; but the principle itself has no beginning, for all things arise from *it*, and the principle itself cannot be produced from anything. For it would not be a principle, if it were produced from another thing. So that which has no beginning cannot have an end. For if the principle should be extinguished, it could not be reproduced by anything else, nor could it create anything else, as all things necessarily have their origin from this principle. So it results that the principle of motion is from that which is itself moved by itself. But that can neither begin nor end; otherwise all heaven would fall and all nature stop, nor could acquire any

force by which, having received its first impulse, it may be moved.

Since then it is clear that that which moves itself is eternal, who is there who will deny that this nature belongs to souls? Everything is the *inanimate* which has its motion from an external force. But that which is moved by an inner power of its own is *animate*. For this is the peculiar nature and power of soul; which, if it is the only one of all things that moves itself, it is not certainly born, and is eternal. Although all philosophers of the lower sort should concur, (for it seems proper to call those by this name, who differ from Plato, and Socrates, and others of their class,) they will not only not explain any of their views so elegantly, but they will not even understand with what refinement of reasoning this conclusion has been drawn. Therefore the soul perceives itself to be moved, which motion it perceives to originate in its own power, and not from abroad; nor can it happen that it can desert itself. By which immortality is made out, unless you have some objection to offer.

A. Truly I willingly suffer the conclusion; nor does any objection occur to me, I am so much in favor of that opinion.

XXIV. What shall we say to other opinions? Do you think them of less consequence? Those which declare that certain divine powers are inherent in the soul of man; which if I could see how they could originate, I might be able to see how they might perish. Suppose I were able to declare of the blood, bile, phlegm, bones, nerves, and arteries, finally the whole shape of the members and of the whole body, how they are united and in what manner created, if the soul is not of a different nature from that of mere existence, then I might judge that by nature the life of man is sustained, as a vine or tree is sustained. For we say of these things that they live. Also if the soul of man should possess no power, but to seek pleasure and avoid pain, this would be common to it with the brutes.

First, it has memory, the power of remembering an infinity of facts; which Plato will have to be the remembrance of a previous life. For in that book entitled Menon, Socrates puts certain geometrical questions to a little boy, respecting the dimensions of a square. To these he answers as a boy would be likely to; nevertheless the questions are so easy, that by his answers he arrives at the same result as he would, had he

learned geometry. From which Socrates wishes to prove that to *learn* is only to *remember*. Which position he much more accurately explained, in that conversation he held on the last day of his life; for he teaches that any one, though he may seem entirely uncultivated, replying to another fairly questioning him, will declare that he learns not at the time the answers he gives, but calls them to mind by the power of memory. Nor can it be otherwise, since from boyhood we have so many impressions, upon such a variety of subjects, ingrafted and stamped in the soul, which they call ἐννοιας, conceptions, than that the soul before it entered the body had been practised in a knowledge of facts. And since by the other supposition it would not exist, as in all places is taught by Plato, (for he considers that as nothing, which begins and dies, and that only truly to exist, which always remains such as he calls by the term ἰδέαν, form, and we by the word *speciem*, form,) the soul inclosed in the body could not gain a knowledge of these facts, and so it has brought them forward as what was already known. By which view our wonder at the memory of so many events is removed. Neither does the soul evidently see these things, when it first enters into its new and unquiet abode, but when it has collected its energies and refreshed itself, it calls them up by recollection. So that to learn is only to remember. But I, in a manner, feel still greater wonder at the power of memory. What is that power by which we remember? Whence has the soul this faculty, and where does it originate? I will not inquire now how great the memory of Simonides was, nor of Theodectes, nor concerning him, I mean Cyneas, who was sent as ambassador to the Senate by Pyrrhus; neither will I refer to the great memory of Charmadas, and of him who has just left us, Scepsius Metrodorus, nor of the remarkable powers of our Hortensius in this respect, — but I speak of the memory common to man, and especially of those who are employed in the higher studies and arts, who remember so many things, that it would be difficult to estimate the extent of their mental power.

J. N. B.

THE BIBLE.

We propose in the present Article to discuss *the influence of the Bible upon science, art, and poetry.* In grouping these three great departments of human culture together, we are aware that each might demand volumes for its full elucidation in this connexion. We are aware also, that we cover this broad field at the expense of strict logical unity; but have thought that there might be peculiar advantages in thus presenting a comprehensive view of the agency of the Bible in man's intellectual progress and refinement.

I. We would first show what *science* owes to the Scriptures. And, in order to determine this, we must refer to the state of science in the Pagan world before the Christian era. The human mind had been left to itself for four thousand years, and had been constantly employed in the search after truth. The most patient investigations, the boldest speculations, were essayed, lives were worn away, ease sacrificed, death incurred, in the pursuit of knowledge; and with what results? With scarce any of permanent value. The wisdom of the old world was foolishness. Thick darkness brooded over the whole expanse of nature. The laws of animal economy and of vegetable physiology were unknown, and natural history was but a tissue of fabulous conjecture. The geographical features and astronomical relations of the earth were in part but dimly seen, and for the most part undiscovered. The system of the universe, as conceived of by the first philosophers of Greece and Rome, would provoke the laughter of a modern schoolboy. The science of mind was a senseless jargon; that of morals imperfect, sophistical, and corrupt; that of government chimerical and impracticable. Even history, which seems at first sight but an earth-born science, was enveloped in superstition and absurdity; nor could any of the renowned nations of antiquity furnish a rational account of their own origin and progress, or an authentic biography of their illustrious men.

And why was all this the case? It was for want of those general principles, which lie at the basis of all knowledge, and which modern philosophy has drawn from the Bible. The unity of God was unknown, the heavens and the earth were

cantoned out among the numberless chimeras of a polytheistic belief; therefore unity and harmony in creation were neither supposed nor sought; and nature's apparent discrepancies were passed over as real and irreconcilable. The deities of Pagan mythology were also painted as both weak and cruel; the universe of ancient science was accordingly insignificant in its compass, oppressive in its laws. The origin, nature, and destiny of the human spirit were also unknown; consequently the metaphysics, ethics, and politics of the ancient world were aimless and worthless.

Yet in the Old Testament, a series of books, written not by philosophers, but by herdsmen, shepherds, and warriors, of a nation just emerging from barbarism, without any outward means of culture, we find traces of a more authentic history, of more accurate science, of a sounder philosophy, than adorned the brightest era of the Pagan world. There was light on the hill-tops and in the dwellings of Judea, when deep darkness brooded over the groves of Academus and the banks of the Tiber.

Modern history furnishes a striking parallel to the state of science in the ancient heathen world. We refer to the period of the French revolution. The infidel literati of that day shot across the intellectual firmament with the brilliancy of meteors, but with a glare as unsubstantial and evanescent as theirs. They put forth lofty pretensions in every department of knowledge, and for a time a dazzled and bewildered world admired them; but the unanimous verdict of posterity has hurled them from their unrightful eminence, and is fast consigning them to oblivion, as a cunning crew of superficial pretenders. Voltaire, their most venerated sage, was wont to boast in secret of his dexterity in coining facts to support his hasty theories; and, though he played for a while the master magician in every department of the empire of mind, he is now not trusted in any, and is hardly so much as consulted; nay, his very name is deemed ample guarantee for the hollowness and falsity of any theory or opinion. Even his histories are full of fable; and, while we read them for their beauties of style, for authentic statements of facts we must resort to other records. His brother philosophers, whatever their theatre of research, seemed, like him, incapable of distinguishing between fact and falsehood, insensible to the laws of evidence, blind to the characteristics of truth. They carried natural science back to a chaotic state. Their mental philosophy was a system for

brutes. Their ethics and political philosophy would have commended themselves to a community of wolves or tigers. And even in the department of mathematics, where it might have seemed impossible to be otherwise than accurate, they often used a sophistical, bewildering style of demonstration, assuming at the outset the point to be proved, and then arguing in a circle, so that their text-books, for a while received, are now superseded by better in almost all our seminaries of learning.

Having thus shown that, where the Bible has been unknown or rejected, science has either remained in infancy or returned to infancy, let us now examine more particularly the way, in which this revered volume has shed essential light upon the various departments of science.

We inquire, in the first place, what agency has the Bible had in developing and perfecting natural science? Suppose that we were on the site of an ancient edifice, and saw here and there a broken column, a fragment of an arch or a cornice, with one or two apartments not entirely dilapidated, and it were required of us to construct a plan of the edifice as it originally stood, would it not give us essential aid in this work to know the tastes, habits, and character of the architect, and the design which he had in view in this particular building, and especially to examine some entire structure, though of a different kind, of his planning? Most assuredly it would. Now in the temple of universal nature, the portions, which we are able to discern without the aid of science, are as few and as disjointed as the fragments of our supposed edifice; research, preceded and aided by theory, must ascertain the proportions and complete the structure. To the successful prosecution of this work nothing can so essentially conduce, as a knowledge of the character and purposes of Him, who built the temple, of his design in building it, and of other structures planned by the same mind, erected by the same hand. This knowledge we can get from the Bible, and we can find it nowhere else. There we learn the nature and attributes of Him, of whose ideas whatever is, is the copy, whatever takes place, is the expression. There we learn the design and office of the material creation. There too we have a perfect outline of that spiritual temple, of which the outward universe is but the type and emblem. We are thus furnished with materials for philosophizing, with data, with starting points, with general principles, on which

to found our particular theories. We can commence our investigation of the parts of the system with just and adequate ideas of Him, who is the whole.

Thus the Bible teaches us the immenseness, the infinity of the divine attributes; and this idea has been the germ of many of the most sublime discoveries of modern science. Let a sense of the infinite power and majesty of the Almighty once take possession of the mind, the bounds of the universe recede, its dimensions stretch beyond the reach of thought; the heavens are no longer the concave canopy of earth, but the limitless theatre of plastic power; the stars are no longer diamond spangles attendant upon our little planet, but worlds, and suns, and systems; earth ceases to be the centre, and becomes a mere point in the circumference of creation. The Copernican system, the sublime theories now universally received with regard to the fixed stars, considered each as a luminary to a cluster of worlds like ours, the revolution of these immensely large and distant orbs around a common centre, a sun of suns, — these are ideas, which could not have entered the soul of a Pagan, of a worshipper of the impotent and finite Jupiter; they flow from those right and lofty conceptions of omnipotence, which the Bible alone can inspire.

The discovery of those general laws, which constitute the harmony of nature, we may also trace to the Bible. Polytheism naturally led its votaries to suppose separate systems, conflicting mechanism, discrepancy and discord in creation; for how could strict unity of plan and operation have been expected among gods of opposing interests and characters? Had Newton been a polytheist, however vast his reach of intellect, he could never have discovered that universal law of gravitation, which binds atom to atom, world to world, system to system, which assigns to the movement of the least grain of sand, on our seashore, an influence on the remotest star in the milky way. No. He inferred, as had preceding *Christian* philosophers, from the unity of God the unity of his creation. His *theology* taught him, as it had his predecessors, that there must be universal, comprehensive laws for the government of the material universe. Some of these laws had been already discovered by Kepler and other faith-enlightened seekers after truth. But it was reserved for Newton, as the most humble, child-like worshipper of Nature's God, to penetrate her inmost recesses, to lay bare her secret springs, to reveal that sublime

and perfect harmony of creation, in the belief of which, *as a Christian*, he would have lived and died, even if, as a philosopher, he had failed to ascertain its laws.

Another principle of revelation, to which modern science owes much of its present perfection, is the infinite benevolence of God. The necessary inference from this doctrine is, that nothing is made in vain, that everything has its use in the economy of animal or human enjoyment, that seeming evil must have a beneficent design and tendency, that pain must be the handmaid of pleasure, that what is in aspect terrific and appalling must be merciful in its aim and result. Pagan science could acquiesce in the belief, that malignant powers were at work, and that unmingled evil existed in the universe. Christian philosophy assumes the benevolent aim and tendency of all things, as the basis of its theories. Thus, in the animal economy, modern naturalists on Christian grounds have assumed that every bone, muscle, nerve, and fibre must have its use; and they have so far made good this assumption, that now, in the harp of thousand strings, it can be determined with entire precision, what note vibrates from each in the diapason of joyous health and buoyant activity. So too, with regard to the more gloomy portions, the awful phenomena, the fierce convulsions of nature, modern philosophy has, solely by inferences from the Christian doctrine of the divine benevolence, spanned with the bow of peace the clouds which were big with terror, and drawn forth voices of gladness from every wrathful conflict of the elements. The lightning, once dreaded as a winding sheet, is now welcomed as a swift-winged minister of health. The eclipse, once feared as an omen of impending desolation and death, is now waited for with longing, as a sublime interlude in the harmony of the spheres. The pathless forest, the sunless cavern, is viewed no longer as the abode of malignant demons, but as the means of shelter, nutriment, and joyous life for numberless animals, which could not elsewhere exist, unharming and unharmed. Even the volcano, earth's most terrific feature, is but a safety valve to subterranean fires, which, for aught we know, may be our prime source of heat, while the sun is but the means of attracting it to the surface. Thus, in every department of nature is terror dethroned, and benevolence crowned as the presiding genius. Everything is demonstrated to be good in its place, and beautiful in its season; and all through the power of that axiom of the apostle,

now an axiom in science, no less than in theology, "GOD IS LOVE."

In the intellectual sciences also, the Bible has given the germ and the impulse to every new discovery. Mental philosophy assumes, as its foundation truths, the Scripture doctrines of man's spirituality, immortality, and accountability. Ethical writers go to the gospel for their rules and standards. The elements of all sound political science are wrapped up in that grand and simple truth, hidden from the old world, but revealed to us in the Bible, that all men are children of the same Father, subjects of the same providence, invited heirs of the same destiny.

There are yet two departments of science, to which we wish to invite more particular attention, before leaving this branch of our subject. One of these is *ancient history*, which, (as we have already remarked,) in the hands of the ancients themselves, while all its documents and monuments were still extant, was a tissue of fable and absurdity. Its monuments have all crumbled; the greater part of its documents are lost; but yet modern research, guided by revelation, has raised it phenix-like from its ashes, and infused into it a freshness and reality of life, to which, even in the days of Herodotus, or of Livy, it was a stranger. The early records of Moses fix the date and circumstances of the creation of man, of the origin of the arts, of the rise of nations, all which were wrapped by the Pagan world in fiction, too gross and grotesque to contain even a discernible germ of truth. The Scripture chronology, by its accuracy, furnishes the means of rectifying the self-contradictory and incoherent chronology of heathen writers. The Scripture history runs like a golden thread through the complex web of events, giving completeness, coherency, and unity to what without it would be a mere gossamer texture. Thus we might safely affirm, that an ancient history, composed in conclave by all the eminent historians of Greece and Rome, would bear about the same comparison, in point of fidelity and authenticity, with a modern compend of ancient history, that would be borne by a fashionable historical romance to a literal transcript of the events on which it is founded.

The other case, to which we wish to make particular reference, is that of a science, which in its infancy bade defiance to revelation, but is now in close covenant with it, — we mean *geology*. The earliest modern geologists proudly proclaimed the

unanswerable testimony of nature against the Mosaic account of the creation, and professed to read, in the strata which compose the crust of our planet, a revelation entirely opposed to that of the written word. But they read each with different eyes; they broached the most absurd and puerile speculations concerning the primeval origin of our globe; they exposed their science to ridicule and contempt, and well nigh brought it to an inglorious grave. But just at this epoch a new and better race of inquirers took the inspired historian for the "man of their counsel;" and, as the crippled giant of old received new strength the moment he touched his mother earth, so no sooner had geology embraced the holy mother of science, than she started into new and healthy life and vigorous progress. And now the book of Genesis is received as the basis of geological theories, as a map to guide inquiry, as a divine and perfect compend of results, in which every research and investigation must terminate. Geology and revelation now go hand in hand, geology compensating Moses for the new life, which she has drawn from him, by the clearness, with which she interprets his records, and the resistless proof, which she affords of his inspiration.

II. We pass now to the *fine arts;* and would ascertain the extent of their indebtedness to the inspired volume.

And first we will speak of music. This divine and heaven-taught art early reached, under the religion of the Bible, a fuller maturity, than it ever attained in the Pagan world. The music of classic antiquity was sweet, soft, tender, polished to the last degree of refinement. But it lacked soul, fire, power. It was light and voluptuous in its style. Its syren strains were well suited to the feast and the dance, were the chosen language of earthly love, and floated as a gossamer veil over what was disgusting and repulsive in licentiousness and debauchery. Music was not regarded as an elevated and ennobling pursuit, but simply as an amusement for the idle and the gay, and a solace for the sad; and its cultivation was often left entirely to slaves, as unworthy the dignity of freemen. It formed indeed at times a part of worship; but then it frequently sank below, instead of rising above its wonted tone; for the altars of Bacchus and of Venus demanded lighter and more wanton lays, than were deemed decent for the domestic revel.

But long before the rudest essays of the Attic lyre, the banks of the Red Sea had resounded with the choral anthem

of a nation's gratitude to the God of Abraham, performed with a dignity, majesty, and perfectness of melody, which the theme alone could have inspired, and which no Pagan powers of song could have emulated. And long ere the halcyon days of Grecian minstrelsy, was gathered and established in Judea the most majestic and perfect choir that the world ever saw, a choir composed of the very *élite* of the people, embracing the whole tribe of Levi, arranged with skill and care into separate vocal and instrumental bands, furnished in magnificent profusion with the means of cultivating their sacred. art, supplied with music, led in song by the royal minstrel himself. Art too was here employed for a higher purpose than mere amusement. The monarch's harp was one of the most effectual means of elevating his countrymen from the barbarism in which he found them, to the comparative refinement, in which he left them.

> "It softened men of iron mould,
> It gave them virtues not their own:
> No ear so dull, no soul so cold,
> That felt not, fired not to the tone,
> Till David's lyre grew mightier than his throne."

In estimating the dignity and influence of music at this period, it must be borne in mind that the Psalms, now extant in the Bible, constituted for the most part the basis of this majestic national minstrelsy. In modern times, sacred music has been a distinct and superior branch of the art, a branch on all hands allowed to demand purer taste and loftier powers than any other, both in the composer and the performer. To the services of religion we are indebted for the noblest of all musical inventions, the organ, which could not have lent its slow and solemn tones to lighter than sacred lays, and would hardly have been sought out for the performance of profane melodies. Indeed the style of music, which is consecrated to sacred subjects and purposes, could never have existed without religion, or under a religious system less sublime than that of the Bible; for nothing else affords themes of sufficient magnitude and dignity to call it into being. Music is but the transcript in sound of the emotions of the human soul; and it is the immeasurable distance between fervent devotion to the infinite Creator and Father, and the loftiest and purest of earthly passions, that exalts sacred music so vastly above the highest grade of secular music. Thus the great masters of the art have chosen sacred themes, as alone capable of embodying their

conceptions, and doing justice to their powers. Nor could their masterpieces have possibly been suggested, except by the spirit of the Bible; nor would they, now that they are produced, if they could be connected with any other class of themes, excite aught but a painful sense of irrelevancy and perversion. Let us imagine, for instance, the "Dead March in Saul," the "Stabat mater dolorosa" of Pergolesi, or the music of any of our truly sacred tunes or anthems, connected with any words or ideas other than those of fervent devotion; and we shall at once perceive that music owes its highest inspiration, its noblest achievements, solely to the Bible.

We pass now to the arts of design, to painting and sculpture. In these, the superiority of Scripture subjects will appear from the fact, that modern artists have made choice of them, almost to the entire exclusion of those afforded by ancient history and mythology. Raphael, Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, and numerous other celebrated European painters and sculptors, expended all their fire of genius and their intensity of effort, and based their undying fame, on scenes drawn from the world-long drama of man's redemption. And those, of whose culminating stars America's infant Muse grows proud, Allston and Greenough, are following in the same path, and laying deep the foundations of their renown in the religious sensibilities of an admiring world.

Merely physical beauty and grandeur are the highest attributes, that belong to the masterpieces of ancient art yet extant. To unite in an Apollo or a Venus the utmost symmetry of countenance and contour, and grace of attitude, to bring forth in prominent relief the brawny strength and lion-like ferocity of a Hercules, to corrugate with savage sternness the brow of a Jupiter, or (greatest achievement of all) to temper justly the eagle and the dove in the azure-eyed, but hard-featured Minerva; this was the highest aim of those, who in classic days sought the honors of the pencil and the chisel. But to portray the deep workings of the soul, the healing pangs of penitence, the holy calm of resignation, the earnest faith of prayer, the rapture of praise, the sunlight of heavenly love, — to catch and embody in ever-breathing canvass, or marble, those shadowy aspirations, those glimpses of a higher spirituality, which, rare as angels' visits, come and go as on the wings of the wind, — to place before the eye traits of the godlike so warm with life, that the devout cannot gaze without pausing to adore

the Invisible, — this has been the aim and the achievement of none but Christian artists.

Indeed, Christianity has introduced new and more divine forms of beauty and grandeur, even those of which piety in its various modifications is the soul and essence. To illustrate this, we need only name side by side several parallel subjects of classic and of Christian art. Compare then Venus and the Madonna; the former no more than the *belle ideale* of a modern coquette, and incapable of awakening other associations than those, which float around the mazes of the dance or the saloon of fashion; the latter, beaming with the mild light of devotion, a being partaking more of heaven than of earth, subduing the soul into that reverential affection, which we should feel for a chance visitant from a higher sphere; and this, in whatever posture the artist exhibits her, whether receiving with the upturned glance of faith the archangel's benediction, or caressing with a young mother's fondness the infant King of Kings, or standing in mute affliction by the cross, or stooping piteously from her radiant throne to succor trembling suppliants. Compare also the dying gladiator and the dying martyr; the former the personification of bare, brawny strength, with rigid muscles, clenched teeth, stoic brutality of visage, without a ray of moral beauty to relieve the gigantic, amazing, but repulsive outline; the latter, with the light of faith beaming from his eye, the prayer of forgiveness or the song of triumph quivering on his parched lips, his countenance and attitude, that of a victor assuming his laurels, reaching for his crown.

And then the groups, which the sacred scenes of Scripture furnish, how far do they surpass the most vaunted scenes of classic antiquity in grandeur, in pathos, in those elements of moral beauty, that touch the fountain of tears, and awaken the deepest feelings of the heart! We need here barely remind our readers of the Last Supper, as every one has seen it copied from the original of Leonardo da Vinci; and ask whether it be in the painter's power to choose a group, which could on his part demand equal vividness of conception, compass and originality of genius, or skill in execution, or which could so irresistibly entrance the senses, sympathies, and soul of the beholder.

One of the most interesting departments of sculpture is that, whose office it is to adorn the spots consecrated to the ashes of the dead. In this department antiquity was singularly defective, garnishing sepulchres with the exploits of heroes, the wars

of the gods, the effigies of Mercury, or some equally inane and puerile theme, which could never suggest a thought capable of drying a mourner's tears, or of assuaging their bitterness. In a little Swiss church, in a rude hamlet, a few miles from Berne, over the grave of a young and obscure mother and her infant, is erected an infinitely more noble monument of genius, than the mausoleums of all the statesmen and monarchs of Paganism could boast. Over the grave is placed a simple slab, which appears irregularly fractured as from beneath, and so widely cleft as to reveal what lies there; and under it is sculptured the mother in the habiliments of the grave, but with a countenance beaming with pious exultation; on one arm reposes the smiling, sleeping infant, the other is gently uplifted with a gesture of welcome to the descending Redeemer. The sublime conception, which the artist intended to embody, was of that day of final resurrection, when the earth shall quake, the tombs be rent, and the graves of the righteous yield up their dead. Who could gaze at such a monument, without feeling for the moment lifted above the fear and the power of death? Has classic mythology such inspiration for its artists? Before leaving this division of our subject, we would say a word on architecture. Here the Bible prescribes no form, suggests no model. But we are indebted to the religion and the spirit of the Bible, probably for the origin, certainly for the perfection and perpetuity, of the most grand and impressive of the architectural orders, the Gothic. Temples have in all ages been the chief representatives of the prevalent architectural taste and style; and the structure of temples among different nations has always borne a close analogy to the national religion. Thus the cavern is the element of the Egyptian style, and doubtless suggested the low, massive, immense, but tasteless structures, in which ancient Egypt abounded; and it was from the caverns of the earth or the deep, that she sought most of those loathsome deities, whose effigies filled her temples. The Grecian polytheism was anthropomorphic in its character, that is, its gods were in the likeness of men, and were indeed for the most part deified men. The Grecian architecture is accordingly strictly terrestrial in its style. The log cabin, man's first dwelling, was its element; and in all its modifications and refinements it retains the proportions of this element. This style is beautiful, chaste, elegant. By its faultlessness of symmetry it defies criticism. It is admirably

adapted to human mansions and palaces; and diffuses over the dwellings or secular haunts of men an air of good taste and refinement. But it is unspiritual. Its columns and façades have nothing in their contour or arrangement, which can awaken any moral association, any heavenward aspiration, any thought of infinity, immensity, or eternity. It could have connected itself with no other religion, than that with which it was allied, the votaries of which worshipped gods who were altogether such as themselves.

Far otherwise the Gothic order. Its element is nature's noblest temple, the grove; its pointed vaults and arches are derived from the lofty embraces of giant oaks; and its whole character bears the same marks of grandeur with the primeval forests, among which it had its birth. Its essential feature is that, in which lies the very essence of the sublime, namely, that its proportions are too vast to be measured by the observer's eye, and therefore are virtually infinite. In this order, the spires and turrets losing themselves in the clouds, the deep recesses, the dizzy height of the ceilings, the shadowy rows of clustered columns, the mellow light making the whole perspective dim and phantom-like in the distance, all help to constitute a shrine meet for the lowly, awe-stricken worship of Him, who is in part unseen, in part but dimly seen; all awaken the sense of an infinite presence, of power immense, of greatness unutterable. Such a pile, in its solemn grandeur, makes man feel his nothingness before Him, to whom the temple is reared. The Gothic order is thus, in its very idea, aspiring, spiritual, Godward tending. It is the offspring, no less than the perennial fountain, of devotion; and its gorgeous cathedrals and abbeys, the wonder of all lands and climes, are so many gifts of the genius of Christianity to the world, which it is regenerating.

It is a singular fact, and one strikingly illustrative of the foregoing remarks, that, during the brief reign of Atheism in France, the (so called) men of taste instituted a crusade against Gothic architecture, and strove to supplant it by the introduction of Grecian models. Either their disbelief in an Infinite Supreme rendered them incapable of appreciating a style, which is, if we may so speak, man's least finite copy of the infinite; or else they too well knew, that where Gothic temples reared their towers, devotion could not long want a home. But, with the restoration of the ancient worship, returned a taste for the

antique architecture; and the public buildings, erected during the reign of terror, are now pointed at as ignoble monuments of a grovelling age.

We pass now to poetry, and would fain show, at greater length than our limits will permit, how much this most creative of all arts is indebted to the sacred volume.

And we would first remind our readers, that the Bible itself contains the purest and noblest poetry. Not a gem of fancy sparkles in the diadem of uninspired song, than which a richer and purer of its kind may not be drawn from the treasury of inspiration. An obscure Scotch peasant, calling on business at a gentleman's house in Edinburgh, saw a bust of Shakspeare, and these lines from the Tempest inscribed beneath it.

> "The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
> Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
> And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
> Leave not a rack behind."

The gentleman, seeing the peasant's eyes attracted by these lines, asked him if he had ever seen anything equal to them in sublimity. His reply was just and striking. "Yes, I have. The following passage in the book of Revelation is much more sublime. *And I saw a great white throne, and him that sat upon it, from whose face the earth and the heavens fled away, and there was found no place for them.*" But the poetry of Scripture is an exhaustless subject. We will not mar its beauties by attempting a hasty enumeration of them; but will rather consider the influence which the Scriptures have had on modern poetry.

In the first place, the Bible has made poetry what it is in its design and essence, a universal language. The poetry of the ancient world is strictly local and national. Homer and Pindar, Virgil and Horace are indeed read with interest in every country. But how? After so long and thorough a process of training in classic mythology and antiquities, that the student not only imbibes the spirit of the times, but almost cherishes the then current belief, and glows with the then current emotions, in fine, becomes, as it were, an alien from his own age and land, and gifted with the citizenship of Athens or of Rome. And he, who reads the classic poets with any preparation short of this, will find his labor lost. But modern poetry may be

read everywhere with interest. It appeals to the heart of man as man; it throbs in unision with the general pulse; it strikes chords which can vibrate in every soul. For Christianity is the religion of humanity; it reveals man to himself; its truths, though undiscoverable by unaided reason, yet, when brought to light, commend themselves to the common sense and feeling of our race. Thus Christian ideas are universal ideas; and the colors, which they give to nature, society, the past, and the future, are familiar and congenial to every eye and taste. Thus even descriptive, epic, or historical poetry, though it treat of unknown scenes and personages, if its general tone of imagery and sentiment be of the Christian school, is understood and felt at once by every cultivated mind. In testimony of this, it will suffice to specify the fact, that persons of taste in our own country, though almost utterly ignorant of localities in continental Europe, read with fresh and vivid interest the most strictly local poetry of every European nation.

Again, the social and domestic affections are the finest and purest elements of poetry; and these affections owe almost all their intensity and elevation to the religion of the Bible. It is Christianity that assigns to woman her equal and honored rank in the social scale, that gives inviolable permanence to the conjugal tie, that affords the shelter and delights of a holy home, with chastity, modesty, and love for its guardian angels, that turns the hearts of fathers to children and of children to fathers, that makes of neighborhoods and communities bands of brethren. These are privileges, for which we are indebted to Him, who revealed the common parentage and common destiny of all men. To his religion therefore do we owe all that poetry, whether ostensibly religious or not, which paints the affections in their utmost degree of refinement and purity.

In this point of view the classics are most of all deficient. Their sketches of the most momentous epochs, and the most pathetic incidents in life, are generally cold and spiritless, betray no feeling in the writer's, awaken none in the reader's soul. To this remark we are well aware that there are striking aud beautiful exceptions. But even in these exceptions there is wanting the most lovely element of modern poetry, the breathings of a living faith and an immortal hope. Sorrow refuses to be comforted, nor looks to powers above for relief or solace. Parting friends part without a word of a happy meeting beyond the chances of mortality. The ashes are laid

in the urn, and the funeral hymn is chanted, as over dust that has returned irrevocably to dust, while the spirit has ceased to be. Almost every one is familiar with that celebrated scene in the Iliad, where Hector, about to expose himself anew to the perils of battle, takes an affectionate farewell of his wife and child. What a rayless gloom broods over that parting! How barren is it of those sentiments and emotions, which play like sunbeams amid the shades of sorrow, and which alone have power to wake the imagination, and to touch the heart in pictures of fictitious woe! How devoid of noble thought, of fortitude, of magnanimity, of the virtues of a truly high-souled woman, are Andromache's wailings! And Hector's reply, how tame, how unmanly, how mean-spirited, how far in richness and power of sentiment does it fall below that impassioned enthusiasm of patriotism, unwavering trust, and undying hope, which modern bards have put into the lips of their heroes!

"Andromache, thy griefs I dread,
I see thee trembling, weeping, captive led,
In Argive looms our battles to design,
And woes, of which so large a part was thine;
To bear the victor's hard commands, or bring
The weight of waters from Hyperia's spring.
There, while you groan beneath the load of life,
They cry, *Behold the mighty Hector's wife!*
Some haughty Greek, who lives thy tears to see,
Embitters all thy woes by naming me;
The thoughts of glory past, and present shame,
A thousand griefs shall waken at the name.
May I lie cold before that dreadful day,
Pressed with a load of monumental clay;
Thy Hector, wrapped in everlasting sleep,
Shall neither hear thee sigh, nor see thee weep."

Now, in contrast with this, we will not quote from any of the laurelled names of modern days; but we will cite a strictly parallel passage, bearing the almost forgotten name of Graham, "the Sabbath Bard." The piece represents the same parties as the extract from Homer, a husband, a wife, an infant. The husband and father is about to embark with his wife and child on a perilous voyage.

"Then come, my lovely bride,
And come, my child of woe;
For, if we've nought on earth beside,
What matter where we go?

We heed not earthly powers,
  We heed not wind or weather;
For, come what will, this joy is ours, —
  We share it still together.

And, if the storms grow wild,
  And we perish in the sea,
We 'll clasp each other and our child, —
  One grave shall hold the three.

And neither shall remain
  To meet and bear alone
The grief, the injury, the pain,
  Which we, my love, have known.

And there 's a sweeter joy, —
  Wherever we may be,
Danger nor death shall e 'er destroy
  Our trust, O God, in thee.

Then wherefore should we grieve?
  Or what have we to fear?
Though home, and friends, and life we leave,
  Our God is ever near.

Then come, my gentle bride,
  And come, my child of love,
What though we 've nought on earth beside?
  Our portion is above.

Sweep, mighty ocean, sweep!
  Ye winds, blow foul or fair!
Our God is with us on the deep, —
  Our home is everywhere."

There is no need of comment. Our own hearts tell us which of these extracts breathes most of the true spirit of poetry. And the former, be it remembered, is from the most lauded specimen of the poetry of the affections, which antiquity has left us, while the latter is chosen almost at random, and bears a name hardly known to fame.

It is in elegiac verse, that we most of all need the inspiring thoughts and hopes, which the Scriptures breathe. The ancients have left us numerous elegies and funeral songs; but all of them cold, dreary, repulsive, redolent with a charnel-house atmosphere, giving only those lugubrious pictures of wounds, disease, and death, at which the soul sickens, unless they be relieved by the dawnings of a higher sphere and a nobler life.

The following is an almost literal translation of the commencement of Bion's well-known elegy on Adonis.

"I mourn Adonis, and the Loves lament him,
The fair Adonis lies upon the mountains,
His white thigh wounded with a tusk, with a white tusk;
And, as he dies, the graceful Venus grieves.
The black blood trickles down his snowy limbs;—
His eyes within their sockets sink;—the rose
Fades from his lips;—around him dies the kiss,
Which sorrowing Venus ceases not to give.
Dear though to him, when living, her embrace,
Adonis knew not that she kissed him dying."

Now, in contrast with the unmingled sadness and rayless gloom of these lines, we might refer to the commencement of Bishop Heber's well known dirge, as indicating the only class of sentiments, which modern taste can tolerate in a modern elegiac poem.

"Thou art gone to the grave! but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb;
Thy Saviour hath passed through its portal before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom."

Thus essential, in a merely poetical point of view, are the sentiments suggested by the Bible to the delineation of the tender affections, and the pathetic scenes of life.

The worth of Scriptural subjects and imagery will still farther appear from the universal appropriation of them by modern poets, whether themselves religiously disposed or not. All the great epics, that have appeared since the Christian era, have been founded on Christian subjects and adorned by Christian imagery. Voltaire's Henriade is only a partial exception to this remark; for, though his principal machinery consists of certain allegorical abstractions, all the finer portions of the poem owe their power and charm to illustrations drawn from the faith, which he blasphemed. Spenser, Milton, Cowper, and, in our days, Montgomery and Coleridge, are but a few of the names forever great, that owe their poetic inspiration solely to the fountains of Solyma. And those poets, who have essayed various classes of themes, have almost always, on Scriptural subjects, surpassed their wonted selves, winged a loftier flight, won a purer fame. This was preëminently the case with Racine, whose classical tragedies are polished, but icy, while his Esther and Athalie are warm and spiritual, full

of the fire of genius, and of themselves constituting the twin pillars of their author's renown. Even licentious and unbelieving bards, like Moore and Byron, when they have drawn their themes from holy writ, have so far transcended their wonted powers of song, that we might almost suppose the harp to have been for the time wrested from them, and swept by an angel's hand.

But it is time for us to bring these remarks to a close. We have spoken of the indebtedness of modern poetry to the Bible. This view must have even more of truth in the future, than in the past. The time is close at hand, when poetry must depend entirely on the genius of Christianity for its imagery, its vitality, and its power. Poetry has always resorted, and must ever resort, to the region of the unexplored, the inaccessible, the dimly seen, for its themes, its materials, and its fountains of inspiration. Such a region has hitherto been open upon earth. When the whole expanse of nature was as a sealed book, the mystery, which brooded over every scene and event of life, furnished ample scope for the play of poetic fancy. And since the earth has been measured, the deep sounded, and the ordinances of the heavens registered, superstition has still kept open a world of marvel and mystery, on which modern poets have hitherto drawn deeply. But clouds are rolling away from the whole earth. Mystery is everywhere lifting her veil. The terrestrial empire of the unknown and the wonderful is retreating and vanishing, before the resistless progress of truth and fact. Science and knowledge have started imagination from her every earthly covert, and left her no resting place, but in those boundless and exhaustless prospects of the true, the good, the infinite, the eternal, which the Bible brings to view. Poetry then can live only by being baptized into the Holy Spirit, by becoming the handmaid of devotion; nor can the time be far distant, when every lyre shall strike seraphic tones, — when every strain shall breathe of heaven and sing the way.

A. P. P.

TO YOUNG.

From the German of Klopstock. By C. T. Brooks.

Die, prophetic old man, die! for thy branch of palm
Long hath budded and bloomed; long has the tear of joy
Stood in the eyes of immortals,
Waiting, trembling to welcome thee.

Still thou tarriest? and hast up to the clouds, e'en now,
Thine own monument reared! For the freethinker sits
Pensive, solemnly watching
Those night-hours with thee, and feels

That thy deep-rolling song, bodeful of coming doom,
Sings prophetic to him, — feels all that Wisdom means,
When she speaks of the judgment
And the trump that shall wake the dead.

Die! thou hast taught me to know, e'en the dread name of Death
Like a jubilee-song sounds in a just man's mouth;
But still be thou my teacher;
Die, and ever my genius be!

SKETCHES OF HOPKINSIANISM.

It appears from authentic sources of information, that about twenty-five years ago, the celebrated Dr. Emmons, having passed the age of threescore and ten years, and being apprehensive, that the end of his earthly course was draw-

ing near; and anticipating that after he should die there would be an interment and a funeral discourse; and having a desire, as it was natural he should have, that justice might be done to his memory, which could be expected only from a friendly hand, suggested a wish to Mr. Williams, then a Congregational minister in Providence, that he would undertake that service. Mr. Williams complied, and forthwith composed the Sermon, carried it to Dr. Emmons, read it, and received the Doctor's remarks. This is said to have been done repeatedly; so that we have here, *in fact*, what, many years ago, we had *in fiction*, "a minister preaching his own funeral sermon."* We undertake not to say that there was any impropriety in all this; and have, in regard to it, only to remark, that we may safely rely on the accuracy and faithfulness of the representations given in the sermon, that Dr. Emmons was (at the least, aimed to be) just such a minister as the sermon describes.

Gathering our materials from this discourse and from other sources, we propose to offer some brief notices of the character and writings of this distinguished man, and of the part taken by a few others, also remarkable men, in the controversies that grew out of the opinions first broached by Dr. Hopkins.

Nathaniel Emmons was born in East Haddam, now Millington, Connecticut, on the first day of May, 1745. He entered Yale College when eighteen years of age, and was graduated four years after, 1767. He closed his college course with blushing honors, having assigned to him the Cliosophic Oration, delivered at the conclusion of the examination of his class for the Baccalaureate. He then employed four years in studies preparatory to the Christian ministry; two of them with Mr. Strong of Coventry; the other two with Dr. Smalley of Bertin, Connecticut. It is not said, but the fact seems to be implied, that Emmons was educated under the influences of the Old Light School, and studied divinity two years in that connexion; that he then sustained a change in his religious views, and went over to the New Lights. He made his public profession of religion about this time. It has been represented that he passed through a scene of deep mental depression, caused more,

* The Official Character of the Rev. Nathaniel Emmons, D. D. Taught and shown in a Sermon on his Life and Death. By Rev. Thomas Williams, of East Greenwich, Rhode Island.

however, by the difficulties which perplexed his *reason* than by those which thwarted his *heart*. For a considerable time he was in utter darkness. He could not see the rectitude and beauty of God's moral kingdom. "At length," said he, "I thought I saw one gleam of light. Keeping my eye fixed upon it, the brightness seemed to increase. And by steadily looking to that light, it has grown brighter and brighter to the present day." This scrap of Dr. Emmons's religious experience may serve as an index to many chapters and volumes on the same subject. The mistake is often made of regarding the just remonstrances of reason, as being the vile rebellion of the heart. President Edwards states that he remembered the time when, in his youth, the orthodox "doctrines of grace appeared to him *unreasonable and unrighteous*." His moral nature was then unprejudiced. Its dictates were impartial and just. But he was taught to consider them as the murmurs of the carnal mind; that the pride of human reasoning must be put down; that it is the office of humility to be still and submissive. But where is the propriety of silencing the voice of pure *reason*, and misnaming it the rebellion of pride? Do not the Scriptures often appeal to *the reason* of mankind? And is that real and enlightened humility, which gives up the testimony of one's own heart, and bows to the dogma of a reigning creed? It is when the heart bends before the throne of duty and of truth that there is humility; the rest is but self-deception.

Mr. Emmons now took his stand with the New Lights. "He was," says the author of the Funeral Sermon, "the last and the youngest of the old school, the first and the oldest of the new; the wisest and the best of them both." We stop not to inquire about the propriety and truth of this representation. Undoubtedly Emmons was considered a valuable acquisition. He now placed himself under the tuition of Dr. Smalley, of whom Mr. Marsh in his Ecclesiastical History says, he was "a man of astonishing logical powers, and contributed more than any one of his age to the progress of theological science." The New Lights had now gained the ascendency in the ecclesiastical establishment of Connecticut. The printed works of Edwards, Bellamy, Hopkins, West, and Smalley had done much to lop off the excrescences of their divinity, — which had worked so ill in the great revival of 1740, — and to give it shape, consistency, and strength. It was now wrought

into a scholastic system, a modification of Calvinism, and nearly ripe to be, as it soon was, baptized into a new name, *Hopkinsianism.*

On the 3d day of October, 1769, Mr. Emmons was approved by the South Association of Hartford County, as a preacher of the Gospel, and a candidate for the Christian ministry. "His approbation," says Mr. Williams, "was attended and followed by peculiar difficulties and strong opposition, very painful to his youthful and modest spirit." This opposition must have come from the Old Lights, who, though now fallen into a minority, remembered the day of their strength, and were still formidable to their opponents.

It seems, however, that Mr. Emmons did not preach as a candidate until 1771. In May, 1773, he was ordained in the West Parish of Wrentham, Massachusetts, now the town of Franklin. His reputation was such that he had students in divinity almost from the time of his settlement. Within the first year he preached at the ordination of Mr. Whiting, Rockingham, Vermont, who was a native of West Wrentham. His theological school was the chief organ of Dr. Emmons's influence and reputation. In this post he was greater than he could be in any other. He continued this school about thirty years, and then, when his strength was unabated and his fame at its zenith, he suddenly, and to the surprise of his friends, discontinued it. It was in the spring of 1805, that we repaired to the Emmonian bower for the purpose of enjoying its highly appreciated light and privilege. We then believed there was no other place to be compared with it. Having arrived, we announced to the Doctor our wishes. "And you have come," said he, "to study divinity. But I have no divinity students, and have done taking them." "I did not know that, Sir." "But why did you not know it? I have made known my purpose to educate no more young men for the ministry. There is a prejudice against me that is extensively felt. It does not aid a young minister's reputation, if he has been a student of mine. On the contrary it is a disadvantage; a black mark is set upon him." "But Doctor, may I not tarry with you?" "Why, as you have come and have no convenient means of returning, you may continue here for a time. I have heard of you from Mr. S. You tell me that he says that you must study divinity with me. He is a mighty man for dictation. You may go to Deacon Blake's, and there I

think you can obtain a boarding house." This we did, and for a season enjoyed the privilege of Dr. Emmons's tuition.

Whether the reason assigned to us by Dr. Emmons was the principal one for the discontinuance of his school, is rather problematical. We have never heard from any other source that it had become a mark of unpopularity to have been a student of Dr. Emmons. He was prone to be jealous on the subject of public opinion toward himself. He often made great mistakes in construing little incidents into marks of disrespect, where none was intended. It had produced many little flare-ups between him and his students. These were, however, but momentary; a short explanation generally restored harmony and good feeling. But in one then recent case the issue had been more serious. The Doctor had accused a student of insulting him. They were sitting at the dining table. The young man, conscious of his innocence and having a sensitive spirit, repelled the imputation. "I have not insulted you, Dr. Emmons, but you have insulted me by making this groundless charge, and I will no longer be an inmate of your house." He immediately rose from the table, and hastily prepared for his departure. The Doctor, sensible of his own mistake, now endeavored to sooth and detain him, but he was inflexible, and soon disappeared.

This unpleasant occurrence, perhaps more than any other thing, induced Dr. Emmons to take the resolution to give up his school. Aware of his infirmity, he wished to avoid the occasions of its manifestation. The Doctor's students regarded him with profound veneration, and retained it to the latest period of life. Though every one may have had some experience of their master's constitutional foible, it did not diminish their high estimation of his worth. And this remark may be extended to his parishioners and others about him. On a certain time, while at dinner with some half a dozen men who were that day laboring on his farm, the Doctor manifested deep displeasure, and left the room. But what it was that gave the offence it was impossible for them, after much discussion among themselves, to determine. He once, on the Sabbath, broke off in the midst of his sermon, declaring that he would not preach to so stupid an audience, took his hat, descended from the pulpit, and retired from the meeting-house. Of this character were the Doctor's peccadillos. And happy the man to whom no greater faults can be ascribed.

The sermons of Dr. Emmons were run in one mould. They had, first, a short formal introduction; then a doctrine was announced; this was followed by the annunciation of the general divisions, the subdivisions being noticed in their several places; last and greatest was the "Improvement," which generally amounted to one half of the whole discourse, and was divided, under numerical heads, into a long series of inferences and reflections. Dr. Emmons made great account of this form of sermonizing, especially the *inferences*. He always observed it with scrupulous exactness, having double sermons, one text for a whole Sabbath, and the afternoon discourse consisting entirely of inferences. This was the chief distinction of the Emmonian model, as it differed from that of Dr. Blair. It was much followed by the Doctor's pupils, agreeably to their master's special counsel. The plan doubtless has some advantages. It is mechanical. Sermons are fabricated more easily upon this model than upon any other. It often admits the substitution of words for things. The spaces are often occupied with mere commonplace, inserted for the sole purpose of filling up. Some points are proposed to be proved which need no proof; others to be illustrated which cannot be made plainer. The introduction is, perhaps, as often a mere superfluity as a requisite preliminary. The divisions frequently stand on verbal distinctions, and afford small aid to a just exhibition of the main sentiment. Definitions are proposed and labored, which might be either omitted or disposed of in a single sentence. Inferences are studiously sought after and multiplied, many of which are extraneous and impertinent. Inspiration is dispensed with; dull mechanism substituted in its place. But why should every sermon be a *ten or twenty headed* piece of intellectual manufacture? Very true it is, that a just and clear method deserves to be regarded as indispensable. It is, however, a different thing from mechanical and verbal divisions. These sometimes create more confusion than they remove. Such divisions are easily made, but a happy method is, oftentimes, a thing of difficulty, and can be gained only by a laborious stretch of active and patient contemplation.

The personal character of Dr. Emmons is too well known to render more than a few words necessary. That he was eminent both for endowments and acquisitions, that he was a worthy and a good man, it would be superfluous to say. This,

by all is readily acceded to. But how does he compare with other distinguished men of his own age and country? On this point there may be considerable discrepancy of opinion. Mr. Williams pronounces him the Coryphœus of all New England, the past and the present. The Edwardses, the Hopkinses, and the Bellamys are placed below him. Not many, we conclude, will accord with this judgment. We should not, probably, do Dr. Emmons any injustice, if we say that he possessed not the matchless strength of the first Edwards, nor the rich learning of the second; nor the profound depth of Burton; nor the well balanced understanding of Bellamy and Hopkins. It has often been said that "Emmons could manage an argument with incomparable skill." He never dared, however, though virtually challenged, and that repeatedly, to try his strength with Dr. Burton. And he acted wisely to decline. Dr. Emmons made too many false issues to entitle himself to the name of a first-rate reasoner or metaphysician. None, perhaps, of all his admirers could adopt all his peculiar sentiments. And most of those, who did adopt them in their youth, outgrew them as they advanced in years. He was ingenious, bold, and independent. That was the individuality of the man. His ingenuity was inexhaustible. His moral courage was literally heroic. In conscientious, modest independence, he had no superior. He formed his opinion from his own resources, and then frankly avowed it. He never shrunk from adopting a new view, when it appeared to him in the light of truth, however startling the consequences; nor was he afraid to declare it, though reputed heretical. It was not in him to consent to wear fetters, or to walk in Chinese shoes. Always orthodox, yet his orthodoxy was his own. On certain points, it would not, perhaps, have saved any other man.

His peculiar talent lay in the composition of sermons. They are incomparable for their perspicuity; as transparent in their dress as they are solid and weighty in their contents. The Doctor was always at his table, and his employment there was writing sermons. He gave to the public some three hundred. With the exception of two controversial pamphlets against Dr. Hemmenway, on the subject of church membership, the closing battle of the one hundred years half-way-covenant war, he published nothing but sermons. The last of them, produced when the author was above eighty years old, is on the subject of Congregationalism. He always stood firmly to

this, in preference to Presbyterianism and Episcopacy, being ever the staunch friend of rational liberty. On this principle he disapproved of all clerical associations, except those for mutual improvement. He viewed them as dangerous to individual freedom.

Dr. Emmons possessed remarkable modesty and good temper. On this account he had no detracters; no enemies. He never provoked a man by speaking of him with bitterness or injustice. The consequence was, that no one ever spoke evil of him. And as while living there was no one to stigmatize his name, so now dead, there surely will be none to hate his memory.

The biography of Dr. Emmons is nearly identified with the history of Hopkinsianism. He entered on the stage of public life about the time that *New-Lightism* was receiving its new designation. Of course he saw its birth, its life, and its burial. During the thirty years of its existence, he was Leader of the host. While Hopkins, Bellamy, and the second President Edwards were yet in the field, the name of Emmons eclipsed them; for he was more the working-man, and thus put forth the stronger influence. As Dr. Emmons's students came "from every quarter," so, returning thither, they became settled ministers in all the northern States of the Union. And when they were consecrated to the service of the altar, it was generally their master who preached the ordination sermon. These occasions were an important means both of extending the Hopkinsian doctrine, and of elevating the reputation of the minister of Franklin. He paid great attention to the composition of these discourses. They are the best specimens of all his works. While friends admired and extolled, adversaries were seldom offended, and instead of dispraise, usually accorded to them the merit of much ingenuity and talent. As early as 1790, Hopkinsianism was realizing its palmy days. It had nearly swallowed up all accredited orthodoxy. It had few opposers, except the Liberals and Arminians. The Hopkinsian ministry became a "Spartan band," active, untiring, confident, burning with zeal, and inspirited with courage. Every year added strength to their ranks. The prospect before them looked clear, wide, and cheering.

The hopes, however, which this state of things excited, were not destined to be all fulfilled. Hopkinsianism died out before

Dr. Emmons was laid in his grave. The late Father West, of New Bedford, was in the habit of saying that it should have been named *Emmonianism.* But admitting it had been thus called, its ephemeral existence could not, on the whole, have added much to the satisfaction of the man whose name it briefly honored, but has so totally failed to immortalize.

But by what causes was the progress of Hopkinsianism arrested? Why did so "bright a morning turn to a dark and cloudy day?" We will mention two. First; it was shaken and debilitated by schism; second; it was unfitted for durable popularity. The schism was threefold; three branches springing from the same trunk; "The Exercise Scheme," the "Taste Scheme," and the "Obedience Scheme of Atonement." Of the first scheme Dr. Emmons was the pioneer; of the second, Dr. Burton, of Vermont; of the third, David Sanford, of Medway, Massachusetts.

The Hopkinsians were addicted to inquiry and speculation. Many points of their doctrine could be explained and defended only by making subtle distinctions; by spinning hairs and then splitting them. "By reason of use, they had their senses exercised" and trained to the work of discrimination. In their controversy with the Arminians, on the subject of predestination and free will, they were obliged to resort to the nicest distinctions for the detection of a flaw in their adversaries' argument, and for the confirmation of their own. Thus was their eyesight sharpened. And a man with sharp eyes sometimes looks at himself. In due time, the Hopkinsians began to look at themselves; to examine their own positions. The spirit of inquiry had always been rife among them. Unlike Catholics and Jesuits, they had never taken the vows of implicit faith and unquestioning obedience. It was a principle with them, to receive and defend truth because it was truth, and not merely because it was orthodoxy. The Hopkinsian system had too many weak points to endure close examination; to stand hard racking. It could not itself bear the severe scrutiny which it was in the habit of exercising upon other systems. When, therefore, without prejudice, they examined certain of their own dogmas, dissent and schism was the consequence.

We have said that Dr. Emmons was the pioneer of the "Exercise Scheme." In the Arminian controversy, the point frequently came up, what relation does the human soul sustain to the great First Cause? The Arminians regarded the soul

of man, — which was man himself, — as *a real structure;* something endowed with a constitution, possessed of certain powers both of action and susceptibility. The Orthodox, though they did not expressly deny this, yet in maintaining their positions of entire dependence on the part of man, and of absolute predestination and sole efficiency on the part of God, did, in effect, annihilate all human ability. Dr. Hopkins was understood to maintain the doctrine, that God was the author of sin. And he inferred the doctrine from the assumed fact, that all power is in God, and none in the creature. Still, however, he did not repudiate the sentiment, so generally entertained, that the human soul is, in itself, a creation, and has an existence prior, at least in the order of nature, to the acts and affections of which it is the subject. Dr. Emmons became aware of the inconsistency of allowing the soul to be a constitutional structure, and yet disallowing it any real power. He, therefore, boldly renounced the common-sense doctrine of the soul's being a previous structure, and maintained that *ideas, exercises, impressions,* were themselves ultimate facts in man; that nothing stood between them and the Almighty First Cause; that the human soul, itself, was nothing other than *a series of exercises* proceeding from God. Such was the Emmonian psychology. On this ground it was easy to maintain the dogmas of universal predestination, entire human dependence, the sovereignty of God, and all others which belong to the Calvinian system. And though it conflicted most inveterately with every man's consciousness of individuality and responsibility, yet this theory was extensively adopted and defended. Dr. Emmons's pupils, almost to a man, and with them many others, regarded it as sound doctrine, and employed it as a powerful engine both to make assaults and to parry off the attacks of their adversaries.

Dr. Asa Burton, of Thetford, Vermont, next to Dr. Emmons, was the most popular theological tutor in New England. In ingenuity and fearlessness he did not come up to the stature of his rival, but in depth and caution, far exceeded him. He took a broader and correcter view of the relations which one thing bears to another, and examined a doctrine on its own separate merits. If it could not stand on these, let it fall to the ground. It has then "gone to its own place."

A palpable distinction had long been made, in the Hopkinsian school, between *natural* and *moral* power; that Man, in

his natural state, possessed the former, but not the latter; that he was physically able to repent of sin and to become holy, but not morally. This distinction served a great purpose. It was, therefore, asserted and urged with the utmost earnestness and zeal; for without it Orthodoxy could not be successfully defended. Without it, the cause became hopeless and lost. But the discriminating mind of Dr. Burton saw that it was a distinction without a difference. That it was *verbal* not *real.* The power in question was not, in any case, *available,* and therefore it was nothing. An unavailable power is no power at all.

There was, in bygone days, a favorite story which circulated on the tongues of the learned and Orthodox in New England. It told that Dr. Chauncy, the cotemporaneous antagonist of President Edwards, was heard to say; "I read Mr. Edwards's new book on the Freedom of the Human Will, and though I believed that the conclusion at which he arrived was erroneous, yet I could not detect the spot where the error lay. I therefore determined to review the whole treatise, having this object constantly before me, to find out where the wrong step was taken. But after doing all this, I am still in the dark. I feel sure that there is a great error somewhere, but it is not in my power to detect it." So much for the story. We come now to a matter of fact. Dr. Burton did detect the great error in President Edwards's celebrated work. It consisted in employing the term, *will,* in two senses, so materially different the one from the other, that two distinct faculties of the mind are denoted by it. President Edwards, like other psychologists of his own times and of all former time, had distinguished but two general powers of the human mind, which they named *the Understanding* and *the Will.* Both these general powers performed various offices; had different modifications of action. To the Will was referred all such mental phenomena as desire, inclination, appetite, taste, tendency, affection, passion, and choice. To love a thing, and to choose a thing, was the same. Whatever a man loved, he chose to love; and whatever he hated, he chose to hate; he both loved and hated because he chose so to do. This was the doctrine of the schools. But it never was the doctrine of the common sentiments and dictates of men. They all could feel the error, but it was not easier for them, than it was for Dr. Chauncy, to unravel the web and pick the knot. This service, perhaps, had

never been done in a clear and philosophic manner, until it was accomplished by Dr. Burton. He discriminated between *the sensibilities* and *the will.* The power of feeling, and the power of choosing, were distinct faculties. No man can love a thing merely by choosing to love it. He must possess the previous and requisite sensibilities. Hence, in a moral agent, such as man, there must be three distinct, general faculties; Understanding, Sensibilities, and Volition. Dr. Burton called the sensibilities, *taste.* Hence his theory of three general faculties, and of the distinction between the will and the affections, was called "The Taste Scheme." The doctrine was rather psychological than religious. Its element was an important truth in mental science, but a great heresy in Hopkinsian Divinity. It exploded the fondly cherished and the much depended-on sentiment, that a perfect natural power in constitutional man was consistent with his entire moral inability. Dr. Burton, being an honest and consistent Calvinist, acknowledged that natural man did not possess the faculties requisite to enable him to love God and become holy. Others, besides the pupils of Dr. Burton, embraced his doctrine. And thus came up the first schism in the ranks of the "Spartan band," of which Dr. Samuel Hopkins once, when near his decease, felicitated himself that he was the leader and the head.

Nor was this the only evil of its kind. Another came up simultaneously with it, on the subject of the atonement. The Hopkinsian mind had a strong tendency to generalization. Thus they had reduced all moral holiness to the principle of benevolence; and all moral evil to that of self-love. With them there must be some one simple thing, which rendered a being, or an action, either good or evil. And there must be some one thing, which constituted the Atonement necessary and effective. But in studying the standard works of Protestant Doctors, Calvin, Turrentin, Petavius, and others, they found that the doctrine of the Atonement was made strong on two principles, merit and satisfaction. The obedience of Christ was *meritorious*, and was passed over to the account of the believer. The death of Christ was *expiatory*, making satisfaction to Divine Justice, and thus released the believer from his dreadful debt; from condemnation. Hence, the distinction between the active and the passive obedience of Christ. But this twofold principle did not fulfil the demand of the Hopkinsian mind for simplicity. It would have but one of the two; and the question was,

which of them? Is it merit or satisfaction? Either of them alone is sufficient to answer the purpose. Satisfaction, by removing guilt and the wages of sin, of course, places the believer in perfect safety. "Blessed is the man to whom the Lord will not impute sin." Merit, also, alone, will accomplish the same object. What has a person to fear, to whom is accounted the merit of having perfectly fulfilled all the law of God? There is, certainly, no need of both merit and satisfaction. For what does a man owe who has paid up every demand? And what has a man to fear who has, by his substitute, borne the penalty of every transgression? The subject of the Atonement standing in this light, it is no matter of wonder that some should make their election of one principle, and some of the other. The majority adopted the satisfaction doctrine. A minority preferred the principle of merit. The leading man of this division was David Sanford, of Medway, in Massachusetts. Mr. Sanford was a clergyman of great dignity and excellence of character; in his personal appearance and manner of preaching, much more popular than either Dr. Emmons or Dr. Burton. He, as well as they, had Divinity students. Others, also, embraced the sentiment. Mr. Remely, of Newport, New Hampshire, composed and published an ingenious argument, expounding and defending "the Obedience Scheme of the Atonement."

We have said that it was not strange, in view of the circumstances of the case, that this division should have arisen. But, did we not know the unreasonable tenacity of the sectarian spirit, we might be surprised at the zeal with which the "Obedience Scheme" was resisted by its opponents. Emmons and Sanford, members of the same [the Mendon] Association, would at their meetings assault each other with the vehemence of antagonist knights. Yet they were both men of much Christian mildness and forbearance; and neither of them could justly accuse the other of, even constructively, making void any part of the work of Christ, our Redeemer. For according to the one, the Saviour's passive obedience, his death, went in full to the enhancement of his *merit;* and according to the other, all the active obedience of Christ went to the enhancement of the *expiation* made by his death. Both parties were agreed in respect to all the facts included in the great work of redemption. The parties, however, especially the abetters of expiation, thought the difference to be a matter of

the very highest importance. The death of Christ, as a sacrifice, said they, is the very pivot on which the salvation of man entirely depends.

And it deserves to be further noticed, that the more enlightened of the party not only admitted, but they openly declared, that the language, commonly employed on the subject of the Atonement, should be understood only in a peculiar and partial acceptation. That when it said, Christ paid the debt; bore the penalty of the law; obeyed and suffered in our room and stead; the expressions are not to be literally understood. For sin and holiness, guilt and desert, reward and punishment, are inherently and necessarily *personal;* they cannot be *transferred* from one person to another. Moreover, the real penalty they held to be eternal destruction, and this the Saviour certainly did not suffer. "The room and stead" doctrine was extensively renounced; and the death of the Mediator, now denominated variously, "an equivalent; an expedient; an example," &c. The explanation of the Atonement theory became as much mystified as that of the Trinity. Known words were to be used in an unknown sense. A line was to be recognised which was acknowledged to be invisible. All this evinced that the Hopkinsian mind was inquisitive; it was verging toward the light, though not with a single eye and an unprejudiced heart.

If the schism on the point of the Atonement did something to debilitate the phalanx of Hopkinsianism, that on the point of man's natural power did this to a much greater extent. It put on Orthodoxy a most forbidding aspect. It was easy for Dr. Burton and those with him to contend with their Orthodox brethren, and to silence them. They had only to say to them, Your natural power is no power at all; it is not available, as you ackowledge, in a single instance, nor in the least degree. *We* give the natural man as much endowment and as great a chance as *you* do. The Emmons men could not deny this. But the uninitiated and unprejudiced would deny, and demand, what propriety can there be in a doctrine, which destroys the balance between a man's obligations and his resources; between what a man *ought* to do, and what he *can* do? Is not God a reasonable Master? If not, how can he judge the world in righteousness?

Hopkinsianism had other forbidding aspects. It pushed the doctrine of Divine Predestination to a point of ultraism that

was startling and intolerable. "Every man was made, infrustrably, either for salvation or for perdition. Every man's character, and every act of his life, whether good or evil, had been fixed upon from eternity by Him whose counsel shall certainly stand. Every man, remaining unregenerate, is constantly accumulating guilt, working out his ruin, making himself more and more a vessel of wrath." These sentiments could not long be made popular, or even endurable, in any place, or with any people. Hopkinsianism, moreover, had lost its revival spirit and power. It had now become a scholastic, metaphysical system. Such, however, was not its origin. It grew out of the New Light; and this was identical with *revivalism*. So it was in the days of Cotton, Wheelwright, and Mrs. Hutchinson; likewise in the days of Edwards, Whitefield, and Davenport. Twice it had burned itself out into darkness. Still, however, it had learned, gifted, and substantial supporters. Such were Edwards, Bellamy, Buel, Wheelock, Pomeroy, and their coadjutors. Disappointed, grieved, but not disheartened, they sat down to their writing tables and composed treatises, small and great, for strengthening the foundations which had been broken up. They yet looked for the clear shining of the New Light, and obscuration of the Old; and their labors wrought effect. The New Light doctrine grew into Hopkinsianism, an ingenious, elaborate, and scholastic form of Calvinian theology. But its growth in metaphysical lore deprived it of its power to excite and sustain revivals. It was by means of these that Hopkinsianism had extended and sustained itself. But in its adaptation to promote revivals, Hopkinsianism could not stand advantageously by the side of Methodism. The disciples of Hopkins were but second best in competition with those of Wesley. They dealt out too much of the indigestible strong meat of Calvinism, to act the part of successful evangelizers and revivalists.

We have mentioned a three-fold schism in the Hopkinsian ranks; it might have been extended to five. The Satisfaction division separated into two parties; one of which, having Dr. Joseph Huntington, of Coventry, at its head, adhered in full to the old "Room and stead" doctrine; the other, with the second President Edwards for its leader, embraced the new and modified views. Each of these distinguished men put forth a publication to explain and defend his position. The adherents to the "Exercise" scheme were also divided. Dr. Emmons with a part of his school contended, that the soul could be the subject

of but *one exercise at a time.* When it had a good thought, a bad one could not be simultaneous with it. The soul was then perfectly holy. A doctrine very consistent certainly with the theory, that the soul itself is but a thread of thoughts, concatenated by an uninterrupted succession. Dr. Smalley, who had been tutor to Dr. Emmons, disclaimed this sentiment of his former pupil, and published reasons for rejecting it. Dr. Smalley regarded the soul as being a real structure, distinct from its acts, although accountable only for the latter. The "Taste-scheme men," holding the soul to be a real structure, maintained its responsibility not so much for its *acts*, as for the *sensibilities* which started them into being.

Such being the divisions and subdivisions of the Hopkinsian body, we have little cause for wonder, that it was destined to find an early grave. "A house divided against itself cannot stand, but hath an end." Yet with all its imperfections on its head, Hopkinsianism was no contemptible thing. It was the natural creature of the circumstances and influences which brought it forth, inspired it with life for a season, and then compelled it to give up the ghost. During a brief life, it executed a useful and important mission. It went out of the world leaving in it a meliorated condition of things, very different from what it found. The Hopkinsians set an example of inquiry and investigation worthy of imitation and praise. While it was this that split them into varieties, it efficiently aided the cause of truth. They attacked many errors which had long been sanctified by their connexion with Orthodoxy. Such, surely, were the doctrines of hereditary guilt; imputed righteousness; condemnation for unavoidable deficiencies; the partiality of God in electing and reprobating individuals irrespective of their lives; faith without works as the condition of acceptance with God, and the expiatory character of the great Christian sacrifice. For though the Hopkinsians, as a denomination, did not renounce all these unreasonable and unscriptural dogmas, yet individuals among them rejected, some one, some another. Dr. Emmons and his school repudiated the doctrine, that men are responsible for anything but their own acts, or that they can be justified on any other ground, than that of personal righteousness. Mr. Sanford stood against the doctrine of penal satisfaction. Dr. Edwards set at nought the doctrine of transfer and substitution. Dr. Huntington protested against the doctrine of partial election, contending that

God is equally the merciful Father of all his people. Dr. Burton effectually exposed the shallowness and futility of that philosophy, which makes actual thoughts and volitions to be *ultimate facts* in the spiritual world. And here are all the elements of a liberal and just theology. And though no Hopkinsian gathered the whole of them into his creed, for in so doing he would have been accounted an apostate, yet to have adopted and avowed them singly was making progress toward the goal of truth. Each of the Hopkinsian varieties broke ground against some of the strongly entrenched dogmas of a narrow and dominant system. Notwithstanding all their subtilties of speculation and extravagance of doctrine, the Hopkinsians made a better use of philosophy than had ever yet been done by any theological school, within the wide and long-standing realm of Christendom. Their prominent faults, as we have just intimated, were an undue subtilty of ratiocination and an extravagance of doctrine, especially on the subject of predestination and Divine agency, which amounted to a form of pantheism. But with all this aberration, the Hopkinsian ministry, as a body, were men of very commendable character and habits; vigilant, faithful, and affectionate pastors; conscientious, diligent, and intrepid teachers of what they believed to be the true import of the oracles of God. In them, and by them, was there a true manifestation of the genuine New England spirit, which, looking before as well as behind, is impatient of confinement, and refuses, knowingly and willingly, to wear trammels, whatever be their polish and antiquity. It was the genius of Hopkinsianism that stayed and dried up the flood of open and gross Antinomianism, which, during the middle period of the eighteenth century, raised its swelling waves and dashed them impetuously on the shores and mountains of New England. This good service, more than by any other, was performed by Bellamy. We intend not to say that he "purged out all the old leaven." For, doubtless, it is, in a degree, inseparable from the technical doctrines of grace; so that where there is pure prevailing Calvinism, there will be some lurking Antinomianism; but he, at least, commenced the work of a great and effectual reformation.

S. F.

BURIAL OF THE SEED.

From the German. By C. T. Brooks.

Now, my seed, thy grave is made;
In thy silent chamber laid,
  Thou mayst slumber lightly:
May the sun his radiance lend,
And the dews of heaven descend
  On thy pillow nightly.

Couldst thou speak, thou gentle one,
Couldst thou feel what I have done,
  Thou wouldst whisper, weeping,
"Ah, green earth and bright blue skies
Never more may greet my eyes,
  All in darkness sleeping."

Yet sleep on, thou seedling dear;
Sweetly sleep, nor dream of fear;
  Soon from slumber waking,
Once again shalt thou behold
Morning sunlight, bright as gold,
  O'er the green earth breaking.

I at last must sink like thee;
Hands of love shall bury me,
  Heaping cold earth o'er me;
But when God, from yonder skies,
Bids the slumbering dead arise,
  May I wake to glory!

BURNAP'S LECTURES ON THE HISTORY OF CHRISTIANITY.

One of the best books ever published in this country on the general views of the Unitarians, and the support they derive from reason and Scripture, is Mr. Burnap's "Lectures on the Doctrines of Christianity in Controversy between Unitarians and other Denominations of Christians," which appeared in 1835; a work to which, as we think, and we are not alone in the opinion, justice has never been done in our public journals. We cannot point to the book we would sooner put into the hands of one, who should be desirous to know what Unitarianism is, and how it is defended. Mr. Norton's "Statement of Reasons," a work unsurpassed and unapproached in its kind, contains a discussion of only certain points of the controversy, those relating especially to the "Nature of God, and Person of Christ." Other points of difference have been stated and argued in books, pamphlets, and sermons, among which, passing over those of a more recent date, we may mention Dr. Ware's Letters addressed to Trinitarians and Calvinists in reply to Dr. Woods, and Sparks's Inquiry into the Comparative Moral Tendency of Trinitarian and Unitarian Doctrines.

But besides that no one of these covers, or professes to cover, the whole ground, portions of them, having more immediate reference to the occasion which called them forth, are too purely controversial to be generally and permanently interesting. For popular use Mr. Burnap's, we repeat, is the best book on the subject now to be had. We considered it at the time as meeting the wants of the public more fully than any existing work; and certainly there has been nothing published since, explaining what Unitarianism is and defending it, which is to be compared with it in point of general merit and utility.

We are aware that this is using somewhat strong language, but not stronger, we believe, than truth warrants. We have never met a person who has attentively read the book of Mr. Burnap, who has not freely admitted its singular merit. It is true, it necessarily partakes in a degree of a controversial character; but in its topics and illustrations it has little or nothing which can be considered as merely local and temporary.

One of its great merits is its originality. Mr. Burnap gives evidence throughout that he has thought, and read the Scrip-

tures, for himself. He has borrowed nothing; he does not repeat the common arguments and illustrations; he makes very little use of other men's ideas. He not unfrequently passes over texts often appealed to by former writers, or if he takes notice of them, he generally points to something in them which multitudes will be conscious of never having before noticed, and which gives the argument drawn from them a freshness and force equally striking and beautiful. On the other hand, he continually surprises the reader by an appeal to passages, which had been heretofore perhaps passed by as having nothing to do with the subject, but which, as it is soon made to appear, furnish evidence of the strongest kind, and the rather as it is wholly incidental. In this respect it resembles the evidence adduced for a different purpose by Paley, in his celebrated Horæ Paulinæ.

This is one of the distinguishing features of the book, which may possibly have escaped the notice of the mere cursory reader. But let any one, we care not who, take up the volume and read carefully a few pages, relating, for instance, to the Trinitarian controversy, a topic hacknied enough, we venture to affirm that he will find it as we say. He will be made to see new force and significancy in language, which he has perhaps read a hundred times, without ever thinking of it in connexion with the subject on which, as he now perceives, it has a direct and intimate bearing; and he will wonder that he had never before viewed it in this light, which now seems to him perfectly natural and obvious.

In thus speaking of a former production of Mr. Burnap, we are sensible that we are doing him but tardy justice; but we could not suffer the occasion to pass without recording our conviction, which we know to be the conviction of many minds, of the great merit of the work, especially its freshness and originality, united with discriminating thought and searching criticism.

Mr. Burnap has since laid the public under obligation to him by the publication of Lectures to Young Men, and Lectures on the Sphere and Duties of Woman, both of them works written with ability, abounding in sound and vigorous thought, and altogether free from the extravagance which marks too much of the literature of the day. We know not what the success of these publications has been; but they are books we could wish to see extensively circulated and read, as fitted to

give just views of life, and help in forming a correct taste, and inspiring in the breasts of those to whom they are addressed elevated sentiments, and a high moral aim. Such books are useful in these times to correct the many silly notions, but too prevalent, on the subject of education and life, and especially to counteract the tendency of much of the fashionable reading of the day, the effect of which is anything but salutary.

The recently published work of Mr. Burnap, which has furnished the occasion of the above remarks, he calls "Lectures on the History of Christianity." We are not quite satisfied with the title. It does not clearly mark the character of the work, and may lead the reader to expect what he will not find. The general history of Christianity, in its progress and effects in different ages, is not treated at all in the volume. The author does not come down below the apostolic age and writings. He gives a history of the introduction of Christianity into the world, with some notices of its character and records, of the state of the world, of opinions and philosophy at the time, with various other matters, all tending to show what there is peculiar in the religion of Jesus, and the circumstances of its early diffusion.

The Lectures are not all of equal merit; but they may all be read with interest; and it is impossible to read them without having trains of thought awakened in one's mind, which it will be found profitable to pursue, and without being convinced that the writer has attentively studied the writings of the New Testament, and gives the results of his own independent inquiry and thought. It is pleasing to find that the author does not write as a sectarian. In truth, he has that just abhorrence of sectarianism which marks a refined intellect, that has drunken largely at the pure fountain of Christ's teaching, rather than at the turbid streams which flow in the writings of theologians.

It is but fair, however, to let the author speak for himself. He thus writes in his Preface.

"Believing as I do, that the Scriptures contain a revelation from God, and that they are the main source of all that is most valuable in modern civilization, the only sure ground of hope for man here and hereafter, I have ever esteemed them the worthiest subject of study and investigation. To understand the sacred records completely, and to comprehend the wisdom of the Divine plan, which arranged the time, the place, and the circumstances of the advent of the Author and Finisher of

our faith, has never been granted to any human mind. To the understanding of this most interesting subject any original inquirer may contribute something, and he has the satisfaction of knowing that no particle of truth is ever lost. However humble the source from which it emanates, it is cast into the common treasury of the human mind, and does something to help forward the grand approximation towards the truth, which is constantly going on while the ages roll away.

"The first requisite to the understanding of the New Testament is a thorough knowledge of the circumstances, opinions, and expectations of the age of Christ and the Apostles. When these are ascertained, the darkest passages become plain and intelligible. We learn immediately to draw the necessary distinction between substance and form, between the essential truths of Christianity, and the mode of representation by which they were adapted to a particular people, between figures of speech and literal statements, between logical proof and analogical illustration, between the language of the heart and affections and that of the reason and intellect, between what is fundamental and eternal, and what is accessory and transitory.

"But the most precious fruit of biblical research is the entire prostration of the walls of sectarian prejudice and exclusiveness. No one can proceed far without discovering, that the principal controversies, which have divided the church, have been upon points either unimportant in themselves, or entirely foreign to Christianity. A moderate degree of critical learning, combined with any measure of candor and fairness, would suffice, either to settle most of the controversies in existence, or to demonstrate that it is of little importance which way they are decided." — *Preface*, pp. iii – v.

The first Lecture relates to the Mosaic Dispensation, and the various influences to which the minds of the Jews were subjected, the effects of which were visible on their literature, character, and habits of thinking. The second begins with the following just statement. "No one can open the New Testament without perceiving, not only that the world has changed since the closing of the Old, but that it has advanced. No one can read the first discourse of Christ, for instance, without discovering that it is adapted to a much higher state of intellectual cultivation than any part of the Old Testament. One is addressed to the childhood, the other to the maturity of man." The object of the Lecture is to show how this "intellectual advancement" was brought about, and the attention of

the reader is directed to the influence of the Greek literature and philosophy, which "made part of the preparation of the world for the advent of the Redeemer."

The next five Lectures treat of the Persian Empire, and the effects of the captivity on the Jewish mind and character; the conquests of Alexander and the Romans, and their results; the character of the Pagan religions; the religion of the Jews, and Jewish sects. The account of the origin and services of the Synagogue, in the sixth Lecture, will be read with interest, as our modern preaching, text and all, may be directly traced back to those time-honored services; and in truth, "the Synagogue was the cradle of Christianity."

"I turn now from the temple to the synagogue. Though the provisions under the first temple for worship may seem to us ample, those for religious instruction, compared with our present usages, must appear deficient. There is a tradition that this was the opinion of the Jews themselves after their return from the Babylonish captivity. It is said, that during their exile, they were led to reflect on the causes of their awful apostacy from Jehovah. And among them occurred as one of the most prominent, the ignorance into which they had fallen of the laws of Moses, and the fundamental principles of their religion. After their return they attempted to remedy the evil by building synagogues, or places of assembly, in every town and village throughout the country.

"A more probable account of the matter to my mind is, that after their return from Chaldea the difficulties of imparting religious instruction were greatly increased, and roused them to new efforts. The Hebrew had become a dead language, and of course inaccessible to the mass of the people, except by an interpreter. They could no longer read their Scriptures at home, and when they pleased. The office of religious instructor could no longer be performed by the Levite as such, but he was obliged to add to his other qualifications the accomplishments of a scholar, and be able to read the Hebrew and interpret it into the Chaldee. This might be done for a while in families. But the natural course of things would be for many families to assemble on the Sabbath, and listen while one interpreted. When the assembly grew beyond the dimensions of a house, a special building for that purpose would be the most natural resort. Thus originated the synagogue. How they sprung up may be readily suggested by what is recorded to have taken place immediately after the return of the Jews, and their reëstablishment in Jerusalem under Ezra and Nehe-

miah. In the eighth chapter of the book of Nehemiah we read, that on a certain day at the feast of trumpets, in the year four hundred and forty-four before Christ, the people being assembled at Jerusalem desired to hear their law. 'And all the people gathered themselves together as one man into the street that was before the water gate: and they spake unto Ezra the Scribe, to bring the book of the law of Moses, which the Lord had commanded Israel. And Ezra brought the book of the law before the congregation, and he read therein before the street that was before the water gate from the morning until mid-day, before the men and the women and those that could understand, and the ears of all the people were attentive unto the book of the law. And Ezra the Scribe stood upon a pulpit of wood, which they had made for the purpose.' At his side stood thirteen of the principal elders of the nation whose names are given. 'And Ezra opened the book in the sight of all the people, for he was above all the people, and when he had opened it all the people stood up. And Ezra blessed the Lord, the great God, and all the people answered, Amen, Amen, with lifting up their hands, and they bowed their heads and worshipped the Lord with their faces to the ground.' Then thirteen of the Levites, whose names are also given, 'caused the people to understand the law, and gave the sense,' that is, interpreted it from Hebrew into Chaldee.

"Then and there, in a street of Jerusalem, growing out of the circumstances, nay, the difficulties of the time, was born the great instrument of the spiritual regeneration of the world, the invention of preaching; an institution which has done more to change the face of the world, and to elevate the level of society above anything which was known in ancient times, than anything else that can be named. 'For after that in the wisdom of God, the world by wisdom knew not God, it pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe.' The synagogue was modelled upon the assembly of Ezra, the Christian church was copied in a great measure after the forms of the synagogue, and the very pulpit in which I now stand is a lineal descendant of the one which they built for Ezra two thousand two hundred and eighty-five years ago in the street of Jerusalem."—pp. 114–117.

We next come to John the Baptist, who forms the subject of one Lecture; then to "Christ's first discourses;" and the "Apostles Christ's witnesses." Mr. Burnap very properly states the office of the apostles, which was to testify to facts, not to teach the metaphysics of creeds. We commend the

following passage to the attention of those, who are anxious and distress themselves about questions relating to the metaphysical nature and rank of the Son.

"Such is the testimony of those twelve witnesses, on whose evidence the faith of the Christian Church has rested from the beginning. And nothing can be plainer than that their testimony, being founded on what they saw and heard, goes no further than the life, the doctrines, the miracles, and the resurrection of their Master, and these all bear upon his office, what he was made by God the instrument of effecting. They have no bearing on his nature whatever.

"If the Christian Church had been contented with this, what boundless miseries might have been saved, what useless controversies, what unspeakable malice and uncharitableness! Arians and Trinitarians, Sabellians and Athanasians, might have met in peace around the table of their common Lord. That men should have differed in their opinions of the metaphysical rank and nature of Christ was natural, and perhaps unavoidable. The Messianic and Oriental phraseology of the New Testament was necessarily liable to misinterpretation in remote nations and ages. There is no possibility, except by perpetual miracle, of restraining the human imagination. It was natural, particularly among the converts from Paganism, into whose hands the Gospel soon fell, that they should have placed him in every rank, from that of simple humanity to supreme divinity. But the misfortune was, that they should not have had the discernment to see that these opinions had nothing to do with Christianity, they must therefore be left open, and suffered to cause no alienation of feeling between those who entertained them. The ground of these questions is not covered by the Apostles' testimony. Their testimony goes to this extent and no farther, that Jesus lived, and taught, and wrought miracles, died, rose again, and ascended to heaven. Now this is equally true, and equally the foundation of Christianity, whatever hypothesis we adopt as to the metaphysical rank and nature of Christ. And now, after eighteen centuries of controversy, the only way in which peace can be restored to the torn and bleeding church, is to return to the simplicity of the Apostolic testimony. There always has been, and there probably always will be, the widest differences of opinion as to the metaphysical rank and nature of Christ. This will do no harm so long as they are held merely as matters of opinion. But they become the cause of unspeakable mischief, as soon as one attempts to force his own opinions upon another. The question which is

vital to Christianity is not what Christ was metaphysically, but whether God did or did not send him to enlighten and save the world. The Apostolic testimony, the facts to which they bear witness to all ages, go to this extent and no farther.

Just so it is with the doctrine of the Trinity. On this point, as a doctrine of Christianity, I can have no dispute with any man. To me it is a matter of abstract speculation. It has nothing to do, except incidentally, with Christianity. A man tells me, that he believes that Jesus of Nazareth was the Infinite Jehovah. I do not reproach him, I do not blame him, I merely tell him, that to my apprehension his belief goes beyond the facts of the Apostolic testimony. I go back to the record of Peter's testimony after having been with him during his whole ministry, "How God anointed Jesus of Nazareth with the Holy Ghost, and with power, who went about doing good, and healing all manner of sickness, for God was with him." I ask him in turn, if he believes that God sent Jesus of Nazareth to be the Saviour of the world? If he answers in the affirmative, I welcome him as a Christian, I give him the right hand of fellowship, because he believes the very proposition which the twelve witnesses, whom Jesus summoned about him, were sent to testify to the world. I could not do otherwise as a conscientious man, whatever might be my private opinion, whichever of the thousand hypotheses I might adopt of the rank and nature of Christ. For I read in the second chapter of Acts of the admission of three thousand into the church for their assent to a discourse of Peter, in which not one word was said of the nature of Jesus, other than that he was "a man approved of God by miracles and wonders and signs which God did by him," and that "God hath made that same Jesus whom ye have crucified both Lord and Christ." After this, I dare not propose any conditions of admission into the Christian Church, which should involve any hypothesis as to Christ's nature." — pp. 191 – 194.

These are views which cannot be too often reiterated, and can never be out of place as long as the world shall stand.

The gradual illumination of the Apostles furnishes the subject of the next Lecture, which is followed by one on the character, history, and preaching of Paul. The topics of the remaining Lectures are, the first controversy in the Christian Church; faith in Christ; the Epistle to the Hebrews; Epistle to the Romans; and to the Corinthians; analysis of the New Testament.

Mr. Burnap is no seeker after novelties. He is content to

go back for his religion to Jesus of Nazareth, and to the New Testament, as containing a record of his teachings and life, carefully distinguishing, however, between facts and doctrines, on the one hand, and opinions and phraseology, or mere forms of speech, on the other. In this connexion we give a single extract, not as containing anything new, but as furnishing suggestions which may not be familiar to every reader of the New Testament.

"Christ came as a religious teacher, to make known to us on satisfactory authority all that is necessary for us, as religious beings to know, in order to obtain eternal happiness. He came not to anticipate the discoveries of science, or to correct the false opinions which had prevailed in consequence of the want of science, upon the subjects of astronomy, metaphysics, physiology, &c. It was necessary for him to use the current language of the time upon these subjects. Any departure from it would have involved him in vexatious and profitless controversy with his contemporaries, entirely foreign to the purposes of his mission. And if he had thought it necessary to set the world right on every collateral subject before he could teach them religion, the last sun of his ministry would have set before he would have prepared the way for the commencement of his real mission. When, therefore, he uses the language of the age, which implies the truth of certain opinions, in illustration of the truths which he taught, neither he, nor his religion, can justly be made responsible for the truth of those opinions. Hence arises the necessity of drawing a distinction between the doctrines of Christ, and the opinions adverted to in the New Testament. The former are to be received as a part of our faith, the latter as opinions belonging to the time, and are to be received or rejected according to their own intrinsic probability. For instance, in the parable of the sower, Jesus speaks of the rising of the sun. This expression is conformed to the astronomy of the time, which supposed the earth to be placed in the centre, and the sun, moon, and stars to revolve round it. Modern astronomy has discovered that this is not the fact. It is an optical illusion. The sun is stationary, and neither rises nor sets. The earth turns on its axis, and produces that appearance. But was it necessary for Jesus, before he uttered that exquisite parable, so full of truth and beauty, to pause and explain the true nature of the solar system? His audience would have either disputed his assertions, or laughed him to scorn. Are we then to make it an article of Christian faith, to be forced upon men's consciencies upon the authority of Christ,

that the sun actually rises, and that the modern system of astronomy is false, because such an inference may be drawn from the language of Christ?

"Just so it was with regard to the language which he uses concerning demoniacal possession. It was supposed that many diseases, particularly derangement, were caused by the devil, or were the work of malignant spirits, just as our ancestors a few hundred years ago believed in witches. The progress of science dispelled this superstition, and attributed these phenomena to their real cause, the disorder of the brain or nervous system. Is Christ, because he adopted the language which was based upon this superstition, to be made responsible for the truth of this hypothesis? By no means. He never made it a subject of direct teaching. He never made a positive assertion concerning it. It was an opinion which had prevailed long before his ministry, and one which he saw fit neither to assert nor deny. It may be said, that he used language which seemed to imply the truth of the hypothesis of demoniacal possession; and so he did with regard to the sun's rising. But as it was no part of his office to teach astronomy or physiology, he naturally and properly adopted the language which was in common use at that period upon these subjects, leaving to the progress of science to correct the errors which then prevailed." — pp. 358 – 360.

It is highly creditable to Mr. Burnap, that in addition to his arduous duties, — the more arduous from his somewhat isolated position, — he can find time for services which are, in some sort, extra-professional, but which have for their object to promote the moral and intellectual welfare of his fellow beings. We honor his industry; we honor still more the spirit which animates him; and if our voice can cheer him in his labors, we would gladly utter an encouraging word, and bid him go on with heart and hope.

A. L.

OMNIA.

EVIL.

How essential to man's highest happiness, to his present and ultimate true greatness, are the conflicts to which life calls him. War is sometimes defended, on the ground, that it ends in blessings not wholly disproportioned to the evils which palpably it brings along with it. The Christian warfare differs from this, in that it is a warfare for its own sake. It is a warfare, the end of which is not something else, and something better, but whose end is itself. Except that it is not, as every one's experience convinces him, in any respect sport, it might be more fitly compared to trials of skill with weapons. Strength, greater skill, are here the only objects, conflict and collision the only means by which they are to be attained. So it is in life. The bitterest and most dangerous encounters, we ever engage in, are but so many golden opportunities of the soul's more quick and vigorous growth. As in real or mimic fight the more equal, or sometimes even superior to ourselves, the antagonist, the more our arm is nerved and the whole energy of our being put forth for our deliverance, so, in life, the more violent the temptation, the more heart-oppressing the trial, the harder the labor, the greater the good that redounds to the soul. Its powers are the more put to their proof, and the sincerity of its attachment to God and his will the more satisfactorily shown. It is only through conflict and resistance that we may ever look to become real men on earth, and more than men in heaven.

If any one would only take the trouble to picture to himself such a scene as he in his thoughtlessness often wishes life was, where existence shall flow on placid and undisturbed, where desire shall never wander, nor passion betray, nor outward objects ever tempt, where knowledge shall pour itself into the passive mind, and, in a word, all virtue and all attainment come with a wish, and rest and repose make up the days and years of such a being; and then compare a creature, like man, formed under its influences, with man, as formed, or rather created, by the exposure, trial, temptation, duty, and toil of earth, could he hesitate one moment which to pronounce the greater, and more glorious of the two? Would he not, then, see that it is this

very difficulty and darkness of which we are so apt to complain, that in truth constitute the glory and worth of life, — that just as strength of body results from exercise, and rough encounters with others, with labor, and with the elements, so does strength of soul, rectitude, purity, conscientiousness, exaltation above the poor gratifications of sense, spring from the spiritual conflicts of the mind with the innumerable forms of temptation, error, and sin. So that the presence of evil is the glory of human life; for out of this grow, what could never grow otherwise, so far as we can see, a mind vigorous from the pursuit of knowledge, through a thousand forms of error, and a soul that has chosen virtue, and from choice adhered to it, in the face of temptations the most seducing, which the heart of man can conceive. And what good, of which we have any knowledge, or of which we can frame a conception, is to be compared with this? The opportunity afforded by the life on earth, to seize this good and make it our own, is one, than which we in vain attempt to imagine a greater or better, in any region of the infinite universe. Everything great and good seems thus to be placed within our reach. We have only to stretch out our hand, and it is our own.

Evil then is good. It is by this ministry that the true life of man is unfolded. He becomes a genuine man just in the proportion in which evil solicits and is withstood, just in the proportion in which difficulties throng and darken the way of knowledge, of truth, and of virtue. To find fault with such a state of things, what is it but to complain that the power is given us to raise ourselves not only to the highest point of humanity, but to seats of angels and archangels; — to complain that we *are* men, and may make ourselves anything? Does not he, who complains of labor, of hard work, of the difficulties of goodness, of the evils that beset the path of life, in truth complain that he is a man — and not rather a mere animal — mindless, heartless, soulless animal. For with the first entrance of a reasoning mind, of the feeling of right and wrong, of the sense of duty, of a power to discriminate between truth and error — into a created being, is not the outward world that instant, wherever and whatever it may be, filled both with temptation and difficulty? It is the nature we have that crowds the world so with what we call moral evil — the only evil. It surely is not in the material world, or any of its objects. Take away conscience, reason, the moral power of

choice, and this world is as free of evil as paradise, or Heaven itself. Impart these powers again — and where shall the soul be placed, and among what beings or objects, where there shall not spring up difficulty and labor, and motives drawing the mind this way and that, and perplexing its power of choice? — but, at the same time, and by the self-same process, invigorating its faculties, raising it to higher and still higher spheres of glory and enjoyment. The evils that are in the world are the steps by which we mount up to heaven — the Jacob's ladder, that joins Heaven and Earth.

PRAYER.

Though it be admitted that holiness is that without which no man shall see God, with which no man shall fail to see Him — "the pure in heart shall see God," — it may still be true that worship is essential also. In truth, one might say that in the proportion that holiness is essential, in that very proportion is worship also; and especially that form of worship which we denominate prayer, so helpful is it as a means of virtue.

Prayer is the intercourse which man holds with the invisible Creator. It is the utterance, as addressed to him, of holy purposes and desires. It is dwelling for a few moments upon our spiritual interests and our future hopes, upon our relations to our Maker and things eternal, upon life and death, and preparing ourselves by every holy art we can use for a return to scenes of temptation and danger. It is laying open to the eye of Heaven, not as if God needed any knowledge we could impart, but as an evidence of our sincerity, all the weaknesses and imperfections of our virtue, all the secret sinful desires of our hearts, seeking his pardon, and renewing in his presence vows of a better service. It is renewing our religious purposes under circumstances of solemnity, calculated, beyond any other means we could make use of, to cause us to remember them and act up to their spirit, when we shall have left our privacy and ventured forth again into the world.

This is not a complete definition of prayer, but these ideas would be embraced in any complete definition of it. But if this be only in part what is meant by it, can there be a doubt whether to perform this duty would have the most beneficial effect upon our virtue? Will not he who begins the day — every day — with an enumeration in the form of prayer

of the great purposes of human existence, reflects upon his exposures, dangers and duties, and expresses in earnest language, in all the added solemnity of an approach to God, his desire to do well and overcome all evil, — will not such a one enter upon the affairs of life in a state of mind more favorable to the higher worship of holy living, than if he had indulged in no such previous self-communion — than if he had rushed recklessly, without one thought that sprung not from earth and sense, into the great conflict of good and evil? There is philosophy, reason, and nature in prayer, not less than authority. Look at analogous cases. Would not the man who had every day a difficult task to perform, a statesman for example, go through the business of each day more successfully, for considering well beforehand what he had to do, and the principles by which he must be guided? Nay, who would dare to engage in such transactions without the most anxious and careful deliberation? Is there any worldly duty, the business of any office, the cares of which are at all complicated or mutable in their character, which would not be more intelligently discharged after previous thoughtfulness and a wise forecast, than if we depended upon the wisdom and strength of the moment? The same must be true in every relation; and he is accordingly not only unobservant of the express command of his religion, but unwise as a man, who, if he aim at all or with earnestness at moral progress, foregoes the use of prayer as the best and strongest defence against the more serious dangers and cares of human life. And if in the common affairs of life we resort to every probable means of performing our tasks well, there is even more need of such prudence in the affairs of religion and the soul. For much more arduous, much more complicated than any other conduct, is the right conduct of life — much more difficult than any other art, the art of living well. It requires that our principles be deep-founded, our knowledge ready at a moment's warning, our faith intelligent and clear — our feet shod with the very preparation of the Gospel. Wholly indispensable, then, is prayer, and that previous arming of the soul for what it is to encounter, which is the necessary effect of prayer. There are various forms of mental preparation for the tasks which men perform, as filling important stations in society. Prayer, in one aspect, is this previous spiritual preparation — seeking about on every side for strength and power. It is not a mere empty offering of praise to God, who needs it not.

No error then can be more material, than because it is perfectly true, that holiness is the grand essential, the fulfilment of the whole will of God, we may therefore forbear worship as a duty unimportant; for it is, though not holiness itself, a means of creating it, which is resorted to, on the truest principles of human nature. Man may not safely dispense with this friend and ally of his virtue, nor believe, that whatever degree of virtue he may have reached without it, it is as true and as exalted as it would have been with it. To think so, were to believe what is contrary to all we know and experience of our nature; it were to believe not only without evidence, but against it. How much more likely, then, it is all we say, is he to worship God as he is required to do, and as he may desire to do, in the beauty of holiness, who shall first worship him in the beauty of prayer.

THE LOVE OF GOD.

I cannot think it difficult to define what is meant by the love of God. It is described essentially, in any definition we may give of the love which we bear to an earthly parent. I should define it as a sentiment resembling in its nature, with great exactness, the affection we bear those earthly parents, from whom we have received a thousand proofs of the tenderest regard, whose aim has ever been to promote our happiness and our virtue, and whose amiable dispositions have bound us to them by cords which no power can dissolve. Our love of God may and ought to be a sentiment like this, — a sentiment of warm, grateful affection. We have not, it is true, seen this wonderful Being with the eye of the body. Is it necessary, in order to love him, that we should see him? We love many things that we do not see. It is the character of a parent or friend that we love, not the outward, perishing form. And if our eye do rest with delight upon the countenance, still it is the expression of goodness we meet there, which attracts and warms us, not the mere features, which serve but as a medium by which that expression is conveyed. It is his virtues, his goodness, in a word, his character, that we love. If for a season we are separated from him, his moral image remains unchanged; and though death remove him forever from us, the heart, faithful to its early moral impressions, remembers to the latest hour of life, and with no loss of distinctness, the kind friend, the wise counsellor, the liberal benefactor,

while in the lapse of years, we can but with difficulty, if at all, recall the face and the form. Such the love of God may be, and surely ought to be. We have indeed *never* seen Him. But his character we know; his benefits we have experienced from the first; his bounty has never failed; his goodness we see on every side. From himself we are for a season separated. From his goodness and the experience of an unfailing beneficence, from the acts of his love, we are not, we have never been, we cannot be separated. These are always present to us; and as it is these that we love in our earthly friend, and not the mere perishable form upon which our eye rests, so it is these upon which we can fix our affections, if we will, in that Great Being whom we have never seen. Frequent contemplation of the works of God, and recollection of what we have received from him, will raise in us emotions of love and veneration, not very different from or inferior in strength, vivacity, and reality, to the affection which we entertain towards those whom, on earth, we have seen, known, and loved.

This is one way in which we may love God; another is, through principles of right action. Some deride the idea, — which we will not, — of any other love toward God, than this. They think that it is possible to love God, only as we obey him and do all things to his glory. And it cannot be denied, that some good ground has been furnished for this opinion by the conduct of many, who, in the endeavor to love God after the manner of men, have fallen into extravagances, that have brought discredit upon religion. But the errors of a few cannot falsify a great truth. The annals of Christianity present us with illustrious examples of men, whose love of God has been an affection as warm and glowing, as the heart ever entertained toward any present object, and at the same time as pure and holy, as from the nature of the Being, on whom it has rested, it ought to be. Still it is doubtless true, that the least suspicious form, in which the love of God can be shown, is in that of a principle of conformity to his will. He in an eminent sense loves God, the single aim of whose whole life it is to do his will, who, in whatever he undertakes, aims to do all to the glory of God. Jesus has said, "He that keepeth my commandments, he it is that loveth me." And a prophet has said, "What doth the Lord require of us, but to do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with him?" How can we testify our love of God in a way more certain to be right in itself, and useful

to ourselves and the world, than by keeping ourselves to that path of duty which we know to be prescribed. The true child is one who obeys, and never consciously violates a parent's command. The true citizen is he who yields to all the lawful requisitions of the power that is over him. No protestations of affection, on the part of a child, would command our respect, or possess the least value, whose *conduct* was such as to give pain to the heart of a parent. True affection is never selfish. It consults the whole will of the object loved, and is ready to sacrifice whatever interferes with an exact conformity to it. He, who is filled with a genuine, all-controlling love, must be able to say, that he has no will of his own; or, rather, that his only will is, to do the will of God. Such a one is ready to sacrifice what he most dearly loves; to forego what he most earnestly desires; to abandon a course he may deem most truly conducive to his interests; to assume any post of duty or danger; to deny any of his appetites, and any of his tastes, if he finds reason to believe, that so lies the path of duty, so prescribes the will of God. He who loves God, through his principles of action, gives not only those evidences of that affection that are easiest, but the more difficult also; he not only muses in private, and communes with the great Invisible upon his bed, but he brings, or aims to bring his every action into harmony with the Divine will. In the use of his time, in the use of wealth, in the discharge of official or professional duty, in the domestic relations, in the placing of his affections, in the ruling of all his conduct, it is his first and supreme desire to comply with the laws of the Being who made him. Love is a principle of such authority with him, that the circumstances cannot be imagined, in which he should hesitate, between his own will and the will of God, which to choose. Just as instinct warns of that which would injure, and prompts to involuntary efforts for self-preservation, so does the love of God, — herein lies the proof of its genuineness, — guard us against even the approach of evil; sounding an alarm while yet it is afar off. Just as it is difficult to conceive of a person, who has acted for a long series of years upon principles of pure selfishness, easily doing them violence; so is it difficult to conceive of one, over whom the love of God has long reigned, doing that affection violence; he cannot be selfish any more than the other can be disinterested; he cannot act for himself alone, (with him God is all in all,) any more than the other can for God alone.

How happy and well ordered would a love like this make life! It would cover it with brightness. Pain and evil would lose their nature. Like that fabled stone that turns all it touches, even the most unlikely substances, to gold; so would this love convert into blessing and honor all the labor and duty, even all the trial and suffering of life.

COURAGE.

To the traveller, penetrating unknown regions of the earth, what so essential as courage, — as a mind not to be taken by surprise, or easily daunted, full of new expedients, not to be defeated in the accomplishment of its objects, determined to succeed, if putting in action every energy, and using all the power God has given, can avail to its deliverance.

Courage like this is as needful to the Christian. A spirit that will not be subdued, crushed, or disheartened by any accumulation of trial, that will not be discouraged from new undertakings, — which, as often as calamity comes, though for a while it may bend, will not and cannot break, but through the virtue of its faith springs back, after each trial, elastic to its place, and displays its accustomed energy, ever ready for new conflicts, and strong for yet worse encounters; — this is what we mean by Christian courage. Its value cannot be overrated. It ought to be the temper of every Christian. For the Christian, the traveller over life's moral wilderness, is exposed to evils and dangers, many more, and many times more terrific, than any which throng the path of him who, for purposes of knowledge or of gain, traverses the earth's surface. The Christian is scarce ever in such a position that he needs not courage, either for endurance or action. His exposures are always; his dangers, not from without only, but much more even from within also, and the call for resolution and the spirit of patience without intermission.

There is nothing, either of pride or presumption, implied in a true courage. The brave man is at the same time a moderate, considerate, calculating man. If he is willing and prompt to expose life when necessary, he is as unwilling to throw it away. It is the fool, who, incapable of appreciating the worth of life, or too much of a coward to act with independence, puts it at hazard for a word or a whim, and when nothing is to be gained at most, but death and the applause of fools.

The Christian needs not, because he knows not what fear is, expose himself without reason, nor put such trust in himself, as not still to feel that human strength is but weakness, and that many a trial may prove too much for him. He, who would exhibit a true courage, will foreknow and prepare for the evil day, and when it approaches will be on the alert, ready for it, and so never the victim of the unmanly despondency of those who, because the sun shines to-day, and all goes well with their virtues and their fortunes, cannot bring themselves to believe that clouds may hide it from them to-morrow. Presumption is no part of moral courage. On the contrary, it is full of humility, of the spirit of acquiescence, endurance, and trust. It is prophetic of evil in the coming years, as well as of good. But it anticipates evil not on the principle of borrowing trouble, but of being ready for it.

To possess and exhibit this courage is one among Christian obligations. When we are restive and repining and despondent under many of the evils of our condition, is it not by our actions, our temper at least, to find fault with the Great Disposer of events, to complain of our being and its exposures and allotments? I know not what the language of such a temper is, if it be not this. Is not this virtue, then, not only of the greatest value as one of the best springs of happiness, but in truth obligatory upon us? To sink too easily under the burdens of life; to shrink from the tasks which our condition imposes; to be turned back from duty by resistance, is to distrust Providence. Cheerfulness and a heart always up, — *sursum corda*, — should be the temper and motto of the Christian. This may seem to require too much, seeing what the trials of life are. Yet when we consider what, and how universal the providence of God is; that he appoints whatever befals; that the reverses and evils of life flow from an order of things which he has instituted and pronounced good, and that this variety and mutability of events has been ordained or permitted for moral ends, that character might be formed, and the Christian grow out of the man; — we shall be ready to acknowledge, that if we do not exhibit this virtue, when circumstances call for it, then are we false to ourselves and to the moral teachings of Providence, and do what in us lies, to render nugatory this whole institution and discipline of human life. Dejection, despondency, fear, when they pass the limits of transient emotions, are essentially irreligious. They unfit us for the tasks of

life, for any of its more difficult, and therefore more important, duties, — for any path but one that shall lie before us broad, and straight, and smooth, with not a stone over which to stumble. And how often, and to whom is such the path of human life? But he who can take no other with courage to encounter its dangers, in a spirit that events cannot subdue, at least with a determination not to fall but after a hard fight, deserves not his privilege of living; and, if he shows himself so unfit for the moral trial of this world, is he not for that of any other? Where can a place be found for him, who will not exert his powers of self-defence?

Faith is the deep spring of courage, — the faith that works by love, — that trusts. The faith that only believes is not faith, it is only belief. Faith carries with it the idea of confidence, — of believing and then trusting because you believe. He who believes thus can hardly be otherwise than of good courage. Courage is its natural fruit. And so, if we find ourselves without courage, we may know that we are without faith. We have what we call faith, perhaps, but it is cold and mechanical, the faith of circumstances, tradition, necessity, interest, — it has not been enlightened by a wide observation, — enriched by meditation and the study of the works and providence of God, and strengthened by prayer, and it has very little of the power that belongs to it. Unless their faith was true, even apostles were powerless. Their voice died away upon the air, like the voice of common men, — the dead heard them not; demons heeded them not; they were the sport and derision of the multitude. Much more will our faith fail us in our extremest need, if it want reality. But let it be that high and holy principle which it ought to be, and which we may make it if we will, and then no more signal miracles were ever done by apostles, than the Christian will do when overtaken by the calamities, or assailed by the temptations of life.

RELIGION.

Some preach and talk as if there were to come a period, the approach of which we should all labor to hasten, when religion and its peculiar offices and observances will occupy the whole mind; and the world, as in the days of monkery, be fairly abandoned, only to a much greater extent. But what can this mean? Must we not eat and drink, if we would live? Then

agriculture and commerce, and all subsidiary and related arts, must forever remain just what they are, and mankind continue devoted to them much in the same way they now are. Must we not be sheltered and clothed? Then the sciences, arts, and manufactures, which satisfy these wants, must continue to the end of time, and men continue devoted to them. There will be differences of condition, moreover, there will be rich and poor, richer and poorer, serving-man and master, so long as God makes men to differ in natural capacity. The whole race must be industrious and hard-working just as it is, till the earth is burned up, or the constitution of all things is changed. Religion, then, rightly defined, can mean nothing more than a principle which shall influence men to engage in these occupations honestly, and in such a manner, that while they provide, as they are bound to do, for the comfortable estate of the body, they do not neglect, at the same time, to make more sure provision still for the happy future existence of the immortal mind that inhabits it. Religion is to be the guide of life, not its occupation.*

THE GERMAN'S NATIVE LAND.

Happy the land of which the following song may be sung! Would that it could be said or sung of our own; but to neither one verse nor another is there here anything very closely correspondent. We have no Rhine winding sea-ward among her castle-crowned hills, with her "vineyards gleaming in the sun," though of oak, and other forests, we have indeed enough and to spare,—America is not, just now at least, an honest land, "where word of man is good as gold,"—nay, her word would not now

---

* Here is one of the most significant religious anecdotes of the day; it is from a late sermon by Mr. Mott. It is full of meaning as it can hold, and is an apt illustration of the above sentiment.

"In a late excitement in Boston, a person met a Christian neighbor, who took him by the hand, and besought him to go to these meetings, and become a Christian. I have done so, said he, and have got religion. I am at last a Christian. You are a Christian, then, all at once, said the other. You profess to act strictly on Christian principles. I am glad of it. I congratulate you. Suppose now we have a settlement of our little accounts between us. Pay me that thou owest. No, said this new-born child of grace, turning away on his heel, religion is *religion*, and business is *business*."

avail in Europe to borrow a shilling; — wicked songs are still sung, — judging especially from some late indictments; — religion is anything but devoid of art; and, lastly, for the Anglo-American heart, it has sadly lost its simplicity.

Happy and honored the land, then, of which the song we now quote may be sung with truth. It is a translation from the German of some unnamed author, by Mr. Brooks.

"Know ye the land, where tall and green
The ancient forest-oaks are seen?
Where the old Rhine-waves sounding run
Through vineyards gleaming in the sun?
We know the lovely land full well;
'T is where the free-souled Germans dwell.

Know ye the land where truth is told,
Where word of man is good as gold?
The honest land, where love and truth
Bloom on in everlasting youth?
We know that honest land full well;
'T is where the free-souled Germans dwell.

Know ye the land where each vile song
Is banished from the jovial throng?
The sacred land, where, free from art,
Religion sways the simple heart?
We know that sacred land full well;
'T is where the free-souled Germans dwell."

SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

Happening, not long since, to hear a sermon, preached by a person a little past middle life, upon the subject of fear, as one of the false foundations of a genuine religion, it was curious to notice, though the sermon in truth was not bad, how its merit, nevertheless, was diminished if not quite taken away, as a friend, upon reaching his library after the service, took from his shelves a volume of Sir Thomas Browne, containing his Religio Medici, — and read the following sentences, as forcible and eloquent as they are true.

"I thank God, and with joy I mention it, I was never afraid of hell, nor never grew pale at the description of that place. I have so fixed my contemplations on Heaven, that I have almost forgot the idea of hell, and am afraid rather to lose the joys of the one, than endure the misery of the other; to be deprived of them is a perfect hell, and needs, methinks, no addi-

tion to complete our afflictions. That terrible term hath never detained me from sin, nor do I owe any good action to the name thereof. I fear God, yet I am not afraid of him. His mercies make me ashamed of my sins, before his judgments afraid thereof. These are the forced and secondary method of his wisdom, which he useth but as the last remedy, and upon provocation; a course, rather to deter the wicked, than incite the virtuous to his worship. I can hardly think there was ever any scared into Heaven. They go the fairest way to Heaven, that would serve God without a hell. Other mercenaries, that crouch unto him in fear of hell, though they term themselves the servants, are indeed but the slaves of the Almighty."

Having opened Sir Thomas Browne, it is not easy to close his volumes without a more liberal quotation. Let the reader then take one upon death, and another upon dreams.

DEATH.

"I thank God, I have not those strait ligaments, or narrow obligations to the world, as to dote on life, or be convulst and tremble at the name of Death. Not that I am insensible of the dread and horror thereof . . . . but that, marshalling all the horrors, and contemplating the extremities thereof, I find not anything therein able to daunt the courage of a man, much less a well resolved Christian. And, therefore, am not angry at the error of our first parents, or unwilling to bear a part of this common fate, and, like the best of them, to die, that is, to cease to breathe, to take a farewell of the elements, to be a kind of nothing for a moment, to be within one instant of a spirit. When I take a full view and circle of myself without this reasonable moderator, and equal piece of justice, Death, I do conceive myself the miserablest person extant. Were there not another life that I hope for, all the vanities of this world should not entreat a moment's breath from me. Could the devil work my belief to imagine I could never die, I would not outlive that very thought. I have so abject a conceit of this common way of existence, this retaining to the sun and elements, I cannot think this is to be a man; or to live according to the dignity of humanity. In expectation of a better, I can with patience embrace this life; yet in my best meditations do often defie death. I honor any man that contemns it, nor can I highly love any that is afraid of it; this makes me naturally

love a soldier, and honor those tattered and contemptible regiments, that will die at the command of a sergeant. For a pagan there may be some motive to be in love with life, — but for a Christian to be amazed at death, I see not how he can escape this dilemma, that he is too sensible of this life, or hopeless of the life to come."

DREAMS.

"Let me not injure the felicity of others if I say I am as happy as any. *Ruat cœlum, Fiat voluntas tua*, solveth all; so that whatever happens, it is but what our daily prayers desire. In brief, I am content, and what should Providence add more? Surely this is it we call happiness, and this do I enjoy, with this I am happy in a dream, and as content to enjoy a happiness in a fancy, as others in a more apparent truth and reality. There is surely a nearer apprehension of anything that delights us in our dreams, than in our waked senses; without this I were unhappy, for my awaked judgment discontents me, ever whispering unto me that I am from my friend; but my friendly dreams in the night requite me, and make me think I am within his arms. I thank God for my happy dreams, as I do for my good rest, for there is a satisfaction in them unto reasonable desires, and such as can be content with a fit of happiness; and surely it is not a melancholy conceit to think we are all asleep in this world, and that the conceits of this life are as meer dreams to those of the next, as the phantasms of the night to the conceit of the day. There is an equal delusion in both, and the one doth but seem to be the emblem or picture of the other; we are somewhat more than emblems in our sleeps, and the slumber of the body seems to be but the waking of the soul. It is the ligation of sense but the liberty of reason, and our waking conceptions do not match the fancies of our sleeps. At my nativity my ascendant was the earthly sign of Scorpius; I was born in the planetary hour of Saturn, and I think I have a piece of that leaden planet within me. I am no way facetious, nor disposed for the mirth and galliardize of company; yet in one dream I can compose a whole comedy, behold the action, apprehend the jests, and laugh myself awake at the conceits thereof. Were my memory as faithful, as my reason is then fruitful, I would never study but in my dreams; and this time also would I chuse for my de-

votions. But our grosser memories have then so little hold of our abstracted understandings, that they forget the story, and can only relate to our awaked souls a confused and broken tale of that that hath passed. We term sleep a death . . [it is] so like death I dare not trust it without my prayers, and an half adieu to the world, and take my farewell in a colloquy with God."

These thoughts are in both a sweet and a manly strain; they speak of a pure life, a clear conscience, a brave heart, and a trusting faith. A simple and natural piety breathes through the whole, and engages the affections as well as commands the respect of the reader. Every part of this celebrated essay is not equal to those that have been now selected, but all is weighty in thought or quaint in fashion, and well rewards perusal. The edition from which the present citations have been made is that of 1685, in small folio, and of course is not generally accessible; bnt the *Religio Medici* will be found reprinted in the series of Old English prose writers, edited by Mr. Young.

It may be interesting to know how a man, who at thirty wrote with such contempt of the fear of death, encountered that event when it overtook himself. It will be gratifying to learn that he met it with equanimity. A friend of Browne — whose brief memoir is cited by Johnson — who was present with him during his last illness, says: "His patience was founded upon the Christian philosophy, and a sound faith of God's providence, and a meek and holy submission thereunto, which he expressed in few words. I visited him near his end, when he had not strength to hear or speak much; the last words which I heard from him were, besides some expressions of dearness, that he did freely submit to the will of God, being without fear. He had often triumphed over the king of terrors in others, and given many repulses in the defence of patients; but, when his own turn came, he submitted with a meek, rational, and religious courage."

Johnson's general estimate of Browne is high, but his reader will not think it too high; nor will he be inclined to defend him from the faults with which he is charged by the great critic. "It is not on the praises of others, but on his own writings, that he is to depend for the esteem of posterity, of which he will not easily be deprived while learning shall have any reverence among men; for there is no science in which he does not discover some skill, and scarce any kind of knowledge, profane or sacred, abstruse or elegant, which he does not

appear to have cultivated with success. His exuberance of knowledge, and plenitude of ideas, somtimes obstruct the tendency of his reasoning and the clearness of his decisions; on whatever subject he employed his mind, there started up immediately so many images before him, that he lost one by grasping another. His memory supplied him with so many illustrations, parallel or dependent notions, that he was always starting into collateral considerations; but the spirit and vigor of his pursuit always gives delight; and the reader follows him, without reluctance, through his mazes, in themselves flowery and pleasing, and ending at the point originally in view. 'To have great excellences and great faults, *magnæ virtutes nec minora vitia*, is the poesy,' says our author, 'of the best natures.' This poesy may be properly applied to Browne; it is vigorous, but rugged; it is learned, but pedantic; it is deep, but obscure; it strikes, but does not please; it commands, but does not allure; his tropes are harsh and his combinations uncouth. He fell into an age in which our language began to lose the stability, which it had obtained in the time of Elizabeth, and was considered by every writer as a subject on which he might try his plastic skill, by moulding it according to his own fancy. Milton, in consequence of this incroaching licence, began to introduce the Latin idiom; and Browne, though he gave less disturbance to our structures in phraseology, yet poured in a multitude of exotic words; many, indeed, useful and significant, but many superfluous."

Dr. Johnson warmly defends him against the charge of infidelity, which had been carelessly or maliciously brought against him. "He may," he says, "perhaps, in the ardor of his imagination, have hazarded an expression, which a mind intent upon faults may interpret into heresy, if considered apart from the rest of his discourse; but a phrase is not to be opposed to volumes; there is scarcely a writer to be found, whose profession was not divinity, that has so frequently testified his belief of the sacred writings, has appealed to them with such unlimited submission, or mentioned them with such unvaried reverence." And adds, "It is, indeed, somewhat wonderful, that he should be placed without the pale of Christianity, who declares, that 'he assumes the honorable style of a Christian,' not because it is 'the religion of his country,' but because, 'having in his riper years and confirmed judgment seen and examined all, he finds himself obliged, by the principles of

grace and the law of his own reason, to embrace no other name but this.'"

One more passage from Dr. Johnson, not without its application at the present time.

"It is observable, that he, who in his earlier years had read all the books against religion, was in the latter part of his life averse from controversies. To play with important truths, to disturb the repose of established tenets, to subtilize objections, and elude proof, is too often the sport of youthful vanity, of which maturer experience commonly repents. There is a time when every man is weary of raising difficulties only to task himself with the solution, and desires to enjoy truth without the labor or hazard of contest. There is, perhaps, no better method of encountering these troublesome irruptions of skepticism, with which inquisitive minds are frequently harassed, than that which Browne declares himself to have taken; 'If there arise any doubts in my way, I do forget them; or at least defer them, till my better settled judgment, and more manly reason, be able to resolve them; for I perceive every man's reason is his best *Oedipus*, and will, upon a reasonable truce, find a way to loose those bonds, wherewith the subtilties of error have enchained our more flexible and tender judgments.'"

BAPTISM.

The topics, upon which we would offer a few remarks in the following pages, are, the meaning of the ordinance of Baptism, the mode of administering it, the proper subjects to receive it, and the duties of Christians in regard to it. The discussion of these points may ally itself to higher themes, than a dry criticism upon the meaning of a Greek word, and a strife about the adjuncts of a ceremony. It may connect itself with the right interpretation of many scriptural phrases, with the practices of early Christians, with many instructive lessons, drawn from the strange notions and absurd customs, which a history of the rite brings to view, with the essential spirit of our religion, and with our purest and best feelings in some of the most interesting periods of life.

In entering upon the discussion proposed, the question which meets us at the threshold of our subject is, in what sense did our Saviour use the word *baptize*, when he directed his disciples to go and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, &c. Now, as to the derivation and original meaning of the word, all controversy may be spared. Springing from a root which signified, at first, *to plunge*, the word came, in process of time, to stand for other acts, such as coloring, bathing, dipping, cleansing, and wetting; examples of which are found in classic use, and among the writers of the Old Testament. But there is a question which lies deeper than this. We all know, that through secondary senses and remote analogies, words come to represent ideas which bear but the slightest resemblance to the meaning, which they were, at first, invented to express. Numberless instances will occur to every mind, on a moment's reflection. Take the word *subjugate*, originally used to denote the act, in a beast of burden, of coming under the yoke; now applied in senses in which the original act is entirely lost sight of. A victorious conqueror subjugates a nation to his power; truth subjugates us to her sway. Take the word *anoint*, originally used to denote the putting on of ointment to one set apart to a sacred office; but now applied to one consecrated, by any form whatever, or by no form at all, to some high calling. We say of a Fenelon, or a Howard, or a Washington, that they were anointed by God, that is, chosen and qualified by him, for the high services they rendered to their race. Take the word *crowned*, originally used to denote the act of putting on a kingly covering for the head; but now applied to any one who is elevated by honor or power, by beauty or grace, by our praise, admiration, or love.

The inquiry, then, here arises, did the word *baptize*, in its common use, in the time of our Saviour, stand for other meanings, than the original one of plunging or immersion? We see not how any one can possibly deny that it did. The glance we have just given at the history of the word shows, that it was perpetually enlarging its meaning. From at first denoting the act of plunging, it soon came to mean to color, to tinge, to bathe, to wash. Even in the time of Daniel it was used in the general sense of *to wet*, for in Daniel iv. 33, when we read that Nebuchadnezzar "was wet with the dew of heaven," it reads, in the original, "was baptized with the dew of heaven." If we come down now to the time of the Apostles, we

find St. Paul, in 1 Cor. x. 2, speaking of the Israelites "as baptized unto Moses in the cloud and in the sea," at the time of their escape from Pharaoh; although the history of that transaction records, that "the children of Israel went into the midst of the sea upon dry ground," Exodus xiv. 22; and if they were wet at all, it was only by rain from the cloud. We find the word *baptize* used in the same general sense by the Evangelists. Mark and Luke both inform us of the surprise which many expressed, that Jesus and his disciples eat bread with unwashen hands. Mark vii. 4. Luke xi. 38. But in the original the word is *baptize*, which is here translated, wash. Now, it is well known, that the oriental manner of washing hands was by pouring water upon them from pots, such as we are told were used at the marriage in Cana of Galilee, "after the manner of the purifying of the Jews." This custom of pouring water is alluded to in 2 Kings iii. 11. The mere pouring of water, then, was called baptism, in the familiar language of Judea, at the time of Christ.

Here, then, we have abundant evidence of the enlarged signification of the word under consideration, and that it stood for other meanings than the original one of immersion. We may see the same truth by another process. If, in the time of Christ, the word *baptize* invariably meant immersion, we could substitute that word in the New Testament, in the place of the present rendering. But this cannot be done. So many other significations did this word have, that neither plunging, pouring, sprinkling, nor any other word denoting one particular act, is equivalent to it. Let us try the experiment and see. Would these texts be intelligible, if they read as follows: "I have a plunging to be plunged with." "And were all poured into Moses." "For by one spirit we are all sprinkled into one body." "Know ye not, that as many of you as were immersed into Christ were immersed into his death." "John, indeed, poured unto repentance, but ye shall be poured with the Holy Ghost." "I indeed immerse with water, but one cometh after me who shall immerse with fire." "John preached the immersion of repentance." "To what then were ye immersed? To John's immersion." These texts teach us how widely the word *baptize* had departed, in the time of Christ, from the oneness of its original signification

A review of these texts should intimate to us another inquiry. By a careful analysis of all the passages in the New Tes-

tament, where the word *baptize* is used, can we detect an idea common to them all, expressed by that word? If this can be done, we arrive at once at the object of our search, — the meaning which Christ's use of the word would convey to the minds of his disciples. But an examination of every such text must be here passed by, as a work altogether too extended for this occasion. It is enough to say, that it is by no means difficult to see a common idea expressed in all places where the word *baptize* is used. It may be more difficult to express that idea. A word, which has departed from its original sense, takes many shades of meaning, according to the connexion in which it stands. While it has a common element, there is also connected with it something subtle, which we cannot tie up and label in a definition. I before alluded to the original signification of the word *crowned.* Who can exactly express all the nice shades of meaning conveyed by our present use of that word? When we say of a mountain, that it is crowned with the clouds; of a man of might, that he is crowned with strength; of the year, that it is crowned with God's goodness; there is a common meaning, which the word has in all these connexions, which no one finds it difficult to understand, though it may not be so easy to express it; and one would certainly fail in doing it, if he insisted upon applying the original, literal sense of the word.

So it is with the word *baptize.* In the time of Christ it had become appropriated *as a religious term.* It had an established usage, in a borrowed and secondary meaning, to which the original force of the word would be as unsafe a guide as in the case we have just named. I can think of no better words to define that meaning, than to call it *a separation by a purifying rite.* This seems to be the idea that is present in every instance, where the word occurs as a religious term in the New Testament, — the idea of separation by purification. Go ye into all the world *separating* by purifying all nations in the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost. John came preaching the *separation* of repentance. And were all separated unto Moses in the cloud and in the sea. For by one spirit we are all separated into one body. I have a separating trial to pass through, and how am I straitened till it be done. Know ye not, that as many of you as were separated by the emblem of purity unto Christ, were separated unto Christ's death? Therefore, by our separation we are, as it

were, buried with Christ. Separated by fire. Separated by the Holy Ghost. Indeed, we can think of no passage wherein the word *baptize* occurs as a religious term, in which this does not seem to be the fundamental idea. Hence, we can explain many expressions which occur in the writings of the early Christian Fathers; such as "the baptism of martyrdom;" "the baptism of grief or of tears." Any literal rendering of the word according to its original sense, whether immersion, pouring, or sprinkling, perverts its true meaning, which is, doubtless, that of separation and purification by martyrdom and grief. We can easily see, moreover, how it was that a term, which originally meant to plunge and to wash, came, in process of time, to stand for anything set apart and pure. In the Jewish ritual, the act of separating anything from a common to a sacred use was by washing or sprinkling. Baptism, by a common figure of speech, and according to the universal and necessary laws of language, would soon come to stand for the effect, as well as the cause. Doubtless this use of the word was still further established by the custom of Jewish proselyte baptism, by which all converts were purified from their heathen state, and separated as children of God. We know that the existence of such a custom has been denied. But the balance of evidence preponderates strongly the other way. The Jews do not appear to have regarded the baptism of John with any surprise, but seem to have looked upon it as a rite with which they were already familiar. The disciples of Christ baptized converts before they received the command recorded Mat. xxviii. 19, as if it was something which their previous habits of thought would lead them to do, as preachers of a new religion. It is certain, that Jewish proselyte baptism was practised not long after the Christian era; and the argument is very strong, drawn from the extreme improbability, that the Jews would then borrow the rite from Christans.

Supposing, then, that we have now presented the vital and essential idea expressed by baptism, and that the disciples of Christ would understand him to say, "Go ye, and separate, by a purifying rite, all nations," &c., another question here arises; is not the particular *mode*, by which that idea is to be expressed, prescribed and essential? It is not prescribed, certainly, by the force of the word itself *baptize*, as then commonly understood. We have already seen in what great latitude that word had come to be used, in that age, meaning *to wet*, as

used of Nebuchadnezzar; *to pour*, in the reference to the washing of hands; and *to separate*, or, at most, *to sprinkle*, as used by St. Paul, in his allusion to the passage by the Israelites of the Red Sea. The derivation and primary signification of the word, I repeat, decides nothing at all. A writer, in the last number of the Edinburgh Review, speaks of one who, in France, had been crowned by martyrdom. What should we say of a reader, who should insist, that the native force of the word *crowned* compels us to believe, that the martyr came to his death by something resembling a crown put upon his head? We should say, that he overlooked the fact, that the term had an established usage in a borrowed and secondary sense. There is the highest evidence that can be given, that the word *baptize*, as a religious term, had an established usage, in the time of Christ, in a secondary and borrowed sense. That evidence is the utter impossibility of translating that word, in numberless passages, by any definition of it according to its primary signification. It is idle, then, to affirm, that we are tied down to one mode of baptism, by the original force of the word.

Again, the prevailing notions, which the Jews entertained on the subject of consecration and purification, would not prescribe one particular mode, as essential to the idea of baptism; and, of course, no such limitation is to be presumed from the words of Christ, who used the popular language of Judea. Certainly, we say only what must be admitted by all, when we affirm, that the Jews were as familiarly acquainted with *sprinkling*, as emblematical of purification, as they were with immersion. It must be wholly unnecessary to verify this by any quotations from the Old Testament. The Levites were set apart to God's special service by sprinkling; the leper was cleansed by sprinkling; his house was purified by sprinkling; one defiled by touching a dead body, the vessels near a dead body, the tent in which a dead body was laid, were all made clean by the sprinkling of water upon them. "Because the water of separation is not sprinkled upon him, he shall be unclean." These words are found repeatedly in the law. And they are noteworthy, as they show, both that the idea of ceremonial cleanness was, in some instances, inseparably attached to sprinkling, and also, that the idea of *separation* was expressed by this act. This is the idea, as I have before shown, which was carried into Christian baptism, the water of which

we may correctly define as "the water of separation." The expression, too, used in Ezekiel xxxvi. 25, is remarkable; "Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean; from all your filthiness, and from all your idols, will I cleanse you." Here the very act of purifying from a heathen state is described by the sprinkling of clean water. In the 10th chapter of Hebrews we are directed to draw nigh to God, having our hearts *sprinkled* from an evil conscience. A passage, moreover, in the 9th chapter of this same epistle, is important in this connexion. In the 10th verse the writer alludes to the old covenant as standing in meats, and drinks, and divers washings, or, as it is in the original, "divers baptisms," and then immediately specifies one of these, — the blood of bulls and goats, and the ashes of an heifer, sprinkling the unclean and sanctifying to the purifying of the flesh. Here, beyond all controversy, sprinkling is called baptism.

On the other side, it need not be shown, that the same ideas of purification and separation are now attached by the Jews to the acts of washing, bathing, &c. both of persons and sacred vessels. This is well known. The remarks we have offered go to prove, that to no one mode were these ideas exclusively confined, and, of course, that there was nothing in the habits of thought among the Jews, which would limit the force of our Saviour's words to any one mode of baptism.

But we advance now to a more important consideration still. There is nothing in the examples of baptism, in the apostolic times, which prescribes any one mode as that which is indispensably necessary. Even if we should admit that Christ was baptized by immersion, and that the apostles invariably practised that mode, it would only prove that that was the mode adopted then to symbolize the idea of purification and separation. Not one word is said to show, that we are not at liberty to symbolize the same idea by other modes which, as we have seen, fully meet the definition of baptism as it was then understood, though for reasons not assigned these other modes were not then used. But we do not make such an admission as that. It cannot be proved, that immersion was always practised. It has been affirmed, that the Mosaic Law did in no cases of purification require the entire immersion of the body; that as a matter of fact, under that law, no such immersions were practised; that the force of the words, to bathe and to wash, is fully met, without supposing any immersion at all.

But, passing this by as a point which we cannot now investigate, if, indeed, it can be certainly determined, it is enough to observe, that the question is open to grave doubt, whether immersion was practised in apostolic times, in any one instance. It is well known, that nothing whatever is proved by the propositions, going down "into" the water, coming up "out of" the water. The preposition rendered "into" is more commonly translated "to," "at," or "by," as in John xx. 4, where, in giving an account of the disciples going to the sepulchre of Christ, we read, the other disciple did outrun Peter and came first "to" the sepulchre; yet, as it is added, went not "in." It shows the care with which this whole subject has been studied, to observe, that one writer has ascertained, that the preposition rendered "out of" is so translated only one hundred and nineteen times, while it is rendered "from" three hundred and thirty-seven times. The balance of use, then, in the prepositions, is strongly against the supposition, that the baptized went into the water at all. But what if they did go down *into* the water? It is a wholly gratuitous supposition, that they were, after all, immersed. The Saviour might have been there consecrated by the pouring or sprinkling of water. This would have been entirely agreeable to the prevailing ideas of setting one apart to a sacred calling, and far more agreeable than immersion to the mode by which the *Levitical* Priests were consecrated, which, as we have seen, was by sprinkling. But admit, that the peculiarity of John's baptism was plunging. The apostles might have adopted another mode, equally expressive of the idea of setting one apart to God, equally agreeable to their previous customs and habits of thought, and far more convenient of administration. That this was done in the cases of the baptism of the three thousand, of the jailer, and of Paul, seems, to say the least, in the absence of all positive evidence, the most probable and reasonable supposition that can be made.

There is an expression used by St. Paul in two several instances, which, as is thought by some, determines conclusively what the apostolic mode of baptism was, and on this account it deserves to be particularly noticed in this connexion. It occurs in Romans vi. 4, and in Colossians ii. 12; in both of which places the Apostle uses the phrase *buried with Christ* "by baptism into his death," as it reads in the former passage, "in baptism," as it reads in the latter. It has been said, that

these words have done more than any other to lead many to think, that immersion was the apostolic mode. But it is by no means certain, that these words have any allusion whatever to the mode. A simple inspection of the connexion, in which these two texts stand, renders it probable, that the apostle used the word *buried* in a figurative sense. Thus he speaks in the passage referred to in Romans of the believer, as being *crucified* with Christ, *buried* with Christ, and *raised* with Christ. In the passage referred to in Colossians, he speaks of the believer as being circumcised with Christ, buried with Christ, and raised with Christ. This allusion to Christ's crucifixion, burial, and resurrection, was after the favorite and universal style of this apostle, who seems to have delighted in tracing correspondences between certain spiritual states of the believer, and the literal facts of Christ's life. But the greater part, at least, of this language, every one sees, is figurative. If any one asks how we can be buried with Christ in baptism, if we are not immersed; we answer; Christ's death and burial are not the only things we are baptized into. We are baptized into his crucifixion, and into his resurrection, as the apostle says, we are crucified with Christ, we are raised with Christ. We ask, then, in our turn, how are we crucified with Christ? Or, to take the case in Colossians, how are we circumcised with Christ? If, in Paul's use of language, our crucifixion and our resurrection are figurative, is it not reasonable to conclude, that the burial spoken of in the same connexion is figurative also? To suppose, that an allusion is made to an actual burial in water, is wholly gratuitous. It is out of keeping with the rest of the apostle's language. It is attaching an idea to baptism, which is not once hinted at in any other text in the Scriptures, — the idea of its being typical of Christ's burial; and an idea, let us add, totally foreign to the notion universally entertained of it, as a purifying rite.

We find nothing, then, in apostolic usage or language, which necessarily limits the words of Christ to one particular mode. That in the age succeeding the apostles, and for the first two or three centuries, during the prevalence of that tendency to formalism, which corrupted everything connected with religion, baptism was administered altogether by immersion, must certainly be allowed. This was, doubtless, regarded as the most thorough and orthodox mode. It was connected with many superstitious observances, which encumbered, and perverted, and dis-

graced the rite. Such was the baptism of men and women, naked, to denote their entire nakedness, before putting on Christ, — the assumption of white robes after baptism to symbolize purity, — the anointing the eyes and ears, to denote the sanctification of the senses, — the eating of honey and milk, — the sign of the cross, — breathing upon the baptized, as a sign of imparting the Holy Ghost, the practice of "*trine immersion*," — dipping the body entirely in at the mention of each name in the Trinity, and attributing miraculous influence to the holy water, by which it was efficacious of itself to cleanse from every moral pollution. No chapter in the annals of the church is so revolting as that which describes the history of its positive institutions. It shows how much more apt men are to attach themselves to what is outward, formal, to the letter which killeth, than to the interior principle, the essence, the spirit which giveth life. It deserves to be considered how much the preservation of Christianity itself is owing to the fewness and simplicity of its ordinances.

When we come down to the early part of the third century, we find that Christians had begun to experience the great inconvenience of the mode of baptism, to which the superstition of the age had confined them. In cases of sickness and infirmity they began to depart from the practice of immersion. The weak-minded and timid applied to their spiritual teachers to know if *sprinkling* in such cases was equally valid. We have the reply which was given in one memorable instance to that inquiry, which, for the enlightened and liberal spirit that it breathes, deserves to be quoted. It was given by Cyprian, Bishop of Carthage, who flourished A. D. 240, a man of learning and influence, a martyr to his religion, and whose decision deserves more consideration from the fact, that it was confirmed and proclaimed by several ecclesiastical councils, not long afterwards. "You ask me, my dear son, what I think of those who have become subjects of divine grace in a state of languor and sickness, viz. whether they are to be regarded as lawful Christians when they have not been bathed by sacred water, but are bedewed, sprinkled. In regard to this, let not our diffidence and modesty hinder any one to think according to his own opinion, and practise as he thinks. So far as my own humble opinion goes, I think the divine benefits [of the ordinance] are in no degree diminished or cut short [by any mode], nor that anything of the divine bounty is at all dimin-

ished, where it [the ordinance] is received by the full faith of him who receives, and him who administers it. Nor do I think that the contagion of sin is washed away by this salutary ordinance (as the filth of the skin is by corporeal or secular bathing) so that there is need of soap and other means of a bathing-tub and pool, in which the body can be washed and cleansed. The [physical] breast of a believer is cleansed in one way; the mind [or soul] of man in another way, by the deserts of faith. In sacred rites performed as necessity dictates, through divine mercy, divine favor is bestowed on those who sincerely believe. Nor should any be troubled because sick persons be sprinkled, or affused, since they obtain the favor of God; for the Holy Spirit says, by Ezekiel the Prophet, 'I will sprinkle clean water upon you and ye shall be clean,' &c. So in the book of Numbers, 'The man who shall be unclean * * because the water of sprinkling is not sprinkled upon him.' And again, 'The Lord said the water of purification.' And again, 'the water of sprinkling is purification.' Hence it appears that sprinkling is of like value with the salutary bath; and when these things are done in the church, where the faith is sound of the giver and receiver, all is valid, and may be completed and effected agreeably to the authority of the Lord, and the truth of faith."— As quoted by Prof. Stuart, Bib. Repos., April, 1833, p. 318. It is a confirmation of the views before expressed, that this author did not feel, that the word baptize confined him to one mode through the native and original sense of the word. It is important, also, to observe that, even in that superstitious age, it was believed that the vital and essential idea of baptism did not lie in the particular *mode* of its administration. If this, the belief of modern times, was the opinion then cherished, it is inconceivable that such an answer as the above should have been given. After the time above named, the practice of sprinkling grew more and more common, until, in the Romish Church, it became at length the established usage. At the time of the Reformation it passed into the Episcopal, Presbyterian, and Puritan Protestant Churches, through which it has come down to us. In the Lutheran Church the practice of pouring obtains. In the Oriental Churches the mode of immersion has always been observed, and exists to this day.

We have now seen that there is nothing in the original force of the word *baptize*, nothing in the prevailing ideas of the

Jews in the time of Christ, and nothing in the examples of baptism in apostolic times, to limit the words of our Saviour in Matthew xxviii. 19, to one particular mode of administering the ordinance. We now add, that there is nothing in the general spirit of our religion to require this. That spirit, as we all know, lays but little stress upon outward forms and rites. He, who insists upon one method of administering a rite as in itself essential, is far, far behind that converted Jew, who affirmed, "In Christ Jesus neither circumcision availeth anything, nor uncircumcision, but a new creature." When Christ said, even of the Sabbath, that "it was made for man, and not man for it," how unreasonable to believe that in respect to the ceremony of admission into his Church, he intended that all considerations of convenience, prudence, and safety even, should give place, and that but one particular form should be tolerated. If so much importance is to be attached to the mere adjuncts of a ceremony, to the costume of an ordinance, how is it that the mode, in which the Lord's Supper shall be celebrated, is not prescribed by formalists? In respect to this rite there seems to be much more to justify one in setting up one specific mode as the only valid one. For how precise, it might be pleaded, are the Saviour's words. "This do in remembrance of me." It does not say, do something *like* this. But "*this do.*" We have no choice left us. If we do not perform the precise thing, we do not obey the command. We must recline at table as Christ did; we must use the same kind of bread that he used; we must dip a sop as he did; we must have the same wine and the same vessels that he had, and so on without end. What should we say to one who should limit the words "this do" to such a literal construction as this? We should say, and justly, that he exalted the mere accidental circumstances of a rite above the grand spiritual signification and intent of the rite itself, and that he attributed a purpose to Christ which is formal, technical, ritual, Jewish, unworthy of the mind of that Teacher, and in dissonance with the whole spirit of his religion. But all this may be said with far more justice of one who insists upon immersion, as the only valid mode of baptism; for in instituting this ordinance our Saviour did not use phraseology so precise and determinate as that we have just noticed, but employed a term of wide and indefinite signification. We do not blame those for their choice who have a preference for immersion over sprinkling. They have the same right to

their preferences that we have to ours. A diversity of practice in regard to this ordinance may be the means of perpetuating a true idea of baptism, which would be more likely to be lost sight of, if but one mode had obtained. But when a denomination of Christians, however large and respectable, insist upon their mode as the indispensable one, when they affirm that without it there is no baptism at all, no entrance to Christ's Church, and no right to the table of his dying love, we hardly dare trust ourselves to express the feelings which these pretensions awaken in our breast. We can only mourn that, after the lapse of eighteen centuries, there should be such a poor and low comprehension of the essential spirit of the Christian faith. We can only go back and reiterate the words of the apostle, true baptism is not the putting away the filth of the flesh, but the answer of a good conscience before God. We can only hope better things from the intelligence and charity of a coming day.

We have now occupied so much time upon the meaning and mode of baptism, that we have but little space left to notice two other topics named in the beginning. One of these relates to the question, who are the proper subjects to receive this ordinance? In reply, we can do but little more than say, that the proper subjects are all believing adults, to whom the rite has not been administered, and the infant children of such parents, whether church members or not, who, we have reason to believe, religiously desire to have their children set apart, to be trained up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. By a portion of our fellow Christians the authority of infant baptism is denied. It is admitted that there is no particular text which commands us to extend the rite to this class of subjects. But the evidence seems hardly the less conclusive, on this account, that it was intended that the ordinance should be administered to them. Without an express word of limitation, the apostles would naturally conclude that the rite of initiation, in the new religion, would be coextensive with that in the old. The same devout feelings and habits which led the apostles, when Jews, to dedicate their male children to their religion by circumcision, would plead with them, when they had embraced the Christian faith, and lead them to extend to their offspring that rite to which circumcision had given place. To prevent the sure operation of this cause, not a word is said by Christ. On the contrary, the affectionate interest which he felt in little chil-

dren, inviting them to come to him, and laying his hands upon them, and blessing them, would certainly encourage the action of parental feeling in the direction here indicated. We have before seen what the evidence is to prove the existence of Jewish proselyte baptism in the time of Christ. It is certain that the children of converts to Judaism were baptized together with their believing parents. If this was the Jewish custom in the time of Christ, the evidence is very much strengthened, that to baptize children with their parents would also be the practice of the apostles, unless their Master gave specific direction to confine the rite to adults alone. Agreeably to this conclusion we read of Lydia, that "she was baptized and her household," Acts xvi. 15; of the Jailer, that he was baptized, "he and all his," Acts xvi. 33; and of Stephanas, that "his household" was baptized, 1 Corinthians i. 16. Now we are not told, it is true, that there were children in these households. But it is probable that there were. The expression "he and all his" seems to point to the head of a family and his children. Certainly a modern Baptist minister would not be likely to describe his immersion only of the adult heads of a family, by saying, I baptized such a one and all his family, or all his. In entire conformity with this view, we find the Christians of an early age practising infant baptism as an established usage. It appears as a custom which existed from the beginning. It occasioned no controversy, as it would probably have done had it been introduced as an innovation. The earliest controversy in relation to the whole subject, of which mention is made, was started about the time of Cyprian, to whom we have before referred; and that related to the question, whether infants should be baptized soon after their birth, or whether, in allusion to the rite of circumcision, it should be delayed until the eighth day. The question was referred to a council of fifty-six Bishops, who unanimously decided that the delay was not necessary. We allude to the fact merely as proof how universally established the custom of infant baptism must have been.

But for our observance of a rite so beautiful, appropriate, and full of meaning in itself, why need we be careful to seek any outward literal authority whereon to rest it? These are practices which carry their authority in themselves. As expressive of a parent's grateful emotions for the precious gift of a child, of his belief in the innocence and purity of the spirit,

which has come to him direct from the hands of God, and of his solemn purpose to set it apart to the Christian faith and a holy life, what act can be more significant, or can be rendered more valid by our holiest feelings, than this of infant baptism? When to this we add, that the rite has been handed down to us through long and distant ages, and that it brings to mind one of the most beautiful acts in the life of Christ, — his laying his hands upon little children and saying, "of such is the kingdom of heaven," — we are sure we do not err when we say, that for this custom the *heart* does not ask for any other defence, or any other authority whatever.

We shall close with a few words upon the other topic alluded to, — the duties of Christians in relation to this ordinance. A sad day will it be for our churches, when rites, of no obscure origin, traced to the Founder of our religion himself, so venerable in their age, so impressive in their significance, so touching in their simplicity, so beautiful in their associations, shall be suffered to die through our neglect. With hardly rites enough to present the great truths of our faith at all to the imagination and the senses, we should hold on, with a firm and loving hand, to such as we have. Let the believer come, and mark by its appropriate act this, the highest fact in his experience, — his separation to a pure faith and a spotless life. Let him ever remember what the meaning of the ordinance itself is, and the meaning of the words used when it is observed, — that he is set apart to a religion which came from the Father, was revealed by his Son, and confirmed by the influences of his Holy Spirit. The three leading truths of our holy faith are linked together in this sacred rite, that he may be at once and forever separated by them from a world where there is error and sin. And to this sacred rite let the parent bring his child. It is the most solemn testimony he can give of his wishes in respect to it, — his prayers and everlasting hopes. These outward ordinances, as monuments of our duties and visible helps of the spirit, we all need. As ministers, we should enjoin a more careful and faithful observance of them; and the people cannot but be blessed by acts which they come forward to do for themselves.

H. A. M.

DR. CHANNING.

A GREAT and good man has been removed from among us. A great light in our moral and religious firmament has set. With pain more than we can express, we write the words, Channing is dead! We cannot allow the event to pass without some immediate notice, however brief and imperfect; without some attempt to estimate the amount of the loss we have sustained, and measure the extent of our obligations to his life and labors. We cannot now do this fully, nor in the spirit of criticism. We intend not to delineate his character, or assign him his intellectual rank, his exact place among great men, nor analyze his powers of mind. That is a work for other hands, and for a later hour. It cannot be done worthily, till the mind is calmer, and can take a more dispassionate survey of the work he has done, and the way in which he did it. All that we now pretend to do is, to endeavor to feel ourselves, and make others feel, the debt that we owe to him, looking at what he has done for us from a single point of view, — a debt that not his private friends and his parishioners only owe him, but we, and all around and abroad, near and far, in the community. We owe him a great debt, which it is good for ourselves to appreciate and acknowledge. He has been the benefactor of our minds, more probably than we are well aware. Our slight tribute of acknowledgement could not have flattered him while he lived, nor can it avail him anything now that he is dead. But it is just, it is due, and therefore it avails us something to pay it.

Probably no man has lived among us, who has exerted so large an influence upon the tone of theology, the style of preaching, and the general tenor of religious thought and sentiment, upon our serious literature, as Dr. Channing. Those who knew of him only as an able and celebrated man, standing apart, as it seemed, on the tranquil heights of contemplation, aloof, as it were, from common life, apparently little engaged in the practical details even of his own profession, seldom preaching out of his own pulpit, and not there even regularly, at least of late years, — those who knew him only thus, and they are many, may wonder to hear him spoken of as having accomplished so much. He is one of the last men they would think of as having accomplished anything. But it

would be difficult to designate the man, who has accomplished so much in his day, in his sphere, and that a broad and most important one. Of the early part of his career we know nothing, except the current tradition of the interest and admiration he excited as an earnest, solemn, and effective preacher. Had he died thirty years ago, only this tradition would have remained of him, with perhaps a volume of good practical sermons; and the young would be asking of the old, as is usual with respect to volumes of sermons, how it was that they produced such an impression as they did in their day; and the old would reply, you must have heard him in order to solve that mystery. That is the way we ask and are answered respecting Buckminster, who died young. But Channing lived to furnish the fruit which the rich bloom of his youth promised.

Early in the present century, a division took place among the Congregational Churches of Massachusetts, the Orthodox ministers renouncing all fellowship with the liberal ones, so called. The way had been preparing for this division long years before the crisis occurred, which disclosed, not created, its depth and extent. The separation was accompanied and followed by doctrinal controversies. In these Dr. Channing bore a conspicuous part on the liberal side, and did his share to define and settle the doctrinal theology of the liberal churches. But this was by no means the greatest service he rendered us. Other men could have done this, and did it, as well as he. He was not foremost in this work. He was most wanted after the controversy had subsided. In the doctrinal discussions of that time, the liberal party were of course much occupied in denying, refuting the points of the Calvinist and Trinitarian, reducing their arrogant pretensions, and rebuking their exclusive spirit. It was necessarily for a time, mainly a work of denial, and of pulling down. And when it was time to rest from this, their position being defined, and they came to consider more at leisure what was the state of their own theology, what was it? They had denied and put away a great deal, and what remained? Alas, but an unpromising aspect of things. They had, it is true, a system of morality, very beautiful and discriminating in its details of duty and virtue, and by the cultivated men of that day set forth richly with literary elegances, and the nice polish of the essay style, — but rather cold, not very vital, not based on the highest conception of God or of

man, not on the loftiest principles, and therefore, not the most quickening or elevating,— a system which both sides alike inherited from the old theology, and the old philosophy. And as for a creed, what was it? The old doctrines, trinity, total depravity, original sin, election, decrees, all that used to constitute *the* creed, or *any* creed, was swept away; what was left of which they could make strong points? It is said, we know not how truly, that the preaching of that time was singularly cold, dry, and barren, — preachers retaining the old phraseology in which they had been brought up, but the life of it gone out along with the Calvinistic faith, dull, common-place generalities, or a frigid, denying doctrinizing, and a not very soul-stirring moralizing. We should think it must have been so to a great extent, not at all from any peculiar defect in the intellect or characters of the men of that day, but from their position, from the nature of the case. It was a transition state from the old to the new, a transition which had been in progress for many years. It was like the Israelites going out of the bondage of Egypt, they were going to a fairer, freer land, flowing with milk and honey — but what a waste wilderness between. So with the men of the time we are speaking of. They were passing from an old theology to a new; or rather, from the errors which men had for ages been interweaving with Christianity, back to the simple, original, and genuine faith, once delivered to the saints; and it is not strange, if for a while they lingered with uncertain steps in the desert between. They had not yet fully discovered the inherent riches, the life-giving power of their renewed and purer Christianity. They wanted it, and they would arrive at it, but how? under what guidance? The name of Channing answers that question more fully than any other earthly name or word.

Here lay his true field, — the mission he was called to. He was the *man*, and here was his work. He took up the liberal creed — if creed it can be called, which has no more the form and systematic method of a creed, than the Gospel of John has, or the teachings of Christ — but such as it was, he took it into the embrace of his clear, capacious intellect, his elevated, ardent soul; he fixed upon it the heaven-beaming glance of his spirit's eye, and with his vigorous pen, and his simple, but glorious eloquence, he made it a creed indeed, — no, not a creed, but a religion, all one with the very Gospel of Christ. He unfolded the divinity that lay wrapped up in it; breathed into it the

breath of its original life, disclosed the hidden power that lay in it, and did more, we verily believe, to reproduce the original, unmixed Christianity on the earth, the knowledge and conception of what it really is, than any other man since the apostles' days.

The creed of the Unitarians, as they have since been called, — their creed, indeed! it is so unlike what creeds have generally been made up of, that no one thinks of calling it a creed; but whatever it is, — Channing, more than any other man or men, has been its modern restorer, the spiritual Moses, called and endowed in God's providence, to smite the rock in the parched wilderness, and draw from it the life-giving waters. The simple doctrines of Christ, which men were hardly able to regard as doctrines, they were so unlike trinity, depravity, election, and various metaphysical points, to which the word doctrines had long been appropriated, those simple doctrines of Christ, hard to be recognised as doctrines, because they were so simple, he made them doctrines, as Christ did, *the* doctrines, the essential ones, the Gospel, — God's paternal character, his love to man, — the love and service which man is capable of rendering to his Maker, man's spiritual nature and endowments, his power under God of unlimited improvement and self-elevation, the moral capabilities that are wrapt up in a human soul, the inexpressible worth of the soul, its pre-eminent and unapproached importance and dignity among all God's works; — and then, moral principles, as viewed from this great height of such a religious faith, disinterestedness, self-sacrifice, justice, purity, progress in holiness, — these and such principles raised up from the low ground of expediency and casuistic calculation, and made principles indeed, absolute, unlimited, sublime, like the very Gospel ethics; and then Christ, the Father's messenger, revealing God and his love, and man and his power, and duty and destiny, redeeming man by purifying, strengthening, elevating him, communicating his own spirit, and becoming to the disciple the way and the life, truth and inspiration, the helper, the comforter, the forerunner within the veil of the spiriual world, — all this wide, unlimited, undefined range of Christian doctrine, was the sphere of Channing. These doctrines so meagre and unsatisfying in the naked statement, what riches did he disclose in them! What great and beautiful conceptions of them did he express and inspire and spread abroad! What power he had to bring down the Father in

his glory and his love to man, and to raise man in faith and confidence, in humility and great aspirations to his God, to open immortality to view, and light up the soul with the thoughts and hopes that give the earnest of a deathless nature! What a character, what a spirit, what a teacher, pattern, redeemer, did he discern and disclose in Jesus! Men had called him God before, and made him one with Jehovah; but no man had ever before attained and conveyed so high a conception of Christ, — none had so truly exalted him above all other things, and all former ideas of him, as Channing. What a meaning and purpose he saw and brought out in the cross and the blood, in all the life and death of Jesus, more than it has been given to any other in these days to see. And who else before him had done such justice to man as he, to the religious element, and the moral power that is in him? Keenly alive to the degradation and misery which sin has wrought in the world, so deplorably defacing the divine image in man, feeling its enormity deeply as ever man did, — yet what a noble faith in man, springing from his faith in God, did he cherish and inspire. None before him ever presented views so fitted to animate his fellow creatures to high aims, and great endeavor, and religious strength, and thrilling hopes, — none had made Christianity so rational, so rich, so vital, so fit for God to give and man to take and rejoice in and live by, as Channing. We are not aware that we exaggerate. We mean as we said, that he first clothed the liberal theology with its appropriate light and beauty. He first showed distinctly its wealth of piety, its vast resources for power, comfort, and all spiritual sufficiency. He flourished just at the time, when just this work was wanted to be done, and he was just the man to do it, — to clothe the skeleton of our faith with flesh, and breathe the breath of Gospel life into it, to flush it with the hue of spiritual health, — to make a heart beat warm and gushing within, and present it to the intelligence of the world, as the freest, truest, best embodyment of Christianity, that the world had seen since Christ. We do not mean, of course, that he did this alone, or he wholly. But he first and foremost, he more than any other man. He had able cotemporaries who did their part in the work. There were several men, able and learned men, who did a great deal, far more than he to revive, encourage, and carry forward, the pursuits of biblical scholarship and criticism, and to establish our theology on the firm basis of sound learning. And there were men who

brought larger contributions than he, from the stores of general literature, and classic taste, to adorn our faith, and conciliate and charm the cultivated minds of the time. The names of Freeman, Kirkland, Buckminster, Thatcher, and others, among both the dead and the living, are no mean names in the annals of our theology. Yet they all leave that of Channing, first and brightest, unapproached in the special sphere which we have assigned to him.

And there were orators too in those days, whom to have surpassed or equalled in influence, is the pledge of a rare greatness in the man we are now contemplating, — men, the lustre of whose fame would lead us to think that an era, the brightest era of pulpit eloquence, has just now darkly closed with the fall of the last star in that brilliant constellation — the last, and in some respects the ascendant one. Very often do we hear the name of Holly, in some quarters, spoken with enthusiasm, — Holly, a splendid mind, a strong man, but not a whole man, and therefore of a brief and evanescent influence; a mighty thunderer at the gates of error, but never attaining settled repose on the heights of truth. A brilliant declaimer on this or that point that might arise, tossing about, Titan-like, in the regions of speculation and denial, but not fixed in his views, without a religious system, or any defined religious aim — he, of course, has left no mark upon the world, except a glowing admiration of his dazzling powers in the minds of his hearers, with a vague idea that he in some way scattered Orthodoxy to the winds by the untraceable torrent of his oratory. And above all, there was Buckminster — that reputed seraph of the pulpit, the fascinations of whose almost unearthly eloquence those who heard him can never find words to describe — the man, whom those of us, who never heard him, more wish to have heard, than any other man among us that ever preached the gospel, — one of the few things for which we could have wished to have been born sooner. He was the cotemporary, and, while he lived, the compeer of Channing; of more shining gifts, but by no means having, or fitted, if he had lived, to have the influence upon the age that Channing has had. Buckminster was the more accomplished scholar, but Channing the profounder thinker; Buckminster was the more classical and exquisite writer, Channing grasped the largest themes. Buckminster would win you most luringly to the particular sentiment or point of faith, piety, or duty, which he was immediately considering; he would rouse you from your lethargy, as

by celestial harpings, and make you weep, make you resolve, pray, repent, adore; he could do with you what he would; he would wrap you in the very elysium of holy meditation and feeling. Channing would lift you to an elevation, from which all things in heaven and earth would assume a new aspect, and would communicate a great thought or sentiment to your soul, that would affect all your views of religion, life, death, duty, and destiny, and open to you a whole new volume of the divine nature and your own. Buckminster, we can suppose, would be most satisfactory and edifying to the mass of any single congregation, from Sabbath to Sabbath, more various, more practical, more qualified to meet all the wants of a mixed assembly, through a continued ministry — in a word, the better minister to a congregation; while Channing had greater power to mould his age, to influence the world and posterity, and imprint his own mind permanently upon the mind of society. Channing, had not that ever-abounding variety of topic and thought, which could take up in detail every province of the wide kingdom of God, one by one, in ever diversified view and illustration, passing Sunday after Sunday, from one subject to another, to meet every case in turn, as is so desirable for a single congregation. He might have done this — perhaps he did it in his early and middle life, but latterly, in his sermons and religious tracts, his interest and his thoughts centered about a few leading principles, that lie at the foundation of religion and morality. His mind did not resemble a general *finding-store*, where everything you want is ready prepared to your hand, but rather one of those great warehouses of the richer merchant, where a few of the great staples of consumption lie ready for distribution over all the land, and across all seas.

Of the manner in which Dr. Channing in the last few years of his life devoted himself to the great social questions of the day, particularly to the subject of slavery, it is not our purpose to speak now, only to say, that in this he was consistent, and only took the direction that he must almost of necessity take, in accordance with some of his leading and most cherished views of morality, of man's nature, and rights, and duties. We are considering only his place and influence as a theologian. We have seen that he was the man to give to liberal Christianity its first, its noblest, its completest unfolding. He, more than any other, disclosed its identity with Gospel principles and piety, and its harmony with Christ and his teaching, and presented it to the world as the richest,

sublimest, happiest faith, that ever took hold of the convictions, or engaged the heart of man; therefore he is in some sense the spiritual father of us all. We may never have heard him speak, we may never have read his works, and yet he has done more than any other to mould our religious views, and color our religious sentiments. His principles, his ideas and conceptions pervade our intellectual and religious atmosphere — we breathe a different air, as far as we can see, for his having lived. He has, by his immediate or his reflected influence, acted upon us all, whether we know it or not. He has taught the teachers. He has done more to form the present race of our preachers, than any other man among the dead or the living. The sermons and other religious literature of the day bear the impress of his mind, more than that of any other man. He would own himself of no sect. "He would not follow or lead any party," so jealous was he for his own and others' freedom; but there never was a hierarch or heresiarch, who has more truly infused his own thought and spirit into a church or denomination, than Dr. Channing has with respect to us, and those who sympathize with us; and that not of set purpose, by no love of sway, by no ambition of influence, but by the legitimate, free, untrammelled, and untrammelling influence of truth — truth spoken from deepest conviction, with earnest faith, and ardent love of it — truth, flowing freely as the air around us, investing, enlightening, invigorating all. We are not conscious of ever having borrowed a sentence, a sentiment, an image, or even an expression from Dr. Channing; and yet we feel that, more than any other man, he has indirectly decided the turn and tone of our minds. He has shaped us without his intending it, or our knowing it. His mind pervades our denomination, like secret leaven, silent and unseen, and yet apparent, if we reflect and analyze.

Dr. Channing has been more printed, read, and appreciated in England than in our own country, because that country is beyond the reach of the local and sectarian prejudices and hostilities that naturally operate here. No American writer, unless we must except President Edwards, has had the celebrity there, which he has had; and no American *ever* has had a tithe of his influence in moulding the thoughts and sentiments of Englishmen, from court to hovel. No American name, separate from warlike achievement or mere official consequence, is known as widely in the world as Dr. Channing's. And this we will venture to say, though to the superficial observer it will sound paradoxical,

and to him who thinks the national character and condition is affected more by battles, treaties, tariffs, and this or that political measure or system, than by the moral and religious tone of the general mind, the heart that is in the people, the pervading thought that, unseen, underlies the character — though to such, the remark will seem absurd or insane, yet we will say, that since Washington, though we have had and still have men of far more powerful and brilliant intellect, there has not been the man whose influence has been, or is to be, so wide, so pervading, so effective for good and high ends, as the quiet, invisible, partially acknowledged influence of Dr. Channing.

And we, and those who go with us in religion, are the peculiar recipients and inheritors of his spirit and influence. He was one of us. He has had his legitimate access to our minds, undebarred by prejudice. His mind and spirit have mingled themselves in almost all the channels of religious instruction and influence among us for a quarter of a century, and will still flow there for the refreshing of unborn generations, who may not know even that he ever lived. Thank God, we have not been called by his name, nor by any name but Christ's; we have not borne his yoke; he had no yoke for himself or others. His love of freedom for himself and his race was his master passion. He has done more than any other man to save us from becoming a narrow sect, fenced in by creeds, and under human leaderships. But his influence, though free and undefined, has not been the less potent, and all the more real and benign for that. — He is gone. He turned his eyes to the setting sun, and with a countenance settled in sweet peace, and radiant with the immortal faith, which was to him in life and in death, even as vision, he resigned his spirit to his Father, and death fixed his seal on that noble brow.

As we looked upon the narrow coffin which contained the slender, fragile form, and scanty ashes, lately animate with so lofty a spirit, and a power that out-swayed the rule of kings, we could not but reflect that no great man could less need to live longer than he. His was an agency and a power that would not die with him. Though he lay silent and cold beneath the pulpit that had been his very throne, and under the arched roof that had echoed to his eloquence, we felt that, though dead, his mind was speaking, and would speak on, when that roof should have fallen in its decay to the ground, and when our children's children should be laid with him in the dust — speak on, and be echoed from unnumbered souls, repeated from unnumbered

tongues, and transfused through invisible channels into the thoroughfares and byways of human thought and feeling.

It is best, no doubt, that we should not fully recognise our true prophets while they live, lest we make them our masters; but it is good that a people should recognise them when dead, at least, and praise the God who has sent them to enlighten and elevate the soul of the world; and how good and needful it is, and urgently incumbent on us, to see to it, that God spread not his light through them in vain to us, that he sow not the seed of his word through their hands into our hearts in vain, but that by all his light we be enlightened, and by all his sowings we be made fruitful in righteousness.

* *

TENNYSON'S POEMS.

Mr. Tennyson's poetical fortunes have been singularly various. Some six or seven years ago he first became known, partly by his own extraordinary demerits, and chiefly by a stringent review in the London Quarterly. It was supposed that he was, poetically speaking, dead; he certainly was, theatrically speaking, though not theologically, damned. Strange to say, his poems found their way across the Atlantic, and gained favor in the eyes of a peculiar class of sentimentalists. Young ladies were known to copy them entire, and learn them by heart. Stanzas of most melodious unmeaningness passed from mouth to mouth, and were praised to the very echo. The man who possessed a copy was the envy of more than twenty persons, counting women and children; until at length Mr. Tennyson came into possession of a very considerable amount of reputation. His ardent admirers sent to England for copies; but singularly enough, not one was to be had. The poet had bought them all up and committed them to the flames; but moved by the transatlantic resurrection of his poetical character, he set about convincing people that he was alive too at home. He broke upon the world in the twofold splendor of a pair of volumes, published in Mr. Moxon's finest style. His former writings were clipped of many puerilities, and brought nearer the confines of common sense; to them were added many poems, never before printed, some of which are marked by a delicate frost-work kind of beauty. The London Quar-

terly Journalists came out immediately with a long and highly laudatory critique, and ranked Mr. Tennyson among the foremost poets of the age, without an allusion to the homicidal attack they had made on him only a few short years before; and without the least apology for surrendering the doctrine of the infallibility of reviewers. The American reprint is page for page from the English, and in excellence of typography and luxury of paper, is not much inferior to the London edition. We understand also that the publishers have honorably agreed to let the author share in the profits, if any, of the American edition. This is as it should be. We hope the example may be imitated.

It does not require much depth to fathom Mr. Tennyson's genius. He certainly has genius. He looks on things with a poetical eye; but they are small things, and his eye is none of the largest. There is nothing wide and comprehensive in his intellectual range — nothing of

> "the ample pinion
> That the Theban eagle bare,
> Sailing with supreme dominion
> Through the azure deep of air,"

in his poetical flights. He has a remarkable alacrity at sinking. Quiet scenes, and soft characters, he delights to portray; and he portrays them with what the painters call a very soft touch. There is a very peculiar music in the flow of his lines and stanzas. It is generally pleasing, sometimes captivates the ear, but often overpowers us by its melting effeminacy. He is a dainty poet. We cannot help fancying him to be altogether finical in his personal habits. He is a sweet gentleman, and delights to gaze upon his image in a glass; his hair is probably long, and carefully curled; he writes in white kid gloves, on scented paper; perhaps he sleeps in yellow curl-papers. We are certain he lisps.

> — ὡς ἡλίθιον ἐφθέγξατο
> Καὶ τοῖσι χείλεσιν διεῤῥυηκόσιν.

He is deficient in manly thought and strong expression; but he has fancy and feeling. Instead of uttering what he has to say in a direct, unambiguous, and plain fashion, as the older and better poets did, he surrounds it with a haze of pretty words, bedecks it with sparkling conceits, and sweetens it with sugary sentimentalities. He is fond of "airy, fairy women," and has drawn a series of sketches, about as distinct and substantial as the forms on dying embers. He is a curious compound of the poet, the dandy, and the Della Cruscan. Affectation is his

prevailing intellectual vice; and it is the badge of a numerous tribe. Sometimes he puts on the simple; and then he outruns the simplicity of Mother Goose, or — but we must deal gingerly with the names of the living, for "caparisons are odorous." He has certainly grown stronger during his disappearance from the world of letters. The trance he was thrown into by the Quarterly did him good. But something infinitely better than he has yet written is unquestionably within the range of his powers. We shall illustrate our view of his character most clearly by giving a few extracts. For the Mother Goose style, we take the second poem in volume first.

Airy, fairy Lilian,
Flitting, fairy Lilian,
When I ask her if she love me,
Claps her tiny hands above me,
Laughing all she can;
She 'll not tell me if she love me,
Cruel little Lilian.

When my passion seeks
Pleasance in love-sighs
She, looking thro' and thro' me
Thoroughly to undo me,
Smiling, never speaks:

So innocent-arch, so cunning simple,
From beneath her gather'd wimple,
Glancing with black-beaded eyes,
Till the lightning laughters dimple
The baby-roses in her cheeks;
Then away she flies.

Prythee weep, May Lilian!
Gaiety without eclipse
Wearieth me, May Lilian:
Thro' my very heart it thrilleth
When from crimson-threaded lips
Silver-treble laughter trilleth:
Prythee weep, May Lilian.

Praying all I can,
If prayers will not hush thee,
Airy Lilian,
Like a rose-leaf I will crush thee,
Fairy Lilian.

The "Song to the Owl" is another precious piece; we do not wonder at that respectable bird for "complaining to the moon," if his "ancient solitary reign" is often molested by such melodies.

Dora has been much praised; but the concluding lines are not remarkably poetical.

So those four abode
Within one house together; and as years
Went forward, Mary took another mate;
But Dora lived unmarried till her death.

The "Talking Oak" is one of the best pieces in the book. The tree is a little *sappy*, to be sure, and discourses somewhat tenderly for an oak; but it was probably a very green one. We would give it, but it is too long for quotation. We have room only for the poem entitled "Locksley Hall."

Comrades, leave me here a little, while as yet 't is early morn:
Leave me here, and when you want me, sound upon the bugle horn.

'T is the place, and round the gables, as of old, the curlews call,
Dreary gleams about the moorland flying over Locksley Hall;

Locksley Hall, that in the distance overlooks the sandy tracts,
And the hollow ocean-ridges roaring into cataracts.

Many a night from yonder ivied casement, ere I went to rest,
Did I look on great Orion sloping slowly to the West.

Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising thro' the mellow shade,
Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a silver braid.

Here about the beach I wander'd, nourishing a youth sublime
With the fairy tales of science, and the long result of Time;

When the centuries behind me like a fruitful land reposed;
When I clung to all the present for the promise that it closed:

When I dipt into the future far as human eye could see;
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be.—

In the Spring a fuller crimson comes upon the Robin's breast;
In the Spring the wanton lapwing gets himself another crest;

In the Spring a livelier iris changes on the burnished dove;
In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.

Then her cheek was pale and thinner than should be for one so young,
And her eyes on all my motions with a mute observance hung,

And I said, "My cousin Amy, speak and speak the truth to me,
Trust me, cousin, all the current of my being sets to thee."

On her pallid cheek and forehead came a color and a light,
As I have seen the rosy red flushing in the northern night.

And she turn'd — her bosom shaken with a sudden storm of sighs —
All the spirit deeply dawning in the dark of hazel eyes —

Saying, "I have hid my feelings, fearing they should do me wrong;"
Saying, "Dost thou love me, cousin?" weeping, "I have loved thee long."

Love took up the glass of Time, and turn'd it in his glowing hands;
Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands.

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might;
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, pass'd in music out of sight.

Many a morning on the moorland did we hear the copses ring,
And her whisper throng'd my pulses with the fullness of the Spring.

Many an evening by the waters did we watch the stately ships,
And our spirits rush'd together at the touching of the lips.

O my cousin shallow-hearted! O my Amy mine no more!
O the dreary, dreary moorland! O the barren, barren shore!

Falser than all fancy fathoms, falser than all songs have sung,
Puppet to a father's threat, and servile to a shrewish tongue!

Is it well to wish thee happy? — having known me — to decline
On a range of lower feelings and a narrower heart than mine!

Yet it shall be: thou shalt lower to his level day by day,
What is fine within thee growing coarse to sympathise with clay.

As the husband is, the wife is: thou art mated with a clown,
And the grossness of his nature will have weight to drag thee down.

He will hold thee, when his passion shall have spent its novel force,
Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse.

What is this? his eyes are heavy: think not they are glazed with wine.
Go to him: it is thy duty: kiss him: take his hand in thine.

It may be my lord is weary, that his brain is overwrought:
Soothe him with thy finer fancies, touch him with thy lighter thought.

He will answer to the purpose, easy things to understand —
Better thou wert dead before me, tho' I slew thee with my hand!

Better thou and I were lying, hidden from the heart's disgrace,
Roll'd in one another's arms, and silent in a last embrace.

Cursed be the social wants that sin against the strength of youth!
Cursed be the social lies that warp us from the living truth!

Cursed be the sickly forms that err from honest Nature's rule!
Cursed be the gold that gilds the straiten'd forehead of the fool!

Well — 't is well that I should bluster! — Hadst thou less unworthy proved —
Would to God — for I had loved thee more than ever wife was loved.

Am I mad, that I should cherish that which bears but bitter fruit?
I will pluck it from my bosom, tho' my heart be at the root.

Never, tho' my mortal summers to such length of years should come
As the many-winter'd crow that leads the clanging rookery home.

Where is comfort? in division of the records of the mind?
Can I part her from herself, and love her, as I knew her, kind?

I remember one that perish'd: sweetly did she speak and move:
Such a one do I remember, whom to look at was to love.

Can I think of her as dead, and love her for the love she bore?
No — she never loved me truly: love is love for evermore.

Comfort? comfort scorn'd of devils! this is truth the poet sings,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.

Drug thy memories, lest thou learn it, lest thy heart be put to proof,
In the dead unhappy night, and when the rain is on the roof.

Like a dog, he hunts in dreams, and thou art staring at the wall,
Where the dying night-lamp flickers, and the shadows rise and fall.

Then a hand shall pass before thee, pointing to his drunken sleep,
To thy widow'd marriage-pillows, to the tears that thou wilt weep.

Thou shalt hear the "Never, never," whisper'd by phantom years,
And a song from out the distance in the ringing of thine ears;

And an eye shall vex thee, looking ancient kindness on thy pain.
Turn thee, turn thee on thy pillow: get thee to thy rest again.

Nay, but Nature brings thee solace; for a tender voice will cry.
'T is a purer life than thine: a lip to drain thy trouble dry.

Baby lips will laugh me down: my latest rival brings thee rest.
Baby fingers, waxen touches, press me from the mother's breast.

O, the child too clothes the father with a dearness not his due.
Half is thine and half is his: it will be worthy of the two.

O, I see thee old and formal, fitted to thy petty part,
With a little hoard of maxims preaching down a daughter's heart.

"They were dangerous guides the feelings — she herself was not exempt —
Truly, she herself had suffer'd" — Perish in thy self-contempt!

Overlive it — lower yet — be happy! wherefore should I care?
I myself must mix with action, lest I wither by despair.

What is that which I should turn to, lighting upon days like these?
Every door is barr'd with gold, and opens but to golden keys.

Every gate is throng'd with suitors, all the markets overflow.
I have but an angry fancy: what is that which I should do?

I had been content to perish, falling on the foeman's ground,
When the ranks are roll'd in vapor, and the winds are laid with sound.

But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that Honor feels,
And the nations do but murmur, snarling at each other's heels.

Can I but relieve in sadness? I will turn that earlier page.
Hide me from my deep emotion, O thou wondrous Mother-Age!

Make me feel the wild pulsation that I felt before the strife,
When I heard my days before me, and the tumult of my life;

Yearning for the large excitement that the coming years would yield,
Eager-hearted as a boy when first he leaves his father's field,

And at night along the dusky highway near and nearer drawn,
Sees in heaven the light of London flaring like a dreary dawn;

And his spirit leaps within him to be gone before him then,
Underneath the light he looks at, in among the throngs of men;

Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something new;
That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do:

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rain'd a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;

Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging thro' the thunder-storm;

Till the war-drum throbb'd no longer, and the battle-flags were furl'd
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.

There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law.

So I triumph'd, ere my passion sweeping thro' me left me dry,
Left me with the palsied heart, and left me with the jaundiced eye;

Eye, to which all order festers, all things here are out of joint,
Science moves, but slowly slowly, creeping on from point to point:

Slowly comes a hungry people, as a lion, creeping nigher,
Glares at one that nods and winks behind a slowly-dying fire.

Yet I doubt not thro' the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the process of the suns.

What is that to him that reaps not harvest of his youthful joys,
Tho' the deep heart of existence beat for ever like a boy's?

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and I linger on the shore,
And the individual withers, and the world is more and more.

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and he bears a laden breast,
Full of sad experience moving toward the stillness of his rest.

Hark, my merry comrades call me, sounding on the bugle-horn,
They to whom my foolish passion were a target for their scorn:

Shall it not be scorn to me to harp on such a moulder'd string?
I am shamed thro' all my nature to have loved so slight a thing.

Weakness to be wroth with weakness! woman's pleasure, woman's pain—
Nature made them blinder motions bounded in a shallower brain:

Woman is the lesser man, and all thy passions, match'd with mine,
Are as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine—

Here at least, where nature sickens, nothing. Ah, for some retreat
Deep in yonder shining Orient, where my life began to beat;

Where in wild Mahratta-battle fell my father evil-starred;
I was left a trampled orphan, and a selfish uncle's ward.

Or to burst all links of habit — there to wander far away,
On from island unto island at the gateways of the day.

Larger constellations burning, mellow moons and happy skies,
Breadths of tropic shades and palms in cluster, knots of Paradise.

Never comes the trader, never floats an European flag,
Slides the bird o'er lustrous woodland, droops the trailer from the crag;

Droops the heavy-blossom'd bower, hangs the heavy-fruited tree —
Summer isles of Eden lying in dark-purple spheres of sea.

There methinks would be enjoyment more than in this march of mind
In the steamship, in the railway, in the thoughts that shake mankind.

There the passions cramp'd no longer shall have scope and breathing-space;
I will take some savage woman, she shall rear my dusky race.

Iron-jointed, supple-sinnew'd, they shall dive, and they shall run,
Catch the wild goat by the hair, and hurl their lances in the sun;

Whistle back the parrot's call, and leap the rainbows of the brooks,
Not with blinded eyesight pouring over miserable books ——

Fool, again the dream, the fancy! but I *know* my words are wild,
But I count the gray barbarian lower than the Christian child.

I, to herd with narrow foreheads, vacant of our glorious gains,
Like a beast with lower pleasures, like a beast with lower pains!

Mated with a squalid savage — what to me were sun or clime?
I the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time —

I that rather held it better men should perish one by one,
Than that earth should stand at gaze like Joshua's moon in Ajalon!

Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward let us range.
Let the peoples spin for ever down the ringing grooves of change.

Thro' the shadow of the world we sweep into the younger day:
Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.

Mother-Age (for mine I knew not) help me as when life begun:
Rift the hills, and roll the waters, flash the lightnings, weigh the Sun —

O, I see the crescent promise of my spirit hath not set.
Ancient founts of inspiration well thro' all my fancy yet.

Howsoever these things be, a long farewell to Locksley Hall!
Now for me the woods may wither, now for me the roof-tree fall.

Comes a vapor from the margin, blackening over heath and holt,
Cramming all the blast before it, in its breast a thunder-bolt.

Let it fall on Locksley Hall, with rain or hail, or fire or snow;
For the mighty wind arises, roaring seaward, and I go.

C. C. F.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Life of Jean Paul Frederic Richter. Compiled from various Sources. Together with his Autobiography. Translated from the German. Boston: Charles C. Little and James Brown. 1842. 2 vols. 16mo.

The two noble and priceless papers on the life, labors, sufferings, and writings of Jean Paul, which Mr. Carlyle has given us in his "Miscellanies," and which have been so long in all hands and hearts, leave us but little to say, and little courage to say anything on the subject, more than to recommend, which we do most warmly, this new Biography of the wonderful man, to all who may peruse our pages. Of all the German writers and men Richter is the one whom we are most eager that our countrymen should appreciate and understand, for we feel sure that when they do, they will love and admire and cherish him as a bosom friend, and find in him pure inspiration. He is to us by far the most suggestive, soul-stirring, improving of German minds. We profess to know him, and yet, for that very reason, in a case so peculiar as this, we should feel great distrust of ourselves in undertaking to make him known to such as have not conversed with him, that is to say, by attempting anything like a dissection or description of his genius. Carlyle has somewhere remarked, that the anatomist cannot operate till the subject is dead. But as the subject in this case happens to be a full-grown living man — a living soul, that is, big with the breath of life, large and free as nature, we should tremble before the task of having to analyze or delineate it to the world's eye. Moreover, although we have given a good deal of attention to Jean Paul's works, and have long wandered through their winding glades and over their bracing, magnificent mountain-heights, we have never yet reached the summit of summits, whence we could feel that we had such a command of the whole diversified surface, as to be able to give confidently an impression of its whole character. In other words, we feel ourselves too near the heart of this writer to make a critical survey of him for the public. Still we have such a deep love and reverence for the man, and admiration for the writer, that, even after the good and invaluable things that have been said of him, we feel moved to add our mite of impression and of praise.

If any one should ask us to characterize Richter, we should

reply, characterize nature, and then we will comply with your wish. Richter is nature, if ever man could so be called. Nor do we mean that he is a man of no character. We mean to say, that, in our view and feelings, he is the Shakspeare of Germany. We, too, have in our own mind, often been led, as Mrs. Lee does at some length in the book before us, to contrast Jean Paul with another, who is perhaps more generally considered amongst us the great man of German authors, namely, Goethe. We, however, are inclined to make the contrast much more favorable to Richter, or less so to Goethe, than she does. *This* has always seemed to us the difference between the two men, that Jean Paul's heart embraced everything, while Goethe's held everything at a distance. We mean to say, that what is called Goethe's *all-sidedness* has always seemed to us to be a cold indifference of heart to the many forms of humanity, which passed only as a curious phenomenon before his dry vision, while Richter seems to us, with his large and glowing bosom, to meet all the aspects of human life and lot with a profound and tender and immortal interest.

It may sound singularly to many, when we confess that we have often of late been tempted to illustrate to our countrymen what Richter is as a writer, by calling him the German Dickens. Of course this comparison holds only in respect to the exquisite blending of humor and pathos, of the droll and the tender, and to that keen sense of the difference between what is truly great and what is only disguised littleness in human life, in which the English writer and the German do certainly bear a striking likeness to each other. Superadd to Dickens a more wide and elevated acquaintance with life in all its circles and conditions, —enrich his mind immensely with stores of the most heterogeneous and significant facts and images from all ages and all departments of knowledge, — quicken his already lively sense of the beauty of outward nature into an all-animating and boundless glow of devotion and love; let his mind be filled with all knowledge of metaphysical systems, without enslaving in the least his own power of thought, — and you will have something like a Jean Paul. We mean to say, that in "wit and fun and fire," in the union of tender sensibility to what is most true and beautiful, with moral indignation at what is base, — in short, in some of those characteristics which make Jean Paul most peculiarly dear to us, he may well be called the Boz of Germany. We do not think we could better *begin* to recommend him to American readers than by such a parallel as this.

Whether Richter was a Christian in his creed, or what sort

of a Christian, we know not, but we know that he had the catholic spirit of Christian charity. As to peculiarities of religious belief, he seems to lay much stress, directly and indirectly, upon the principle, that "he who doeth the will of God shall know of the doctrine." A pure moral purpose reigns, a true religious aspiration breathes through the pages of Jean Paul. Heartily and confidently do we respond to his declaration respecting himself; — "In the coldest hour of existence, in the last hour, oh, ye who have so often misunderstood me, I can lift up my hand and swear, that I have never at my writing-table sought anything else than the good and beautiful, so far as my circumstances and powers permitted me in any measure to attain it, and that I have often erred, perhaps, but seldom sinned. Have you, like me, withstood the ten-years'-siege of a poverty-stricken, unbefriended existence, uncheered by a single smile of approbation or sympathy, and have you, when neglect and helplessness were warring against you, as they have against me, remained true to the beauty which you recognised as such?" Yes, no one can read Richter long without feeling that, amidst all and in all his eccentricities, he has a great, high, religious object. We do not wish to do injustice to it by a formula of words. Every calm and candid reader must feel and own it. He has been, with great injustice we think, characterized of late in one of our principal Reviews as being at the head of the Bedlam School. We should say to those who complain of Jean Paul's want of method, that he aspires to imitate Nature's plan. This may seem presumption to some, to us it does not.

Among the exquisite sayings, that are scattered along the pages of Richter's voluminous works, is this. "Herder and Schiller both proposed to be surgeons in their youth. But Providence said, no; there are deeper wounds than those of the body, and both became authors." Richter expresses here that sense of the greatness and worth of his calling as a writer, which was always before him, above him, and within him. He seems to us a physician of the mind and soul. He can

> "Minister to the mind diseased,
> Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow."

In the work before us we have some, would we had more, specimens of his singnlar and so often effectual correspondence with those of his countrymen and countrywomen, who wrote to him as their spiritual comforter and counsellor.

Death arrested the busy hand and heart of this extraordinary man, in the midst of the preparation of a work on the immor-

tality of the soul. There is a passage in the preface to this work (Selina) which has peculiarly impressed us. "It may be asked (he says) why is there no humor in Selina? I answer, not because the subject did not admit of it, — for see my *Campanian vale*, — (a former work on the same subject); not because I was too old, — for see my next work, — (a great comic work which he had planned out); the simple reason is, that I had no inclination for it."

It has been our purpose in what we have said simply to give our prominent impressions of an extraordinary man and writer, in such a way as should induce others to possess themselves of Mrs. Lee's beautiful Biography, in which he speaks largely for himself, and thereby to wish to read still more of Jean Paul's works. As to the execution of the work before us, we can only express our sincere sympathy and gratitude for the deep and true appreciation, with which the author has approached her subject, and the felicity with which she has developed it amidst a peculiarly perplexing quantity of rich materials, which we only regret that the publishers or the public would not permit her to present to us entire.

The Concessions of Trinitarians. Being a Selection of Extracts from the Writings of the most eminent Biblical Critics and Commentators. By JOHN WILSON, Author of Scriptural Proofs and Scriptural Illustrations of Unitarianism. Manchester. 1842. 8vo. pp. 614.

WE cannot conceive of a trinitarian looking this book in the face, without a decided sinking of the heart, without a sense of the ground, which he had taken to be so solid, sinking from under him, without the involuntary ejaculation, Save me from my friends. For here are six hundred pages of refutation of trinitarianism, by trinitarians themselves, drawn from over two hundred eminent writers of that denomination. In other words, it is a volume of extracts from celebrated Orthodox writers of all ages of the church, in which they have given Unitarian expositions of Trinitarian proof-texts. And it appears from examining the work, what indeed has often been loosely asserted, that there is not one out of all the passages in the Bible brought forward in support of the doctrine of the Trinity, which, by one or more trinitarian writers, has not been given up to their opponents, as admitting or requiring a unitarian interpretation. Here, therefore, we have a perfect armory of weapons for the destruction of the Great Error furnished by the believers and defenders

of the error themselves. That here and there, by the advocates of any particular theological doctrine, an argument, or a text, should be surrendered to the enemy as unavailable, were natural enough; but that every such argument and text should by one or another be surrendered, is certainly strange, — so strange, that no other example of the same thing exists in the whole history of opinion, — and in a fair mind must give rise to at least uneasy doubts of the truth of a doctrine, all the pillars of whose support have, one after another, been thrown down by its believers. In truth, this volume of "Concessions" strikes us as the most remarkable volume in the history of controversy, — alike happy in its conception and successful in its execution. The author thus describes his own purpose in preparing the work.

"In the present work, the author's chief aim has been to put forth what he conceives to be strong presumptive evidence for the great Biblical truth, that the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ is the Sole and Supreme Deity, on whom every other person or being is dependent, and from whom they have derived their existence and their powers. This presumptive evidence is involved in the extraordinary fact of the most distinguished Trinitarians either having distinctly acknowledged, that, apart from each other, the texts commonly adduced in support of a Triune God, and of the Deity of the Son, and the Holy Ghost, as a third hypostasis in the Godhead, do not prove these doctrines; or having rendered and interpreted them in such a manner as to show their invalidity for the purpose for which they are brought forward; thus unintentionally and indirectly, but not the less conclusively, betraying the insufficiency of the foundation on which it is attempted to erect the fabric of Trinitarianism.

"That the kind of argument here employed to support the doctrine of the simple unity of the Divine Being is of no inconsiderable weight, will be evinced by the fact, that "orthodox" Christians, as well as others, most readily and gladly wield it, when, in combatting with unbelievers, they adduce from the most eminent Deists testimonies favorable to the supreme excellence of Christ's character, to the special divinity of his mission, or to the unrivalled holiness and beneficial influences of his religion." — *Preface*, p. vi.

The volume is divided into three parts; first, an introduction; then the authorities on the texts found in the Old Testament, in the order of the books; then, lastly, those on texts in the New, also in the order of the books; — an arrangement as it is the most natural and simple, so it is the best that could have been adopted. A copious index, and an alphabetical catalogue of the Trinitarian writers quoted, close the volume.

To show the *working* of this curious volume, let us suppose a trinitarian inquirer to have occasion to refer to his authorities on the text 1 John v. 7. He turns to such works as are nearest at hand. He finds on his own shelves the Lectures on the

Trinity by the learned Dr. Wallis of the English Church, a sound divine. Turning to the passage he finds it written thus;

"The word *person* is not applied in Scripture to *these three* so called: it is not there said, 'These three *persons* are one,' but only 'These three are one.' It is but the church's usage that gives to these *three somewhats* the name of *persons*." — p 559.

But this will not do, so he turns to Le Clerc, who says;

"Dr. Hammond does but wrangle with all the most learned interpreters, who interpret *are one* of consent. And the reason why they understand these words of consent is, first, because they are so taken in John x. 30, and xvii. 21; secondly, because here the discourse is about a unity of testimony, and not about a unity of nature." — p. 559.

This is worse yet. He applies to the Catholic Church, and consults Father Simon, who says;

"The most learned writers of the New Testament do not expound it with reference to the Trinity. The ancient ecclesiastical writers, who applied it to that mystery, followed the custom of that time, which was to give to Scripture such a theological sense, as was accommodated to the faith then received in the church..... These three, says Father Amelote, are one in their testimony. The Father bare record of Christ at the river Jordan, the Word by his discourses and actions, and the Holy Spirit in the form of a dove, and by his miraculous gifts. — p. 559.

Father Simon is as far from the purpose as the others. Somewhat startled by this agreement among Trinitarians against the Trinitarian sense of this first rate proof-text, as he had always supposed it, he opens Bishop Middleton on the Greek article. The Bishop is more heterodox than the rest.

"I suppose," he says, "ἓν εἶναι, in ver. 7, to be expressive only of *consent* or *unanimity*, and not of the consubstantiality of the Divine Persons; for otherwise το ἓν, of ver. 8, could not be imagined to have any reference to ἓν in ver. 7; I mean ... on the assumption of the authenticity of that verse. Now that ἓν εἶναι in the supposed verse 7 would not bear any other sense, has been admitted by very zealous Trinitarians; of which number was the late Bishop Horsley. But, not to argue from authority, let it be considered how the phrase ἓν εἶναι is elsewhere used in the New Testament. In 1 Cor. iii. 8, ἓν εἶναι is affirmed of him that planteth, and him that watereth; where nothing more than unity of purpose is conceivable. With St. John, ἓν εἶναι was, as we have seen, a favorite phrase: in John xvii. 22, Christ prays to the Father, that the disciples ἓν ὦσιν, καθως ἡμεις ἓν ἐσμεν. These passages, I think, decide the import of the expression in John x. 30, and wherever else it occurs in the New Testament." — p. 560.

Having now exhausted the authorities in his own library, he applies elsewhere, and happens to light upon Porson, (Letters

to Archdeacon Travis,) Davidson, (Lectures on Biblical Criticism,) Calvin, Beza, McKnight, Rosenmüller, Lücke, Bloomfield, Erasmus, Schleusner, Bishop Burgess, and Dr. J. P. Smith, — by all of whom, learned Trinitarians, to his amazement, a Unitarian sense is given to this celebrated text. Our inquirer is now fairly awake. Remembering that Bishop Middleton expressed a doubt, — new to him, — as to the authenticity of the verse, he resolves to know the whole truth, and to look up this question also. He turns to the most Orthodox authorities; first to Bishop Lowth, who says;

"We have some wranglers in theology, sworn to follow their master, who are prepared to defend anything, however absurd, should there be occasion. But I believe there is no one among us, in the least degree conversant with sacred criticism, and having the use of his understanding, who would be willing to contend for the genuineness of the verse, 1 John v. 7." — p. 561.

This seems decisive enough, but he looks into Michaelis also, who speaks more positively still on the same side.

"We have no reason to suppose, that the celebrated passage in the first Epistle of St. John (v. 7), which is universally omitted in the old Greek manuscripts, was erased by the fraud of the Arians.... That great reformer of our religion [Luther] being persuaded that the well-known passage in the first Epistle of St. John (chap. v. 7) was not authentic, refused it a place in his translation of the Bible, and in the preface to his last edition, protested solemnly against it; requesting those who were of a different opinion to leave his writings uncorrupted, and rather to make a new translation, than obtrude on the old what he denied to be genuine. But, guided by mistaken zeal in support of orthodox opinions, the divines of Germany, long after the death of Luther, inserted this spurious passage, and yet retained the name of 'Luther's version' on the title. — One should suppose, that no critic, especially if a Protestant, would hesitate a moment to condemn, as spurious, a passage which is contained in no ancient Greek manuscript; is quoted by no Greek Father; was unknown to the Alogi in the second century; is wanting in both Syriac versions, in both Arabic versions, in the Coptic, Armenian, Ethiopic, and Slavonian versions; is contained only in the Latin, and is wanting in many manuscripts even of this version; was quoted by none of the Latin Fathers of the four first centuries, and to some of them, who lived so late as the sixth century, was either wholly unknown, or was not received by them as genuine." — p. 562.

He looks further, into the Quarterly Review, January 1822, and finds this high Church Orthodox Journal discoursing thus;

"We have the most sincere respect for the Bishop of St. David's; but we cannot peruse the declaration [of his belief in the genuineness of the passage] without astonishment.... The doctrine of the Trinity ... is capable of being satisfactorily maintained from many other

passages of Scripture; passages less open and direct, indeed, than this before us, but, &c." — p. 563.

But determining to make thorough work of his investigation, he consults successively all the writers to whom he chances to have access, such as, Grotius, Adam Clarke, Rosenmüller, Father Simon, Le Clerc, Bishop Tomline, Bishop Marsh, Professor Porson, Dr. Wardlaw, Coleridge, Bishop Bloomfield, &c. &c., but by all these great men, as by those first referred to, he finds the verse in question rejected as spurious. What *must* he think?

It is evidently quite within the limits of possibility, that the case we have supposed should actually happen. If our imaginary inquirer should carry his investigations into all the other proof-texts, and should chance to light upon such authorities as are gathered together in the volume by Mr. Wilson, which is a possible thing, one cannot easily conceive his astonishment at finding the whole Trinitarian ground abandoned by Trinitarians themselves, to their opponents. And though he should be told that other Trinitarian writers, equally learned, would tell a very different story, still, he cannot conceal it from himself, that the fact, at a knowledge of which he has thus accidentally arrived, is a very strong presumption, to say the least, against the scriptural foundation of the great doctrine which he has been accustomed to regard, as imbedded not more deeply in men's faith and affections than in the very substance of the Bible.

The public, the Unitarian public, that is, are under great obligations to Mr. Wilson for the great work he has so well accomplished. As one portion of that public, we offer him our hearty thanks. We consider him to have produced one of the most powerful Unitarian tracts ever published, and we hope to see it widely circulated among us, if not through an American edition, at least through a large number of imported copies.

Human Life; or Practical Ethics. From the German of De Wette. By Samuel Osgood. Boston: James Munroe and Co. 1842. 2 vols. 12mo. Ripley's Specimens, Vol. 12th.

Not having room, at present, to take this book up as an "Examiner" and discuss it thoroughly, nor even to present, as we could wish, the results of our private examination, we must content ourselves with expressing the high satisfaction it has given us, in the hope of persuading others to enjoy the same. We should not, indeed, had we room, think we were doing any sort of justice to a work, which so well deserves its title of

"Human *Life*, or *Practical* Ethics," by undertaking to give an abstract or skeleton of its contents, in the shape of headings of chapters and beginnings of paragraphs; — such a skeleton would convey but a poor idea of the living man, with all his blood and muscle, with the glow of health and beauty on his cheek, and the soul beaming from his eye; — nor should we presume to hand round separate bricks as specimens of the noble edifice, as we cannot convey the whole living work to our pages, nor forestall the author by reproducing him in our own words, we would only and can only invite our readers to enter the beautiful and august temple he has erected, and assure them that, if they truly converse with the spirit of the Architect, (to speak of nothing higher,) they will come back wiser and nobler beings.

In plain prose, we cordially greet this work as an admirable companion and successor to "Jouffroy's Survey of Ethical Systems," which appeared in former volumes of Mr. Ripley's Series. De Wette manifests many of the qualifications for an Ethical writer, which charmed us in the French Philosopher. He has the same "clearness of spirit," to use the name which he himself assigns to one of the cardinal virtues in his plan, and the same glow of goodness, or, to use another of his designations, the same "moral earnestness, or inspiration." Perhaps, indeed, De Wette's classification of moral qualities is not always strictly philosophical; perhaps in certain cases, some of the nicer and more fastidious spiritual chemists might think they could analyze what he calls one quality into two or more; and phrenologists, of course, would not agree to his division of the moral manifestations. It must be remembered, however, (waiving the phrenological question,) that the classification and nomenclature of the faculties and feelings are in a great measure arbitrary, and dependent upon the individual genius of the systematizer; it must be considered, too, that this is a work of *practical* ethics; and this considered, we feel sure that any reader of good sense will find our author philosophical enough for all practical purposes. Any one, who merely glanced at the headings of the pages, might be disposed to charge the author with having loosely mixed up elementary principles and manifestations of character together; but upon examination he will find that De Wette recognises but very few fundamental principles of morality, and that *all* those particular titles, "Clearness of mind," "Patience," "Temperance," &c. express only different modes or manifestations of (perhaps we should say *one*) elementary principle. "Thus (he says) everything that concerns human duty is an effluence from pure respect and love for

man; and the various precepts and obligations are like the prismatic colors into which the pure light is divided." We have seldom conversed with a writer, who so well exemplifies a remark of Mr. Dewey in his Phi Beta Oration, (we quote from memory,) that "where there is strong thinking there will always be strong feeling, and the reverse." To use Coleridge's illustration, he resembles not a close stove, giving out heat darkly; nor the moon, giving light coldly; but the sun, pouring at once light and warmth. We wondered, at first, that Mr. Osgood did not translate "geistesklarheit" literally, "clearness of spirit;" but upon the whole we prefer it as he has it, "clearness of mind," because the importance of seeing things clearly as they are seems to us to have been too little considered in moral culture, and many a man becomes a sinner merely or mainly from seeing things in a mist, who, if clearness of mind had been cultivated in him, might have been a man of eminent virtue. We like the author's placing this quality in the foreground. We think it an originality in his system.

On the whole, this is one of the best works, if not the best, of the class, we have seen. We assure those of our readers, who have been accustomed to associate with the word Ethics an idea of something dry and dull, that they will find no dryness or dulness here. They will find ample refreshment along the road, in the details and execution of the work, while they are won upward and onward by the great idea which is its end and goal.

We call De Wette an original thinker. He seems to us to take hold of his great subject in a master-like manner. We were very much struck with his picture of the wise man, which, by the way, made us think vividly of one who was a bosom friend of the author, the late Dr. Follen.

"Would that I could portray the ideal of the wise man in strong, grand traits, worthy his elevation and greatness, and, at the same time, with the gentle power of sweetness and amiability which belongs to him! Would that I could open the view into his lofty, clear mind, into his large, pure heart, and show how life, like a grand landscape, which is viewed from a mountain, lies before him in comprehensive, sunny prospect, with all its varied paths, — with gentle, lovely vales, where quiet shepherds have settled, — with tumultuous, bustling cities, in which manifold business throngs, — with the great highways, which connect the people with each other; how nothing appears strange and insignificant to him, and he accepts and values everything in its own place; how he contemplates with kindly regard the playing child, the striving youth, the struggling man, the hoary sage, and assigns to each his place in life; how he has sympathy with the gladsome animal spirits of youth, and the earnest striving and judgment of age; how he

values and honors, each according to its proportion, the industry of the quiet citizen, the rational activity of the official, the ready courage of the warrior, the calm reflection of the scholar, the religious contemplation of the clergyman, the shaping power of the artist, the inspiration of the poet, and recognises and vindicates every good faculty and gift; how, with his clear mind, he is able to remove every discord of life, every entanglement and misunderstanding, and to bring every jarring note into accordance with the universal harmony; how his heart beats for all that is great and sublime, and, at the same time, for all that is fair and lovely; how the trumpet of war, the flute of the shepherd, and the organ notes of sacred devotion, touch kindred chords in his own bosom; how he takes part in the cheerful throng of the multitude, and, also, as holy priest, cherishes the flames of inspiration and devotion upon the altar of his heart; and how, discharging his duty, a cheerful citizen of the earth, satisfied with his lot, and filling the sphere allotted to him, he longingly lifts his gaze up to the everlasting home! Could I present this picture truly, vitally, strikingly, then I should solve a great problem, and give utterance to what has filled and moved my mind.

"But if I can succeed at all in this, it can be only by gradual development. Gradually I must unfold to your eyes the wise man's plan of life, and from separate traits compose the whole picture. Science cannot, like art, crowd the whole fulness of ideas into a single figure, which, with instantaneous power of representation, seizes upon the heart and mind, and excites its inmost depths. It has not at its command the glow and brilliancy of coloring, nor the marvellous power of tones; it may not, with the poet, trust to the wings of imagination; but it must quietly, discreetly, and steadily wend its way, and guide the thinking mind, by the thread of ideas, to the goal of truth. But it may turn to the heart, and appeal to its inmost, holiest feelings; to the heart it should appeal, since only in harmony with the heart can the mind comprehend the highest, and penetrate the sacred deep. Would that I could awaken in your minds and hearts the lofty thought, the sublime sentiment, in which the idea of wisdom consists! As every thing great is extremely simple, so also is wisdom. However much may be said upon it, all things return to a single one; we must contemplate the different sides, but all converge in a centre; all the richness of life, with its tendencies and efforts, enters into the life-plan of the wise man; and yet there is but one law of life, one direction, in which all unites. Should I succeed in making this one thought clear, in awakening this single feeling, then should I properly have done more than poets and artists have been able to do by their creations. In this elementary thought and elementary feeling a creative power lies hid; all which human life has of grand, majestic, beautiful, is enfolded within it, as in a germ. To him who bears within himself this thought and this feeling, all the mysteries and wonders of the world reveal themselves; all buds spring forth before him, and display their fulness of beauty; all mists fall away from his consecrated vision, and the world stands in sunshine before him; all fragmentary and distorted features are arranged into a living form of beauty; all discordant notes melt into wonderful harmony. As the creative fiat called forth from dark chaos the radiant order of the world; the primeval waters

separated themselves; heaven, with its lights, stretched itself over the earth, clothed as it was in plants and flowers, and peopled with living creatures; and, at last, man appeared, the lord of creation, the image of God; — so the wise man, communing with God, and godlike by his understanding of the divine law, possesses the power to create anew, with the free spirit of divine wisdom, the world, so misunderstood by man, and life, so dismembered and distorted by errors, to behold, with the open vision of a seer, the eternal harmony and beauty of creation — to interpret all enigmas — to remove all perplexity. If artist and poet present single traits of sublimity and beauty, the wise man is the poet, who forms in himself, with comprehensive mind, the infinite figure of the universe, and carries within himself all the archetypes of beauty. He stands at the fountain from which all spiritual life flows, and quaffs the drink of immortality, eternal youth and beauty." — Vol. I. p. 57.

We cannot resist the temptation (notwithstanding what we said above about showing a brick as a specimen of the building) to quote one more passage among a hundred that take strong hold of us, which may give, too, some idea of the author's "stand-point."

"There is a wide distinction between the faults and weaknesses of a truly virtuous man, and the trangressions and vices of him who has in himself certain good qualities as natural gifts, or mere habits. The light of genuine virtue beams in its own peculiar splendor, even while spots appear upon it; and it shines far differently from the faint, obscured lustre of the virtue that springs from native temperament, or from mere habit. Even if a tree has some defect, — even if, on the side where it lacks light and air, the growth is retarded, — yet the other branches are green and blooming, fresh and flourising. It is thus with human virtue. If it is only living as a whole, — if it springs from inward power and fulness, — it may be imperfect by a defect or weakness; yet this imperfection, although blameworthy, does not take away its peculiar essence.

"True virtue is a whole, cast from a single piece, solid and pure; not a mixed mass, molten from different ores, nor carefully soldered together from various pieces. It is a living body, with a living soul; not a puppet, which is hung with drapery to make it counterfeit the human form; and its actions are living motions, springing from inward impulse and life, not produced by force and artificial calculation. This truth should be recognised, in order to avoid all delusion from the deceptions of hypocrisy, and from the anxious efforts of those who are studious merely of a refined outward good breeding; and in order, even in sincere endeavors after virtue, to escape the error of acting as if it depended upon this or that particular, or this or that excellence — an error which frustrates all sincere endeavor, since the energies are thereby turned towards scattered particulars, and thus dismembered. They who covet virtue should know, that they ought to strive after complete virtue with the whole soul, and that they have to gain the whole or none; they ought, therefore, before they apply themselves to this or that dutiful deed, and appropriate this or that good moral, to be

roused to perform, before all things, the elementary and original act of turning the mind towards virtue, and make a beginning of all morality, by determining to be moral from the inmost heart, with all the energy of the soul, with all love and all zeal." — Vol. I. pp. 102, 103.

De Wette's morality is eminently Scriptural and Christian; correct, as it seems to us, and catholic, a beautiful spirit of piety breathes through the book. But we should have said as much, had we simply said that it is the work of a true, unexaggerated, undistorted German.

We close, as we began, with a warm welcome and recommendation of the volumes before us, fully sensible how coldly and feebly we have spoken of their merits. We have as yet said nothing of the Translator and his work. He has shown here, what we already well knew him to possess, a fine command of his own language, as well as knowledge of the German; and has very purely and beautifully represented his author in good, sound, manly English.

---

1. *The Common School Grammar. A Concise and Comprehensive Manual of English Grammar.* By JOHN GOLDSBURY, A. M., Teacher of the High School, Cambridge, Mass. Boston: James Munroe and Co. 1842.
2. *A Sequel to the Common School Grammar; containing, in addition to other Materials and Illustrations, Notes and Critical Remarks on the Philosophy of the English Language; and Explaining some of its most difficult Idiomatic Phrases. Designed for the Use of the First Class in Common Schools.* By JOHN GOLDSBURY, A. M. Boston: James Munroe and Co. 1842.

THE first of these little books comes before the public so highly recommended by some of our most distinguished scholars, that nothing need be added on our part. The testimony of Professor Noyes is of a very decided character. He says,

"I have given your Grammar as careful an examination as my leisure will permit; and am of opinion, that, for clearness, brevity, happy arrangement, abundance of instructive illustrations, and exclusion of useless or unimportant matter in a treatise for the young, your book deserves a very high rank among the manuals which are in use. If it should displace some of them, the public will be a gainer in several respects." — p. 1.

The "Sequel" to the Common School Grammar appears to be well worthy of a place by the side of its predecessor.

Whether there are any better books than this of the same kind, now in use, we are too ignorant of school manuals to declare; but of this we are sure, that the Sequel is in itself a good book, and cannot be introduced into any school without the most decided advantage. A great deal of information of a very necessary kind, not often found in school compends, — or formerly was not, — is conveyed in an intelligible and agreeable manner. Of his purpose in preparing this volume Mr. Goldsbury says, "It is merely what its title expresses, a sequel to that (the first) work, containing such further materials and illustrations as have been thought necessary to give a clear and full view of the subject. Consequently, it will be necessary for the learner to acquaint himself with that work, or some other like it, previously to his entering, to advantage, upon the study of this." We are glad to observe that Mr. Goldsbury's attention has been turned to prevailing vulgarisms, and that he has not thought a few pages wasted upon them. A much larger list of errors, not quite so gross as those he has collected, might be added to the present catalogue with excellent effect. The common school teacher has an immense power for good or evil, over the common speech of the country. He comes next to the mother and the fire-side school; and although he cannot be expected to undo all the mischief that has been done there in the way of vulgarisms, bad grammar, and worse pronunciation, yet if he should sufficiently feel the importance of the work, he can repair a part of the evil, and by his lectures in the school-house send home the children every day with one or two faults corrected. A lesson on the subject should be an every-day lesson, till our language is purged of its impurities, and even till the nasal twang, the needless shame of New England, shall be heard only on the stage, by some future Hill, entertaining posterity with traditionary imitations of their tuneful ancestors.

An Oration delivered before the Authorities of the City of Boston, July 4, 1842. By Horace Mann.

This, we do not doubt for a moment, is the most valuable discourse ever delivered on a fourth of July. We do not believe that on any other day, or on any other occasion, a discourse has been delivered in this country which it was so important, that the people of the country, one and all, should hear, or read, then inwardly digest, and then set to work and apply, as this of Mr. Mann. It abounds in wise counsel, useful instruction, terrific warning. Fearless, honest truth, spoken in earnest tones, are its characteristics. He strips off all mas-

querading disguises, and reveals the people to themselves,—shows them as they are, with all their faults and vices hanging thick about them. Here are no soft touches of the flattering artist, skilful to conceal blemishes and heighten beauties, but the strong bold strokes, the deep, black shades of a Salvator Rosa, too much a lover of truth, and too independent, and too much absorbed by the greatness of his subject, to either cater for the smiles or deprecate the judgments of those whose portrait he was to draw and hold up to their view. This is no holiday discourse, but an earnest, solemn appeal to the people of the whole country, in behalf of their free institutions, which, unless soon placed upon a better foundation than they now rest upon, viz. upon intelligence and virtue, his prophetic eye beholds them crumbled and fallen into the irretrievable ruin, prepared for them by the suicidal neglect and abuse of us of the present generation. All that he says is true and obviously true; he plays with no paradoxes, he utters no dark sayings, toys with no metaphysical abstractions; he deals all through with the simplest and plainest, almost self-evident, propositions; he urges nothing more than the admitted doctrine, that except republics stand upon virtue and intelligence, they cannot stand at all. But the special advantage of his discourse is, that he sets forth his doctrine in such glowing colors, with such power of argument and fulness of illustration, with so evident a conviction on his own part of the truth and importance of what he says, as to compel the attention of the most dull, to take the mind of the hearer or reader by storm. The same rapid and fiery style, crowded with images, yet always significant, not always, perhaps, approving itself to the fastidious critic, but always to him who sets truth before rhetoric, which Mr. Mann has used with such success in his addresses on common school education, giving the interest of romance to that once heaviest of themes, he has now carried into the morals of our politics; and we cannot doubt that wherever this oration shall be read, the reader will rise from its perusal a new man, in the deep and living impression he will have of the absolute dependence of our governments upon intelligence and virtue in the masses of the people, of the absolute certainty of their subversion, and that at no distant day, if dishonesty, corruption, and selfish party principle is either to sit at the helm of affairs and guide the state, or to prompt the action of those, who, through their votes at the ballot box, annually say who the helmsmen shall be. We consider this oration, we repeat it, a more valuable document for the people to know, and read, and ponder, and apply, than any or all the speeches made in Congress for the last twenty years. Had we

the power, as the will, not a family in the country should be without its copy, — the teacher of the common school should read and expound it to his pupils; the minister of religion should intermit his usual service, and proclaim it to his people from the pulpit; towns should print or purchase it for free distribution within their boundaries, every newspaper carry an edition of it to its hundreds or thousands of subscribers, and committees of public safety scatter it over the length and breadth of the land. It is simply, and in a single word, a demonstrative argument for the *immediate universal education of the people* — if we would see our country survive. This is the great cause — the cause of causes — it is greater than temperance, greater than peace, greater than abolitionism — separately or all together. It comprises them all; carry this, and they are all carried. But carry all the others, and as many more, but leave this out, and while you are working at them, your eyes looking at a single little point, and blind to all else, the country itself, with its institutions, perishes through its corruptions, falls, and buries you in its ruins. *The immediate universal education* of the people, not twenty years hence, but their education now, while our population is so sparse, and there are so many natural safety-valves open, that there is time and opportunity for the work to be done — this is the cause that should unite all hearts and hands, towns, counties, and states, and above all, or certainly equally with all, the Central Government itself.

Strange indeed that a great empire like this should, as an empire, never stir a finger to strengthen the foundation on which it rests. Despotic powers are in their generation wiser than the children of light. What they know they depend upon for their existence, that they take care, first of all, to secure, — armies and navies are their prime concern. In some instances such governments have not only secured the establishment of their huge standing armies, but have even begun, so highly have they prized the good, to educate the people, even at the hazard of their own existence, for with intelligence will ever spring up a nicer appreciation of, and craving for freedom. But we, to whom this intelligence is the very breath of our life, not only our honor and our beauty, but our political salvation, we, as a nation, as a government, spend upon it not a dollar, nor hardly a thought. This seems strange even to madness. It might not be easy to say, in what manner the nation should exert itself and use its boundless means in such a cause, but it is impossible not to think that it should, at least, make such a subject a topic of concern and of discussion — to know what its duty is, and how it may best be done.

We have, in few words, expressed our admiration of this discourse of Mr. Mann, and our sense of its value to the people. It has already passed through many editions; we think it is destined to pass through many more. We are late in expressing our opinion concerning it; but we yield to none in our sense of its excellence and fitness to make an impression upon the moral feelings of the people. If such appeals will not be listened to or noted, there can be no hope in any word of man. The present signs are that it will be read at least; whether heeded or not time must show.

We have space but for a single extract — the peroration.

"Are there any here, who would counsel us to save the people from themselves, by wresting from their hands this formidable right of ballot? Better for the man who would propose this remedy to an infuriate multitude, that he should stand in the lightning's path as it descends from heaven to earth. And, answer me this question; you! who would reconquer for the few the power which has been won by the many; — you! who would disfranchise the common mass of mankind, and recondemn them to become Helots, and bond-men, and feudal serfs! — tell me, were they again in the power of your castes, would you not again neglect them, again oppress them, again make them the slaves to your voluptuousness, and the panders or the victims of your vices? Tell me, you royalists and hierarchs, or advocates of royalty and hierarchy! were the poor and the ignorant again in your power, to be tasked and tithed at your pleasure, would you not turn another Ireland into paupers, and colonize another Botany Bay with criminals? Would you not brutify the men of other provinces into the '*Dogs of Vendee*,' and debase the noble and refined nature of woman, in other cities, into the '*Poissardes of Paris?*' O! better, far better, that the atheist and the blasphemer, and he who, since the last setting sun, has dyed his hands in parricide, or his soul in sacrilege, should challenge equal political power with the wisest and best; — better, that these blind Samsons, in the wantoness of their gigantic strength, should tear down the pillars of the Republic, than that the great lesson which Heaven, for six thousand years, has been teaching to the world, should be lost upon it; — the lesson that the intellectual and moral nature of man is the one thing precious in the sight of God; and therefore, until this nature is cultivated, and enlightened, and purified, neither opulence, nor power, nor learning, nor genius, nor domestic sanctity, nor the holiness of God's altars, can ever be safe. Until the immortal and godlike capacities of every being that comes into the world are deemed more worthy, are watched more tenderly, than any other thing, no dynasty of men, or form of government, can stand, or shall stand, upon the face of the earth; and the force or the fraud, which would seek to uphold them, shall be but 'as fetters of flax to bind the flame.'

"In all that company of felons and caitiffs, who prowl over the land, is there one man, who did not bring with him into life, the divine germ of conscience, a sensibility to right, and capacities which might have been nurtured and trained into the fear of God, and the love of man? In all this company of ignorance, which, in its insane surgery, dissects eye and brain and heart, and maims every limb of the body politic,

to find the disease, which honestly, though blindly, it wishes to cure; — in all this company, is there one, who did not bring with him into life noble faculties of thought — capabilities of judgment, and prudence, and skill that might have been cultivated into a knowledge, an appreciation, and a wise and loving guardianship, of all human interests and human rights? The wickedness and blindness of the subject are the judgments of heaven for the neglect of the sovereign; — for, to this end, and to no other, was superiority given to a few, and the souls of all men preadapted to pay spontaneous homage to strength and talent and exalted station, that, through the benignant and attractive influence of their possessors, the whole race might be won to wisdom and virtue.

"Let those, then, whose wealth is lost or jeoparded by fraud or misgovernment; let those who quake with apprehension for the fate of all they hold dear; let those who behold and lament the desecration of all that is holy; let rulers whose counsels are perplexed, whose plans are baffled, whose laws defied or evaded; — let them all know, that whatever ills they feel or fear, are but the just retributions of a righteous heaven for neglected childhood.

"Remember, then, the child whose voice first lisps to-day, before that voice shall whisper sedition in secret, or thunder treason at the head of an armed band. Remember the child whose hand, to-day, first lifts its tiny bauble, before that hand shall scatter firebrands, arrows, and death. Remember those sportive groups of youth in whose halcyon bosoms there sleeps an ocean, as yet scarcely ruffled by the passions, which soon shall heave it as with the tempest's strength. Remember, that whatever station in life you may fill, these mortals — these immortals, are your care. Devote, expend, consecrate yourselves to the holy work of their improvement. Pour out light and truth, as God pours sunshine and rain. No longer seek knowledge as the luxury of a few, but dispense it amongst all as the bread of life. Learn only how the ignorant may learn; how the innocent may be preserved; the vicious reclaimed. Call down the astronomer from the skies; call up the geologist from his subterranean explorations; summon, if need be, the mightiest intellects from the Council Chamber of the nation; enter cloistered halls, where the scholiast muses over superfluous annotations; dissolve conclave and synod, where subtle polemics are vainly discussing their barren dogmas; — collect whatever of talent, or erudition, or eloquence, or authority, the broad land can supply, *and go forth*, AND TEACH THIS PEOPLE. For, in the name of the living God, it must be proclaimed, that licenciousness shall be the liberty; and violence and chicanery shall be the law; and superstition and craft shall be the religion; and the self-destructive indulgence of all sensual and unhallowed passions shall be the only happiness of that people, who neglect the education of their children." — pp. 23, 24.

Half Century Sermon, delivered on Sunday Morning, April 24, 1842, at Jamaica Plain. By THOMAS GRAY, D. D. Minister of the Congregational Church there. Boston: 1842.

SUCH ministries as this of Dr. Gray are nowadays rare enough. In proportion to their rarity they strike the mind and excite our ready sympathies. We cannot help offering our

congratulations to both a pastor and a parish, who have remained in faithful, harmonious union for so long a period. Most honorable testimony is borne by this simple fact to the character of both. There must have been many of the best virtues of the Christian character in their best exercise, on the part of both minister and people, for a connexion involving so many chances of alienation and discord, to have lasted so peaceably through so many years. The quiet beauty of this protracted Christian friendship agrees with the quiet beauty of the lovely spot, that has been the scene of its duties and enjoyments. We utter a common sentiment when we express a hope that the present venerable incumbent — by so sudden a providence deprived, a few months since, of his colleague — may again be associated with one, who shall have the happiness to bind to himself the hearts of a united people in a bond not soon to be broken.

The present discourse is chiefly historical in its interest, the greater part being devoted to a narrative of events from the first formation of the society — a sketch of great value to the antiquarian and the historian. The preacher, however, in addition to this describes at length the kind of intercourse, which for so many years has subsisted between him and his people, and the character of the preaching to which they have listened; presenting to the reader one of the most agreeable pictures we know of, the life and labors of the village pastor.

Dr. Gray's description of the manners prevailing at the time he took up his residence at Jamaica Plain possesses a very pleasant interest.

"What traces of change in society, likewise, have the past fifty years left behind them!

"When I first came amongst you, this was a quiet, retired, moral little village, and there was not a single allurement, either to physical, moral, or religious intemperance or excess to be found within its limits. The simplicity of manners, too, reminds me of Goldsmith's Deserted Village, —

> 'Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain,
> Where health and *virtue* cheered the laboring train.'

"Fashionable manners, in all their endless forms and fickleness, were unknown here then. The good dames' visits were made at an early hour in the afternoon, (sometimes by two o'clock,) each with her 'knitting work' still going on, while engaged in social converse; and at dusk rolling up their work, and returning home, refreshed from their social intercourse, to their domestic enjoyments and duties, which they wisely and justly considered as paramount to all others. *Their* firesides never tired them, nor did they wish or want any other winter evenings' entertainments, than they found around their own happy

hearths. Sweet homes, indeed! filled with well behaved, rosy, industrious boys, and lively, healthy, blooming girls, as full of godly sincerity as they were of godly simplicity, all of whom more than supplied the want of any other amusement. There was godliness with contentment, which is great gain; and there was more, too, of true happiness in those humble dwellings, than all the modern refinement of art, of wealth, or fashion combined, can now boast, or ever impart. Sweet days, indeed, in the recollection as they were in the enjoyment! But these happy hours must return no more. They are numbered with the years before the flood.

> 'These were thy charms, sweet village, joys like these,
> With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please;
> These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed,
> These were thy charms, but all these charms are fled.'"

The character of Dr. Gray's preaching and of his general ministrations may be readily inferred from the principles affirmed in the following paragraph.

"The design of true religion is to repress the *passions*, not to excite them; for excited passions are by thousands often mistaken for solid *principles*, and mere *animal* impulse for sacred *truth*; and under their blinding and bewildering influence you find men setting up for teachers where they ought only to be learners. And it requires no prophetic eye to see, and no prophetic tongue to foretell, that everything in science, or religion, or politics, carried to excess, must ere long produce reaction, and finally give way to the very opposite extreme; and then the marble insensibility of death succeeds. Whatever is got up in excess, (be it what it may,) reason and common sense, whenever they return, will finally put down. Mere animal excitement in everything must soon exhaust itself; and, if there be not strong principle behind it, the end will be worse than the beginning. These are truths which every observing man must often have witnessed; and when you who are now young shall see these things come to pass, as you all certainly sooner or later will, then will you understand 'that a prophet has been among you.'

"We serve God as truly in the virtues of a good life, — in correct morals, exemplary manners, and honest, honorable, upright conduct in our transactions with our fellow-men, as when we bow in God's temple. Fidelity to our trusts, and punctuality in our engagements, industry in our business, from motives of Christian faith and obedience, domestic economy, an old-fashioned virtue, indeed, (but not the less valuable for that,) the punctual discharge of our DEBTS, and guarding men from the miseries and delusions of wild fanaticism, and teaching them a *truly* Christian rational faith, and a holy practice, these are genuine religion. And whoever would separate these duties, would sever in sunder what God and Christ, reason and virtue, have joined together. He lives most in accordance with his immortal destination, and is after all the best Christian, who has proved himself the most virtuous man; who lives the best life of piety to God, and of truth, and justice, and honesty to men."

THE

CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

JANUARY, 1843.

THEOLOGICAL EDUCATION IN PARIS.*

The religious history of France, during the last half century, furnishes matter of much profound meditation. Or, not to go back so far, the change which, within the few years last past, has come over the spirit of the nation; the character of its reigning philosophy, much misunderstood by some; the movement of the old religious party — the representative of Catholicism — present inquiries on which our thoughts might be long busy, without perhaps being able to arrive at anything more than the most vague conjectures, as to what is to be the result of the present activity of the French mind and present chaos of opinions.

The field is too broad to be at present entered upon by us. Whatever comes to us from the religious philosophical party, as we suppose it claims to be called, is read with no little interest by many among us. Nor are the steps taken by the old religious party, and the condition of theological science in it, destitute of all claim to the attention, whether of the devout or the curious mind.

The Catholics profited greatly by the reformation under Luther, and it would have been strange if they had not profited by more recent events so disastrous, in many respects, to the old

* Lettre Pastorale de Monseigneur L'Archevêque de Paris sur les Études Ecclésiastiques, a L'Occasion du Rétablissement des conférences et de la Faculté de Théologie. [Paris, 1841. pp. 104.]

faith. They must meet the demands of the age; they must revise their systems of theological education and discipline; they must infuse new life into their ancient forms; or they must forever abandon the field of the world. Of this none are more fully convinced than they are, especially the Gallic branch of the church.

The latest information of any particular value, which has fallen under our notice, relating to the affairs of this branch of the church, is contained in the Pastoral Letter of the archbishop of Paris on ecclesiastical studies, issued on occasion of the reëstablishment of the Conferences, and of the Faculty of Theology, in the Diocese of Paris. The Letter, which bears date, the eighth of April, 1841, is altogether a noteworthy document.

It is interesting in more respects than one; interesting for the many sound views and very just trains of thought, which we find scattered over its pages; interesting also as showing what the French Catholic party is meditating and doing, and the measures it is taking to combat the errors and counteract the sinister influences of the times, as they are deemed, and to reëstablish the reign of piety and virtue in the hearts of the community, chiefly by elevating the standard of character and theological attainments in the clergy. We do not assent to all the views contained in the Letter. They necessarily take a coloring from the writer's position and the communion to which he belongs. They contain many hints, however, by which Protestants may profit; many which, in spirit, though not perhaps in letter, are applicable to other meridians than that of Paris. And we are compelled to acknowledge that the whole performance breathes an earnest and pure spirit, full of Christian love and devotion, worthy of the Fenelons of former days, and the Matignons and Cheveruses of more recent times.

Taken altogether, the Letter is quite a manly production, and is no less creditable to the talents and discernment of the archbishop, than to his piety. It would too far extend our article to stop to point out every minute particular in which we differ from the writer, nor does our present purpose require it. Leaving the reader, therefore, to discriminate and judge for himself, we beg leave to say, once for all, that in what follows to the end of the article, we give the views of the Archbishop, and not our own. We enter at present into no discussion, no refutation, no panegyric. The views of the writer we shall

sometimes present in an abridged form; we shall sometimes give the author's language, so far as it can be retained in a version more or less free, as may happen; much we must necessarily omit; we shall condense much. We hold ourselves responsible only to avoid misrepresentation and misstatement.

After a few reflections on the serious occupations of the clergy, and the general influence of their studies on the mind and character, the Archbishop proceeds to speak of the objects of these studies, under the threefold division of dogmas, morality, and discipline. We shall pass over this portion of the Letter as containing little in which our readers would be likely to take any particular interest. We will quote only a single remark, which is, that "the history of morality explains the history of the world, which without it must remain a sealed book."

To the Theologian, as distinguished from the Preacher and the Pastor, (though an eminent preacher must necessarily be somewhat of a theologian,) the Archbishop assigns an almost boundless field of labor and research. He must be intimately acquainted with the three great departments of study just mentioned. He must know, along with the history, also the reason of every dogma, or principle of morality, of each law, each rite — all the facts more or less intimately connected with them, and the particular causes which have produced, or which explain these facts, or are necessary to their recurrence. He must go deep into these subjects, trace them through different ages, in which they have given rise to so much meditation and study, so many controversies and decisions; have connected themselves with all that has been elevated in thought or faith, in devotion or charity; have penetrated manners, laws, civil and political institutions. On all these subjects he must possess not merely superficial and second-hand notions, but a knowledge resulting from conscientious examination, and personal study. All this knowledge is of difficult acquisition, and it is no less difficult to communicate it with success, since for this, it is necessary to penetrate the dispositions of men, in itself no easy matter, and to select always appropriate sentiments, thoughts, facts, and the proofs best suited to enlighten, move, and convince. He must understand principles and their application. Of the errors of the past, now vanished and forgotten, it will be sufficient for him to know the history. But he must carefully study and refute the errors of the times — living error, error which writes, which speaks, which powerfully agitates the

public mind, and leads to destructive consequences. To accomplish all this, a long and patient exercise of all the faculties of the intellect is necessary. The fathers, the great theologians of former days, all our great masters in the faith, became lights of the church only by such exercise. We must study with order and method, with a pure and holy zeal, with a soul filled with love to God and man, remembering the rule of St. Bernard, "to have only light is vain, to have only warmth is insufficient; both united make perfect."

Serious study is also necessary to the Preacher. It is not necessary that he should have all the science of the theologian, but he must possess a good deal of preparatory knowledge. This knowledge is to be developed, pursued, and applied in all its infinite ramifications and results. The object of the preacher is to combat the errors of the understanding and the heart, or to explain and establish truth. In other words, the end of every discourse from the pulpit is to secure the triumph of truth and virtue. Besides having a knowledge of the exact boundaries of truth and error, then, the preacher must meditate profoundly on them, particularly the former, seeking it in all its hidden recesses. He must, on the one hand, study the dispositions of his hearers, and on the other, he must reflect deeply on his subject, and incorporate with it not the dead letter, but the spirit, the substance of the evangelical doctrine. He must cast keen and searching glances into human society as it exists around him. He must make himself acquainted with the ever changing forms of delusion which seize the mind, varying with interest, education, and habit. If he must study the past, he must the present still more profoundly. He must know the prejudices of the day, whether philosophical or popular, and he must be able to point out results, particularly to show the fallacious promises of innovators.

Without an acquaintance with prevailing states of mind, and dominant passions and interests, the words of the preacher will produce little effect. Nothing more powerfully subdues an audience than a clear and vivid delineation of errors, which ordinarily lie confused in their minds. It is thus, that the eloquent speaker elevates himself above the mere vulgar declaimer. If at the same time he have the power to impart the knowledge and love of truth, which always supposes an acquaintance with the dispositions of his hearers; if to these advantages he add brilliancy of imagination, and a warmth of

soul profoundly penetrated with his subject, he will possess all the resources of genius, and it will be easy for him, with labor and patience, to secure the noblest triumphs.

We cannot follow the writer in his further reflections on the subject of preaching, in the course of which he introduces some remarks on the subject of language, on the departure from old models, and the introduction of novelties of expression.

The great preacher moves by his simplicity, by his profound convictions, by throwing his whole soul into his discourse. Style, action, thought, are all spontaneous and natural with him. If he announce the great truths of religion, he elevates himself with his subject, and transports the understandings of his hearers by the sole force of his thoughts. It is only the preacher whose mind and soul are void of sentiment and thought, it is only he who is obscure, who has a depraved taste and an ill regulated imagination, it is only he, who attempts to cover his indigence or his faults, by terms, the novelty of which is never without attraction for men always numerous, who are little capable of relishing what is true and simple.

The archbishop has no patience with this sort of preachers, whose artifices he describes at some length. The degenerate Romans crowded to the forum, and pressed around the rhetoricians of Greece, to hear a beautiful discourse on morality, and thence ran to cruel and licentious spectacles. Christians, after having heard these admired preachers, return to their pleasures and business with a faith less firm, and a conscience less accessible to remorse, and some, perhaps, will resort to the theatres, where modesty is outraged, and religion and piety cruelly immolated.

We have but imperfectly developed the writer's views of the proper qualifications of the theologian and the preacher, for we are compelled to study the utmost brevity. We pass over his three next topics, the studies suited to the pastor, the catechist, and the confessor.

In view of the large attainments necessary to these various ministrations of religion, may we not exclaim, asks the archbishop, in the language of Gregory of Nazianzen, "who shall dare to invade the sanctuary and the pulpit without preparation and without study? What! The dispenser of the mysteries of God, the depositary, the defender of truth, shall he, like a vile statue, be fashioned in haste? A man whose ministry is so elevated, who, fulfilling, as he ought, his vocation, unites his

voice with that of angels, who glorifies with them the eternal majesty; a man who is associated with the priesthood of Jesus Christ, who exercises with him sublime functions, causing sacrifices to rise from the visible altar of earth to the invisible altar in the heavens; who repairs the ruins which sin has caused in the fairest work of the Creator; who retraces in souls the bright image of God, disfigured by sin; who builds for eternity; who raises immortal edifices in the heavens; shall a man of this character be formed in a day? perchance be the work of an hour, or a moment?"

The necessity of profound study and science in the priesthood, the archbishop adds, was never greater than at present, on account of the amount of prejudice, pretension, doubt, and indifference, the result of the long efforts of irreligion, to be counteracted. Light must penetrate the souls of the clergy, the holy fire must be rekindled in their breasts by profound meditation and study; then will its rays warm and enlighten other souls now darkened or frozen by the effects of impiety.

Besides the studies more strictly professional, however, others must be taken up and pursued to a certain extent. Ecclesiastical science must by no means exclusively occupy the attention of those engaged in the sacred offices of religion. They must possess a knowledge of languages, literature, and the physical sciences; of profane history and the arts. A knowledge of all these will be of use to them, in the education of the young, and in various other ways. A minister is not expected to exhaust subjects of this kind. The study of them must be regarded as auxiliary to the study of sacred science, and not be made the principal object, except in a few cases of persons who possess rare endowments, and have a decided taste for intellectual pursuits, or historical or physical researches. Such may engage in them, and by attaining to excellence in them will reflect honor on their profession, and perform a service acceptable to humanity. For ourselves, says the archbishop, we ardently desire for the priesthood the honor of furnishing men eminent in all the sciences, and we sigh for the moment, when, having repaired its losses, it shall occupy an honorable place in learned societies, and regain the crown which the tempest at the end of the last century violently tore from its brow. Still, the objects of the ministry are not to be lost sight of, nor the claims of religion to be made subordinate to those of science. Religion is necessary to explain the enigma of the universe. It

lends aid to the physical sciences; it does more for the moral, which are united with it by the most intimate ties. Without it duties lose their sanction, and become themselves problems. To discard religion, is to put darkness in the place of light, and banish light to the regions of darkness.

In the section which follows, on the method and style suited to discourses from the pulpit, and to ecclesiastical and religious writings, many valuable thoughts occur. The writer insists on the most thorough discipline of the faculties, and most rigid attention to the laws of mind, and laws of just reasoning. He distinguishes between the method adapted to the schools, and that adapted to a public address. The former is more severe, more slow, and cautious. When the mind has been once trained to this process, and has been well exercised in it, it may depart from it not only with safety, but with advantage. Familiar with the true signification of words, it has no need, or rarely, to recur to definitions. Habituated to correct ideas, or to deduce them one from another, the aid of a middle term becomes less necessary, and the progress of the discussion becomes more rapid, without being less sure. The mind is only occupied in choosing always the most proper expression, in following in the exposition and classification of thoughts the most natural order, endeavoring to be concise without ceasing to be clear, and ornamented and eloquent without losing anything of precision.

This is the only method proper for the pulpit, and even in works composed for the clergy exercising the ministry, or destined to the defence of religion, the most useful, or at least those the most frequently consulted, are such as are written in a method less severe than that of the schools. It is that followed by the Fathers, by Bossuet, Fenelon, La Luzerne, Bergier, and all the more distinguished apologists of religion for the last three hundred years. Still, method is necessary. The laws of mind are always the same. Always the natural connection of ideas and proofs results in light. Always the forcing together of ideas, which have no connection with each other, however ingenious, although imagination may clothe them in her most brilliant hues, produces feeble and indeterminate convictions, or what is more deplorable, dangerous errors. By neologisms, capricious contrasts, and extravagant thoughts, one is astonished, and not instructed; while by means of principles clearly explained, and the natural order of ideas, that is, the logical order, one is enlightened himself, and instructs others.

The judgment is improved. This is essential, and if the other faculties are developed in the same proportion; if proofs under the pen take a form the most original, if the love of the good, the beautiful, and the true, inflame the heart; if a vigorous imagination seize on new contrasts between error always varying and truth always immutable; if the memory is enriched with facts; if by the aid of a sure judgment and an exquisite tact, one is able to cull from exhaustless materials, to add the imposing authority of experience to the authority of reason, it will need only persevering labor to enable him to elevate himself to a level with the greatest intellects which have ever adorned the church, or reflected honor on humanity.

Let us, says the archbishop, endeavor to acquire this solid and profound instruction. It is that possessed by all the great masters. They arrived at it through severe labors. Let us disdain the glory which is easily acquired; it is not durable.

What has been said of method is equally true of style, the rules of which the archbishop does not stop to develop. He shall content himself, he says, with merely indicating them in describing the errors of a literary heresy, known under the name of *Romanticism*. Several pages then follow on the bad taste, bad logic, the confused medley of all sorts of styles, vague assertions without proof, frigid thoughts, pompous puerilities, bombast and extravagance, of this new and fantastic school — these demagogues of literature, who set at defiance all the laws of good writing and all the principles of common sense. Genius, it is added, must impose on itself certain laws, and not proceed at hap-hazard. Submission to these laws does not necessarily impair its originality, nor repress its sublime inspirations. The eagle mounts upward by the same physical laws as the humble sparrow, but rises on a more vigorous wing, takes a loftier flight, and enjoys a broader field of vision.

The two measures, on which the archbishop chiefly relies for the remedy of existing evils, are the conferences, that is, meetings of the clergy at stated times, for the discussion of particular subjects of interest and importance to the welfare of religion; and the reëstablishment, on a new basis, of the Faculty of Theology. The first of these we shall pass over, and proceed to speak of the New Faculty of Theology.

This is an object which the archbishop regards with the most lively solicitude. The knowledge acquired in the seminaries, he says, is not sufficient to authorize the priest to dis-

pense with severe study during the exercise of his ministry. Experience but too clearly proves that with whatever success he commence his career, he may remain for the rest of his life undistinguished, or even fall below mediocrity, if he deliver himself over to idleness, or is destitute of the knowledge which is acquired by choice reading, united with careful meditation. In the acquisition of this knowledge the conferences will be a great help. But a more extended course of Theological study is indispensable, and to promote this, the Faculty of Theology is established on a new and improved footing.

The archbishop takes a rapid glance at the character of the ecclesiastical instruction given during the last forty years. During that term, he says, the Lectures from the chairs of the Faculty have been useless; and the reason is *given*. He compares them with the instruction *given* in the seminaries or religious houses.

From the time of the Concordat in 1801, it appears that the exercises in the seminaries have been conducted with a good deal of freedom, and in a familiar form. The old masters of conference permitted questions to be asked, as do the professors now, sometimes asking them themselves. They were not scrupulous to avoid repetition when they thought it would be useful, and they neglected no means of making themselves fully understood. Confining themselves generally to the scholastic method, they yet allowed themselves to depart from it at times, because the subject required developments, illustrations, and applications to which it was not adapted.

This method was entirely successful, because the divinity students found it useful. They were interested in it; they prepared themselves for the exercise; they listened; they took a summary of the argument. But this method could not be pursued by the public chair. The consequence was the Lectures were completely useless. The pupils had not time to prepare themselves for the two courses, and listen with advantage; and as that of the seminaries was better adapted to their wants, they of course neglected the other. The *élèves* of the numerous seminaries of Paris went every day and occupied the class seats with scrupulous assiduity, but it was with the determination not to listen to the learned Lectures which were given. These circumstances explain why the distinguished men, who have composed the Faculty of Theology since 1808, have been no more successful than their predecessors.

The instructions of the new Faculty are to take a different form. A more free method is to be adopted, but still there is to be method, and very rigid method. In every discussion the question must be distinctly stated, there must be a plan marked out, the divisions must be natural, the connection of ideas rigorous, and the laws of sound reasoning must be strictly adhered to. The proofs to be developed will be chiefly of a historical character, since the Catholic religion is founded essentially on facts. They who profess to disregard tradition still attribute as much importance as others to facts. How is it at the present day? Deists, naturalists, and others, who reject the authority of tradition, cease not to recur to it; they interrogate all oriental literatures, theogonies, cosmogonies, the philosophical and theological books of all countries, where the primitive inhabitants of the globe fixed their habitations. Wherefore a zeal so contrary to their principles? Because their principles are contrary to the nature of man, and respect for facts is conformable with it.

The teaching of the Faculty will be dogmatical as well as historical. Still, in all, light will be sought in the experience of the past. The rise and progress of opinions, and the reasons of them, will be searched out; and carefully examined, for a doctrine, as also a rule of duty, is best understood by being traced back to its source.

It will be the duty of the Professor of Hebrew, after having duly explained the language of the Old Testament, so necessary to the right understanding of the Scriptures, to direct his attention to the erroneous or too hardy interpretations which come from over the Rhine, which are not so much the fruit of a profound knowledge of language, as the result of the influence exercised over the philology of that country by an audacious rationalism.

The professor of Sacred Literature will adopt the free method pursued in the seminaries, already described. He will treat, among other things, of the authority, integrity, and divinity of the sacred books, having due reference to the doubts and objections of the Deists of the latter part of the 18th century, and of the German naturalists. He will find some knowledge of natural science and of chronology necessary, as also a degree of familiarity with the manners, laws, arts, and theology of the Pagans, and with the annals of ancient nations, whose history so often blends with that of the Hebrews. Relieved by the Hebrew professor from the task of grammatical criticism, and

by the professor of pulpit eloquence from examining the use which the Fathers made of the Scriptures, and that which the Christian orator should make of them, the Professor of Sacred Literature will nevertheless explain the different senses of the inspired books, and offer remarks on their style, and especially their poetry, viewed in reference to a literary standard.

The Professor of Ecclesiastical History has a grand career before him. Limiting himself to the reëstablishment of numerous facts which have been perverted or misrepresented, he will perform a work of immense importance. There is needed a preservative against the influence of a multitude of works, in which Christianity, and the spirit and character of the church are misapprehended or calumniated. If a good professor cannot himself bring a remedy to the evil, he may prepare the way for its correction by forming future historians well-informed on all the facts of religion. What darkness has been spread over the science of history, which has equally enveloped that of religion. At the present day more than ever the former is made use of, if not to render the other odious, at least to confound it with institutions purely human, or sometimes with such as are false and pernicious.

In placing facts in their true light, in tracing the effects of ambition, intolerance, and other vices, the professor will remark what in the transactions, which are objected to us, is censurable, but is to be ascribed to the passions of men, or the misfortune of the times; what is just, but has been unjustly condemned by irreligious prejudices; and what contains in itself a blended mass of good and evil, religion and error.

He will not confine himself to partial refutations. He will expose the radical vice of those systems in which all sorts of facts are constrained to lie, to establish some puerile or senseless paradox, which is sufficient nevertheless to give celebrity to its inventors. If, for example, one of them is pleased to find in a nation the principle of *immobility*, *permanency*, and *identity*, he will find priests, magistrates, people, *tenacious*, *obstinate*, and *opinionated*, in all their acts. Unfortunately for the author this people will be one which is remarkably yielding, which has never been reproached with the fault ascribed to it by the historian.—He does not acknowledge a revelation. Hence the idea of the Divinity, found among the ancient Gauls, must have been a *conquest of the human intellect*. He maintains, with the German visionary Herder, that from the worship of material objects

man rose to a deification of the agents of nature; and at a later period, to that of the general laws which regulate its phenomena. History tells quite a different story; for it shows us that these errors are the consequence of forgetfulness of God, the Creator, Preserver, and Judge of men, and Lord of the Universe. But where would be the glory of a historian, if he were found in harmony with the most ancient and authentic annals of the race?

The Professor of Ecclesiastical History will labor to render such glory ephemeral, and by monuments not to be contradicted, will prove the error. He will demonstrate — the thing is easy — that not only the obscure historians of our epoch, but the most celebrated, must, before the examination of monuments, be read with distrust, because they advance the most contradictory assertions on the same facts, and seem to be animated by a foolish emulation to color, distort, and invert the past for the benefit of their sympathies, their antipathies, and their reveries. To make truth triumph by the same means employed of late to establish error, will be the labor at once honorable and useful of the professor of ecclesiastical history.

The Professor of Pulpit Eloquence, after illustrating the rules of the art, will speak of the more eloquent of the Fathers, and their successful or feeble imitators. He will remark upon their simplicity of expression, their style abounding in images and similitudes, and tinctured with a scriptural phraseology. He will comment on their eloquent passages, and the circumstances which inspired them, not forgetting, however, to take notice of their ordinary manner, when in their instructions and homilies they address artisans and laborers.

After the Fathers came preachers, who were too much enslaved to the scholastic method, or who were in other respects faulty. A criticism on this kind of preaching will not be without its interest and utility. It will be sufficient to institute a comparison between preachers of this kind and their successors, who, retaining only so much of this dry method as was necessary to regularity of plan, filled up their discourse with solid and just thought, altogether scriptural in its general tone and coloring, and expressed with dignity, with simplicity, and with inimitable clearness. Such were the Bossuets, the Bourdaloues, and the Massillons. The professor will note their feeble and frigid copyists. These have been succeeded by a different race — some animated with a pure zeal — others ranking in the class of in-

novators, who are worse than useless to the church, who will be cited by some future professor of eloquence as models of a false and depraved taste, which cannot be too soon banished from the pulpit. The professor, as he cannot deliver a *critique* on contemporary orators, will labor by rules and examples of a just eloquence to form preachers, who shall render this *critique* less severe, when the time for writing it shall arrive.

The canon law, its history, principles, and application, too, are to be taught and illustrated by a member of the Faculty. This topic is treated at some length, but has little interest for us.

Such is a general idea of the plan and of the spirit in which it is to be pursued. The professors have been selected with care, and the whole arrangement has received the sanction of the minister of public instruction.

The Archbishop points out a distinction between the eloquence suited to a choir of the Faculty, and that suited to the pulpit, or the political tribune, and concludes with an animated address to his clergy, in which he recals to their minds some of the motives to faithful and serious study, — as the state of the other sciences, the example of their fathers in the faith, the success of their ministry, and the consolations attending a life of so much labor and usefulness.

He gives a melancholy picture of the state of the other sciences, which he thinks are menaced with a sad decline, from the irreligious spirit in which they are cultivated. In the physical and natural sciences vast progress has been made, but in accumulating observations almost to infinity, the learned have arrived at results so minute that they become as dust in their hands. In seeking the highest reason, the last word, the general law and common tie of being, yet excluding God and religion, which can alone supply it, they engage in a vain search; and after a commencement, full of enthusiasm, we are in danger of witnessing a profound indifference in regard to the study of nature.

In psychology and metaphysics, disgust and lassitude are already visible. Literature is debased by the most reprehensible passions. History is transmuted into a cramped and contradictory philosophy. Poetry has become a sort of delirium, or has exchanged its enchanting strains for savage cries, or a wearisome monotony. Political science has become a tower of Babel, with this difference, that unlike the sons of Noah, the contending parties are now more inclined to fatal strife than to a pacific separation.

Yet amid all, the ministers of religion should be sustained and animated in their studies by faith in the final triumph of truth over the wanderings of human genius, and principles of a corrupt taste. This faith sustained and animated the great teachers who, in former ages, reflected honor on the church. Amid oppressive labors, amid distracting cares, they still studied. They studied before the voice of the people summoned them abroad, and required to be pressed to leave their studious solitude; and they still persevered in study, when it seemed impossible from the multitude of onerous duties imposed on them.

The Gregories of Nazianzen, the Basils, placed in the great sees of the East, were not less studious than Jerome in his grot at Bethlehem. St. Ambrose read and studied amid hourly interruptions. St. John Chrysostom composed his chief works under the pressure of the heavy cares of his ministry, and amid the dissensions and intrigues, which agitated the degenerate Greeks of the lower Empire. Yet how few the facilities of study then enjoyed, compared with those which exist at the present day.

When in the fifth century, the barbarians invaded or threatened all the provinces of the West, — when the energies of their savage hearts were occupied in obliterating all monuments of civilization, and spreading over the universe the veil of a profound night, — at a time so full of evil, the learned bishops — amid a thousand solicitudes, the labor of instructing their flocks, of succoring the poor, and pleading the cause of the oppressed, — amid schism and strife — still studied. In a life so occupied they pleaded not want of time. Amid the noise of falling Rome, which resounded through the Universe, Jerome and Augustine still studied. Amid the catastrophes which covered the earth with ruins, they were not disheartened, and the monuments of their labors still remain.

The Fathers combatted the adversaries of truth; they vanquished ancient errors. They studied and triumphed over the philosophers and sectaries most exercised in the use of the voice and the pen. The Fathers of the third century defended by their writings the faith they were called to seal with their blood. The night consecrated to study might be followed by the day of their martyrdom, and still they studied. The times were often unpropitious, but the ardor of study still survived. The priest indeed studied little when every town and village resounded with the din of arms, but still he studied. In the

time of St. Bernard and St. Thomas, he studied much. In the age of Gerson, he studied with zeal in the universities. Bossuet studied. A bishop, the preceptor of Kings, once a missionary, in the midst of the pomp of a court, the most brilliant in the universe, he still studied, as did Fleury and Fenelon after him. The history of the church is full of the monuments of studious labor, and the call for study is still undiminished, for the errors to be combatted are not fewer now than in former times.

Here we must break off. We have given an imperfect sketch of the views and sentiments which pervade the letter. We leave the reader to make his own reflections.

A. L.

RELIGION AND GOODNESS.

In asserting that religion and goodness are one and the same thing in the character, there is danger of giving low views of religion to those who have low views of goodness. Indeed, the origin of all the opposition, which the church has shown to the identification of morality and piety, is to be found in the low morality which has prevailed, and which usurps that sacred and spotless name. If we say that the morality of the exchange, of the shop, of the social circle, is piety, we slander religion beyond endurance. If we encourage the notion, that the amount and kind of virtue, which passes current in the world, is the religion of God and Christ, it needs excite no surprise, if the really good, and Christian, style the doctrine rank heresy. It is so.

There has never been too high a standard of duty and excellence in the church, or the world. The objection to the exclusive claims of religion, to be considered as something differing from, and beyond goodness, as the only and peculiar saving principle in the soul, is not that it demands an impracticable and exaggerated purity and holiness from man, but that it puts

men off the track of excellence, by a confusion of language and of principles; and so instead of requiring too much, tends to content them with too little. To identify true goodness with true religion is necessary, not so much in vindication of man, as of God; it is not so much a plea for man's weakness, as a plea for God's law. The great heresy in the world is a want of goodness. The grand and only objection to the prevailing views of religion is, that they do not promote virtue. It is to elevate the name of religion, not to exalt the dignity of virtue, that this union is declared. Virtue in her real character cannot be magnified. But it has been the perpetual loss and degradation of religion, that she dissociated herself from the protection and reputation of virtue. What pure and holy hearts now call practical religion, is only virtue — called by a new name, because her old one has been so greatly dishonored; but religion, alas! with the mass now applies to principles and dispositions, to which goodness will not lend her name. If virtue, to protect her sanctity, now claims the title of religion, religion, to escape popular desecration, must claim the name of *goodness*. Thus the low character of popular religion and popular virtue obliges true religion and true virtue to claim first one name and then the other, to escape alliance with either.

When goodness and virtue are exalted as the only saving possessions, it becomes very important that we should have clear and definite ideas about them. There is much mischievous confusion existing in most minds as to the meaning of these terms. Virtue is always goodness — but goodness is not always virtue. Virtue promotes the highest happiness — but happiness does not always arise from virtue. Goodness is a common thing; virtue a rarity. Happiness is very general — but genuine and lasting felicity very infrequent.

There is a goodness belonging to our common nature, which is the source of a large part of human happiness. It surely is not an accidental or insignificant coincidence, that the only word descriptive of our nature, *humanity*, is also expressive of the sweetest charities we know. There are fountains of pity and benevolence in the great common heart of man. Children universally manifest abhorrence of cruelty, the utmost compassion for suffering, and easily learn to love any human being. Nay! there is a kindly feeling in all hearts. All men take delight in acts of courtesy, and of substantial service. The worst men find it hard to keep their hearts from melting toward their fel-

low creatures. There is little malevolence, hatred, or spite in the world; injury and violence are the fruits of sudden passion, not of malice. The groundwork of man is better than he thinks. We are always agreeably disappointed in the acquaintance of those who suffer, however justly, a bad reputation. There are more amiable traits about them than we anticipated. We are unprepared for many of their demonstrations of kindness. We are disposed to think them very hardly judged. Should we visit the prisons and penitentiaries of the world, we should find much less malignity and blackness of heart than we expected, or rather much less unmixed evil. If there be as much *bad* in the world as we think, there is vastly more *good*. And the good and the bad are found most intimately woven together. The dispositions of very bad men are often affectionate and sympathizing. You may sometimes find a husband and a father, whom the world suspect, or despise, and justly too, to be tenderly beloved and cherished beneath his own roof — nay, almost respected, as incapable of the sins with which the world charge him — and all through the sweetness of his temper, the tenderness of his affections. So too, we read of pirates and highwaymen, possessed of chivalrous and gentle bearing, of merciful hearts, of almost disinterested generosity — men towards whom our own affections yearn. We are apt to style these portraits inconsistent, unnatural, and injurious. On the contrary, they are the most natural and faithful delineations. They are injurious only because the good which is in them is made a matter of merit, instead of being set down to the account of our nature. It is the essential goodness of the native human heart — which thus breaks through the most reckless, abandoned character, and attracts our sympathy.

Now there has doubtless been a tendency originating in theological systems, or else in a laudable but mistaken moral sensitiveness to underrate the importance and worth of this native goodness. Because sweet dispositions, impulsive benevolence, generous sympathy, are often found in unprincipled and immoral men, because there is confessedly no virtue, or merit in them, being the spontaneous growth of our nature, it has been argued that they are of no value whatever. But this is a most hasty and wild conclusion. Our whole nature is no creation of ours, but of God's. To his honor and goodness speaks every noble or beautiful impulse of the human heart. The spontaneous goodness of our kind is more descriptive of

God's character than man's. But because man can claim no credit for his native dispositions, that does not change their essential character. Is not the eye a beautiful and useful organ, though man did not make it for himself? Are the affections less cheering, supporting and blessed, because man did not plant, and does little to sustain them in his own heart; springing as they do with irresistible life and beauty from the common soil of humanity? Is paternal love and tenderness less interesting, less beneficent, less real, because exhibited in a rude and reckless man, toward the children who are soon to learn that the Father that begot and cherishes them is an outlaw and a ruffian? When a creature of vice and crime risks life or limb from a sudden impulse of generosity in defence or rescue of a drowning child, or an assaulted woman, does the act lose its beauty, or its worth, because its author is base and degraded? Nay, is it not more shining for the very shadows out of which this heavenly beam leaps forth? Ah! the spontaneous, native goodness of man is the origin of more of his happiness, than virtue herself. How few virtuous, that is, principled characters there are! And what would the world come to, were our only reliance upon meritorious goodness! Could we expect no sympathy, no love, no kindness, but that which originates in a sense of duty, we should perish of hunger. But we rely, and safely, upon that great fund of humanity which is treasured up by heaven in the common heart; in our nature. Most, beyond comparison most of the affectionate, disinterested, serviceable actions of men spring from impulse. They are independent of character. Bad men have good natures. Unprincipled characters have kindly dispositions. There is very little merit, but nevertheless much absolute worth in the run of men; very little virtue, but great native goodness. This point ought to be distinctly seen and confessed. We must not diminish the real amount of native goodness in men; for the divine credit is concerned in it. God himself is the originator and owner of this goodness, and it is disallowing his claims to disown or discredit it. Nor must we underrate the amount of happiness that flows from these spontaneous and common graces of the human heart. It is undeniable that a vast sum of happiness exists in the world; and if we deny the power of these native impulses to bless, we leave men to infer that they are as virtuous and meritorious as they are happy. What an opiate to the conscience it is, to tell men there is no source of

happiness but virtue; or that men are miserable in precise proportion to their deserts! Nothing is so true, as that virtue is the highest and only certain source of blessedness; nothing is more true than that every departure from virtue is attended by inevitable consequences, either of pain, or loss; the pain of self-accusation, the loss of self-respect, the pain of remorse, the loss of spiritual strength and advancement. But aside from these lofty satisfactions, these great spiritual joys of our nature, there are sources of pleasure and comfort, arising in that part of our being, which is independent of our character. Thus, want of moral principle does not destroy the natural appetites, nor the pleasure which attends their gratification. It does not eradicate the domestic affections, nor blunt curiosity, nor hinder the grateful exercise of the understanding, nor pervert the beneficent tendency of man's various passions and faculties. Even while the unscrupulous tradesman is driving an iniquitous bargain, his immorality does not prevent him from deriving pleasure from the exercise of his shrewdness. There is no way of entirely defeating the benevolence of God toward his children. Such an irresistible proclivity, such a God-given inclination toward happiness, is there contrived in our very nature, that no degree of unfaithfulness utterly resists, or frustrates it.

A fatal mistake in religious instruction has been made, in attempting to persuade men, in the face and eyes of their own consciousness, that they are very miserable — and that all their wretchedness is to be ascribed to their irreligion. Practically, men answer, let it be so. If we are now suffering the consequences of our sins; if our present degree of contentment and enjoyment is in the eye of religion *wretchedness*, we are not greatly disturbed, or anxious to change. In the eye of a discriminating observation, the amount of human happiness and contentment, springing from the native constitution of man, is so great and so satisfactory, that it is difficult to inspire men with a thirst for something better and greater. Religion and virtue find more puissant foes in the general happiness of men, than in their wretchedness. When men are wretched and forsaken, when their natural spirits, their domestic ties, their enterprise and activity fail them — then it is, that they begin to reflect upon the unsubstantial nature of that happiness, which, resulting in circumstances, can be overthrown by circumstances. Then it is, and not much before, that they perceive the destitution which has followed self-neglect — then

it is that the higher nature, which they have all along offended without much remorse, renders in its account in full; not perhaps with accusations and sharp upbraidings; but in a sense of spent resources, in oppressive languor and ennui, in a felt incapacity for happiness, in weariness of spirit. It is very possible, that while property, youth, constitution last, many men of the loosest principles and habits can smile at that list of demons of self-reproach, remorse, discontent, with which moralists tell them they are haunted. They know nothing of them. Life flows merrily with them. They sleep soundly, wake peacefully, eat heartily, and look with unfurrowed brow and unshamed faces into the eyes of their fellow men. It is no great wonder if they think morality and religion a pretence and a nonentity. Yes, none are more skeptical of the dreadful consequences of vice, than the vicious themselves. Perhaps none know them so well, as the most virtuous, since vice punishes itself more, by the blessings it forfeits, than by the miseries it invokes. But this does not last always. Worldliness and religion are both right, for both speak from experience. Vice, youthful, lusty, and thoughtless, disowns the hell, in which morality declares that it perpetually dwells. And no wonder. Youthful vice is like the sun of a southern climate, which with magical rapidity calls out a luxuriant verdure. The fields are gay and odorous with flowers, the airs intoxicating to the sense of life and happiness; woods skirt and conceal every morass, and universal beauty clothes the landscape with glory, and man with delight. But the sun that creates and nourishes this beauty does not abate his fires, when nature has attained her perfection. Under its intense rays, the vegetation ripens to rapid decay; the tranquil waters that nourished its life steam up in pestilential vapors. The grove-skirted and flower-sprinkled morass blasts with its poisonous breath the trees on its banks, the cattle at its sides; the men within the reach of its atmosphere. Parched fields, a blighted harvest, a landscape of horror and ruin, starved, or thirsting herds, and death in every habitation, attest the progress of this smiling, treacherous orb! And such is vice — so fascinating and beautiful at first, and so fatal and horrible at last.

We have endeavored to do justice to the spontaneous and universal goodness, there is in men, and to take an honest view of the amount of happiness enjoyed by those who do not seek it in virtue, or give special heed to the dictates of religion. It must be confessed that whatever the ultimate consequences of

self-neglect and impiety may be, the immediate effects are not commonly such as to banish peace, or create misery. If the majority of men are sinners, it must nevertheless be acknowledged that the majority are well enough contented with their condition, and make shift to be cheerful. We are likely to draw very false conclusions, from this fact. It would seem as if there were very little essential difference in characters; as if virtue and vice had little to do with making men happy or unhappy. But, let us specially notice, that the universal happiness of men, to the degree in which it exists, springs not from what is bad, but from what is good in them; from their divinely-created nature and divinely-ordered relations and circumstances, not from their private characters. The majority of all human actions are neither good nor bad, but indifferent; the majority of all human feelings are neither moral nor immoral, but innocent. The conscience is called on for its judgment only now and then, and of course no man can be offending his conscience, when he is not using it. We are using and enjoying our nature continually, but we are exercising or exhibiting our personal character only occasionally. This is the whole account of the prevailing peace and felicity of indifferent, or bad characters. Their happiness springs from their nature, which is in constant use — their unhappiness from their conscience, which is only in occasional activity — and the relative proportions of their moral emotions, to all their other emotions, is the small ratio of their discontent. The moralist might perhaps hastily wish that none, who disobey the great principles of virtue, should be happy at all. But God be thanked, that human virtue is not the measure of human felicity. God is not niggard of his blessings, but pours them out upon the just and the unjust, the evil and the good. But let us not fail to observe, that he does this without a particle of injustice to any, and without a moment's forgetfulness of the everlasting difference between the claims of virtue and vice. There is a vast sum of happiness, shared equally between the good and the bad, entirely irrespective of character, just as there is a vast deal of good in all men, vicious and virtuous, independent of their own efforts or will. But the happiness of virtue is peculiar to virtue, the misery of vice, peculiar to vice — vice never for an instant enjoyed the rewards of virtue, and virtue never momentarily suffered the punishment of vice. Men can do without virtue for a time without great distress — because they live meanwhile upon the

THE DYING FLOWER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF RÜCKERT, BY THE REV. N. L. FROTHINGHAM.

Hope! thou yet shalt live to see
Vernal sun and vernal air;
Such the hope of every tree
Stripped by autumn's tempests bare.
Hidden in their quiet strength,
Winter-long their germs repose,
Till the sap starts fresh at length,
And the new-born verdure grows.

"Ah! no mighty tree am I,
That a thousand summers lives,
And, its winter dream gone by,
Spring-like green and gladness gives.
I am but an humble flower
Wakened by the kiss of May;
There is left no trace of power,
As, shrouded white, I drop away."

Since thou, then, a floweret art,
Modest child, of gentle kin,
Hear thou this, and so take heart: —
Every plant has seed within.
Be it that the wind of death
Scatters thee with blast and cold,
Still thou 'lt breathe in others' breath,
Thus renewed a hundred fold.

"Yes, as I shall but have been,
Others like me soon shall be;
Endless is the general green, —
Single leaves die presently.

Be they all I used to show;
I can be myself no more;
All my being lives in now,
Nought behind and nought before.

"Though the sun, that warms me yet,
Dart through them his glances bright,
That soothes not the fate that's set,
Dooming me to endless night.
Sun, already them that follow
Followest thou with glowing eye;
Mock me not with that dim, hollow,
Frosty glance from clouded sky.

"Woe's me, that I felt thy blaze
Kindling me to my short day!
That I met thy ardent gaze
Till it stole my life away!
What of that poor life remains
From thy pity I'll withhold;
I'll avoid thee, and my pains
Close in my closed self uphold.

"Yet these icy thoughts relent,
Melted by thee to a tear;—
Take, O take my breath that's spent,
Everlasting, to thy sphere.
Yes, thou sunnest all the sorrow
Out from my dark heart at last;
Dying, all I had to borrow
I thank thee for;—now all is past.

"For every gentle note of spring;
Each summer's gale I trembled to;
Each golden insect's dancing wing,
That gaily round my leaflets flew;
For eyes that sparkled at my hues;
For hearts that blessed my fragrancy,
Made but of tints and odorous dews,—
Maker, I still give thanks to thee.

"Of thy world an ornament,
Though a trifling and a poor,
I to grace the fields was sent,
As stars bedeck the higher floor.
One gasp have I left me still,
And no sigh shall that be found;
One look yet to heaven's high hill,
And the beauteous world around.

"Let me towards thee pour my soul,
Fire-heart of this this lower sphere;
Heaven, thine azure tent unroll;—
Mine, once green, hangs wrinkled here.
Hail, O Spring, thy beaming eye!
Hail, O Morn, thy wooing breath!
Without complaint in death I lie,
If without hope to rise from death."

NOTICE OF THE PROGRESS OF PEACE PRINCIPLES.

Our attention has recently been attracted by symptoms of fresh life in the movement of peace. A new impulse has evidently been imparted to it. An activity seems to be beginning, which promises to fulfil the hopes of its friends, and scatter the apathy and unbelief of the indifferent.

It seems to belong to the history of moral progress, that it shall have stages; shall pass through alternations; be marked by eras; now go forward, now backward, now be stationary; linger sometimes slowly, like a fire that slackens for a period as if about to die away, but which is in fact only pausing, to refresh its strength, and then burst out with fresh fury. The project of laboring for permanent and universal peace was first agitated in 1815. It took immediate hold of many minds and made rapid advancement; then it languished for a time, made no apparent progress, and not only failed to command a general interest at all proportionable to its importance and promise, but was in danger of being absolutely smothered by a universal apathy, upon which the zealous fidelity of a few was able to make no impression. Now, at length, there are signs of awakening which give ground to believe that all that seeming lethargy, so like death in appearance, was only a pause of deliberation, during which a great preparation was silently made in a multitude of souls. The seeds, which had been sown and had apparently perished, were only reposing in the fattening furrow, till their natural period should be fulfilled for springing up in a thick growth of vigorous plants, to overshadow and bless the soil. They were thoughtless, faint-hearted, unbelieving souls, which imagined the sowing to be lost, because the ground looked so long barren, and no corn answered the inquiring eye of the impatient sower. They should have known better. They should have taken a lesson from the husbandman, who is not at all troubled that the ground remains barren for a while, because a long-hidden work beneath the surface is an essential preliminary to the glorious springing of the green herb above, and the final burden of an ample harvest. The seed is not quickened, except it die. The small band of believing and resolute men, (resolute, because believing,) who watched with undaunted hope the apparent deadness of the

church and the world — ridiculed by the latter, as visionary enthusiasts hoping against hope, and neglected or "damned with faint praise" by the former, as well-meaning but weak-minded, — these men are now beginning to reap their reward. They had faith that in due time it would be so, if they did not faint. That faith is now beginning to be sight. While they were saying it is yet four months to harvest, they looked up and beheld the fields already white unto the harvest. In a word, the signs of progress are so many and so manifest, that the accomplishment of the great project is to be no longer accounted a matter of hope, but of reasonable certainty; the "beginning of the end" has come. The friends of man, who have so long sustained each other by the promise that some future age shall behold what their eyes should not see, may now congratulate one another, and praise God, and take fresh courage. Certainly *we* cannot observe what is now brought to our view, without congratulatory words to them and to our race.

If any are disposed to say, that these congratulations are too early, we ought to wait, we speak prematurely; we reply, by asking them to look at the symptoms to which we refer; have they turned their eyes in this direction? have they taken any note of the premonitory signs? Let not those, who stand obstinately with their back upon the East, think themselves qualified to deny that the first rosy streaks of the dawn are on the misty horizon. Let them not insist that there is no life or sound abroad, because in their deep slumbers they have not themselves heard the early cock crowing. Let them believe those who have been awake and watching through the night, whose senses have been quickened by their vigilance, whose straining eyes and anxious ears have become so sensitive, that they catch certainty from amid the dimness which is still impenetrable by other senses, and who are now ready to shout over Christendom the tidings of the approaching morn. They are sure the day is about to break, and would fain awaken the world to rejoice.

And why should not men be ready to receive the tidings? It is nothing new, that a cause makes a long progress in profound silence; that its principles lie working in the minds of men, unobserved and unsuspected, shaping, moulding, changing their ideas, and then bursts forth at once in sudden activity and universal change. So the principles of the Reformation

long moved secretly about, and became at last thoroughly inwrought into the public mind; but the outer order of society gave no signs of change till Luther arose, and then it was simultaneous and universal. So in the French Revolutions — the first and the second; the antecedent preparation was silent and long; the catastrophe was sudden and overwhelming. So in the Temperance Reformation of the last fifteen years, which offers an illustration perfectly parallel to the case before us. The friends of that reform began hopefully more than thirty years ago; they made an impression; they spread the alarm, awakened attention to facts, infused the elementary principles; but there was only a slight advance, and then a pause — indifference — apathy; the friends of the undertaking were in a fair way to become altogether discouraged. But, meantime, the thing was working in the depths of men's minds, thoughts were maturing in the bosom of society, and by and bye, at the right time, they came forth in action, and a great revolution was rapidly accomplished. The field, on which so much labor seemed to have been unprofitably wasted, became green in one night; the seeds so long despaired of shot up everywhere, they grew steadily, rapidly, till the early planters were lost in amazement at the almost incredible harvest. It requires no extraordinary faith, no unreasonable stretch of credulity, to think that this may be the process by which the prevalence of Peace principles shall be secured, and the reign of War demolished. Why improbable, that beneath the indifference which has so long mocked the entreaties and prayers of disinterested philanthropy, there has been going on a process of preparation, which is, ere long, to surprise the inattentive world with sudden manifestations of a wide-spread change of opinion, and a resolute agreement among the nations to banish war from the world?

In order to see how far the present position of affairs gives hope, we must recollect what has been the history of the past. It must first of all be remembered, that the time has never been when some far-sighted and benevolent men have not — we do not say deplored and declaimed against the follies and wickedness of war, — but have seen the possibility of abolishing it, and have entertained the hope that it would be done. Three centuries ago Erasmus published his *Complaint of Peace*, a treatise that may well compare with any that have been written in the present century. But it seems to have produced no

effect on the opinion or action of the age; and all, who afterward from time to time echoed his voice, received no response but the hollow echo of their own words, like the empty reverberation of a trumpet among the hills, that dies away in the air and leaves no mark. Christendom still remained thoroughly unpurged of its pagan mind. Even the eloquent and soul-stirring orations of the two great preachers of their day in Britain, Chalmers and Robert Hall, seem to have made no impression beyond that of admiration for their eloquence. And Neckar, in France, by his urgent arguments and glowing expostulations, instinct with wisdom and eloquent with truth and feeling, effected nothing. All other individual efforts in like manner failed; they cast a momentary light which attracted the attention of a few, who looked and wondered for the instant, then turned away, and the darkness closed in as before.

Is there not an impressive lesson to be extracted from this fruitlessness of such powerful efforts? Do we not discover in the discouraging fact, the wisdom and divinity of the modern system of associated action? Do we not find in it a refutation of all the theoretic arguments that are sometimes broached for the superior efficiency of individual effort? No efforts more true and powerful than those of the eminent men just referred to. How happened it then that they came to nought? How happened it that Erasmus made no impression, and that for three hundred years the world went on sinning and suffering in spite of his appeal, which seemed as if it might waken and change the universe? He was alone, — that is the answer. It was the mind of an individual that reasoned; it was the voice of an individual that spoke. If Erasmus had known the force which lies in combination, and had gathered into a society the good men who felt as he did, and if that society had given itself to the work of changing the sentiment of men and bringing about the pacification of the world, with the resolute and onward spirit which characterizes all true Christian action on a great scale, — the result would have been — how different! What an alleviation of the horrors of the subsequent three hundred years! What a different condition of the world at the present time! The ultimate object might, ere this, have been very nearly, if not quite accomplished; — and the long enjoyment of universal peace would have already produced effects on the character, condition, civilization of society, whose magnitude it is difficult to conjecture. What

might not have resulted from the steady propagation of peace principles for three hundred years! But because it was the solitary voice of one man and not the acclamation of a multitude, it was overpowered by the dissonances of the world. After a brief hour nobody remembered that he had spoken. For the same reason all who lifted up the cry from time to time afterward, spoke to the winds. It was in every instance the shout of a single voice; — one voice! to balance the noise of all the captains and their shouting, the acclamations of victory, and the Te Deums of the church! And when Noah Worcester, in 1815, uttered his grieved and indignant cry, it must in the same way have died upon the air, and before this have been forgotten, if he had not taken care to *give it the power of increase and perpetuity*, by banding together a company whose office should be to repeat it with perpetual iteration, and take care that it should not fade from the audience of mankind. His book was perishable; like the "Complaint of Peace," it was the natural, and probable destiny of the "Solemn Review" to be read and praised in its day by a few, then be shoved aside by other more practical topics, and at length be known only to the scholars and antiquarians, who should find it on the mouldy upper shelf of the public libraries; while the spirit of the world and the practices of society should remain just what they would have been if the tract had never been written. But happily, the times had changed. It had become known that united action is strength; that a great thought, born of one mind in solitude, is to be nursed and matured by the union of many in society. Therefore the principles and faith of this one man, who alone could do nothing and must soon die, were embodied in an association of brethren which could do much, and need not die; which might descend with an unquenchable and ever more vigorous action from generation to generation, might extend itself from land to land, and by degrees enlist in its ranks the great majority of Christian men; — until these principles, thus enthroned in the mind of the majority, should sway the action of society and determine the condition of the world. Happily there were good men and brave, who were ready to attempt this magnanimous design. They could not be daunted, as long as they remembered that eleven humble men, banded together in an upper room, once formed an association which has overturned the world. They organized the Massachusetts Peace Society in

the month of December, 1815; by auspicious coincidence, on a day of the very week, in which the treaty of Peace was signed at Ghent. Thus the solitary voice of the "Solemn Review" became the outcry of many, and insisted on being heard. As the procession passed on, another and another joined the band, till the earnest cutcry swelled louder and louder on the breeze, and rolled on from state to state, across the wide seas, and over the Eastern continent, penetrating the palaces of kings, alarming the garrisons of war, and everywhere, from every class of men, calling out to join the philanthropic anthem; till statesmen in their robes of office gave assent, and warriors laid down their trappings and their armor to join this new crusade of the Prince of Peace.

The great hope of success, then, rests, under God, upon the principle of association; and in proportion as we witness the activity of the Peace Society, we behold the approach of the predicted and longed-for day of universal peace. The action of the Massachusetts Peace Society was never intermitted, though sometimes it evidently felt the benumbing influence of the general apathy. The unconcern, with which even the most Christian portion of the community regarded its movements, could not be other than disheartening. Yet it manfully kept on its way. It held its anniversary on the evening of the 25th of December, and then, to small audiences, were addressed Orations that were fit to move the world, and yet could make small apparent impression on the skeptical mass. Even the Reports of the active Committee of Inquiry — the result of great labor, and the depositories of astounding facts and equally astounding calculations, — seemed to be heard by the multitude with a sort of self-complacent incredulity, which seemed to say, "such things cannot be in so good a world as this; or if they are, it is no concern of ours; none but fanatics would meddle with them." The society, however, persevered. Dr. Worcester, gentle, serene, undoubting, sat in his sick man's chair, and pondered, and prayed, and hoped, and sent out from his retirement the quarterly *Friend of Peace;* — not wholly in vain; — it arrested the attention of many, and gave conviction to some, and excited an active zeal in a few. We cannot name that publication without a passing expression of our admiration, that for so long a period one man should have carried it on, almost unaided, with so perpetual a variety of argument and illustration, with a spirit never extravagant, and a zeal that never flagged, undismayed and undisheartened to the end.

Meantime he had been the instrument of bringing into the field another laborer, of devotedness equal to his own, and of physical strength unspeakably greater. His own infirmities forbad him all public activity; he could address his fellow men only from his closet and through the press. Mr. Ladd was a man of great bodily vigor, and habitual activity of life, as well as of ardent philanthropy of heart, and strong moral energy. He carried the cause into the pulpit and the lecture room. He travelled with it from town to town and from state to state. It thus reached many who could not have been affected by the press, and extended far and wide the knowledge and influence of the truth. He became the life and patron of the cause; he founded the American Peace Society which took place of the Massachusetts; living he spent upon it his time, his strength, and his money, and dying he bequeathed to it a great part of his estate, as well as the encouragement of his example. It falls to few enterprizes to possess two such devoted friends as Worcester and Ladd.

The favorite project of Mr. Ladd, to which he gave such preëminence, and which he prosecuted with such ability and resolution, that it has become the main operation of the Peace Society, both here and in Europe — was the establishment of a Court of Arbitration, whereby public controversies among civilized nations, should be decided like private controversies among civilized individuals, without appeal to arms. In efforts for the promotion of this object, he not only preached and talked and wrote and printed, but it was chiefly through his agency and influence, that a large premium was offered for a dissertation on the subject, and that a large octavo volume was published, containing several of the best papers which had been called forth by the competition for the prize. The volume may possibly be too large; but it contains a great amount of interesting and valuable discussion. Its publication has already produced distinguished consequences; directly and indirectly it has been the means of extending indefinitely the principles and the influence of the Society. It has found its way to the cabinets of ministers and to the chambers of princes; it has gained access to the tables of all the potentates and chief magistrates of America and Europe; and while it has not, that we are aware, been rejected by any, it has been received by some with expressions of strong approbation and decided concurrence. It cannot be altogether without effect, that the minds of those,

to whom belongs the practical decision in the last resort, have been addressed by so powerful representations, and have manifested a willingness to listen.

While America has thus steadily moved onward, Europe has not been slow to do her share. A "Society for the Promotion of Permanent and Universal Peace" was formed in London, in June, 1816, only six months after that in Boston, and is still laboring zealously and effectually. Its principal operations have been by the press. The "Herald of Peace" has been conducted with great spirit, and has the merit, not always belonging to such journals, of increasing in value as it grows older. A number of admirable Tracts has been published and circulated, distinguished especially by copious and powerful illustrations from history. And recently there has been brought out, by the offer of a premium of one hundred pounds, a fine Essay on War and Peace, with a special argument in favor of a Congress of Nations.*

On the Continent of Europe, a beginning has been made at Geneva. That remarkable little city at the foot of the Alps — famous through centuries for its intellectual culture and its eminent men — has been first to sound this cry of reform, and advocate the great cause of human rights. The Count de Sellon founded a Peace Society many years ago, and devoted himself, much in the way and the spirit of our own countryman, Ladd, to extend and establish its philanthropic principles. And now, from recent accounts, it appears, that the well-known "Society for Christian Morals," in Paris, has taken up the cause with all the enthusiasm that characterizes the French people; and with a promise of perseverance which the past history of that society warrants us in believing will not be forfeited.†

* This Essay has been handsomely printed under the following title: "*Peace, Permanent and Universal: its Practicability, Value, and Consistency with Divine Revelation. A Prize Essay, by H. T. J. Macnamara.*" It is dedicated to Viscount Palmerston. The subject is distributed as follows: — Part I. War, under all circumstances, inconsistent with the precepts and the spirit of Christianity. Part II. The Duties of Magistrates and Peace Officers in cases of tumults, insurrections, and invasions, &c. Part III. The best means of settling all disputes between nations, without recourse to arms. The Essay is written with clearness and vigor; its statements on all the most important points are strong and satisfactory, and it well merits a place among the many good treatises which the cause has called forth.

† We refer our readers to the late numbers of the London *Herald of Peace*, and the Boston *Advocate of Peace*, for spirited notices of the

America, England, Switzerland, France,; when the philanthropy of four such nations, — situated as these are, and having such relations to the world, — is awakened to make common cause in such an enterprise as this, there is truly ground for hope. The beacons lighted on four such hill-tops cannot fail to cover Christendom with a universal illumination, whose searching blaze shall expose the enormities of blood and crime, which have lain concealed in the dark places of the half-civilized world. When fairly exposed, they will not long be suffered to exist. Society is now so far advanced, that men only need to be *enlightened*, and they will act. Let those four peoples faithfully watch and trim the lights they have set up in the world, and, in the new day which they kindle, men will turn to a new work and raise up in society a new life. What may not rationally be hoped from the urgent coöperation of four such central powers? Let them send forth their agents — let them prompt the exhortations of the pulpit — let them enlist the activity of the press — and what effect may not be wrought on opinion before the century closes? The slave-trade, — slavery, intemperance, giant-tyrants, ruling with wide despotism — have been put under the bann of opinion, and their power has been shaken by the indignant sentiment of the world; a sentiment called forth, animated, directed, by a Christian zeal, which acted through the press, the pulpit, and the earnest address to assemblies of listening men. War has no more power than they to withstand the assaults of Divine truth and human love. Assail it in the same way, with the same spirit, and with equal perseverance, — it can no more stand, than the impregnable Bastile could stand before the determined siege of the excited multitudes of Paris.

The great instruments of attack, as we have said, are three: — living agents to address the listening ear, — the press, and the pulpit. Much less has thus far been done by the agency of the first than is desirable and wise. A larger number of men of powerful speech must be employed to move among the masses, and awaken the general mind. They might find their way where a book never goes, and get access to ears that never hear a preacher. We may not hope from their labors such results as

---

mission of M. Rigaud to Paris, the animated meeting of the Society for Christian Morals, and the eagerness with which it was resolved to secure, by offer of a large premium, a powerful dissertation on the great topic. They will find the whole well worth their attention, and full of encouragement.

were witnessed in former days, when the address to the ear was almost the only method by which men could be reached, and when hearers were less distracted by appeals on a variety of subjects; when Peter the Hermit waked the enthusiasm of Europe, or even in the later days of Whitefield and Wesley, who worked out their great plans by the voice. Yet even now, we have daily demonstration of the power of speech and the necessity of employing it, whenever anything of moment is to be done in behalf of extensive interests. What would be the fortune of the great movements in politics, or the great enterprises in philanthropy, without the systematic, persevering use of this agency — this summoning together the people to be informed, excited, wrought upon, and made to take part in the operations proposed? It is thus, that the mass is moved and carried forward. The inconsideration and apathy, which have done so much to baffle the purposes of the friends of peace, are in no way so likely to be removed, as by the fiery assaults of the eloquent speaker. Thousands will be attracted and won by an orator, who would see the shower of books and tracts pass over them, without so much as asking what it meant, even though it grew to a storm like the deluge. Pains ought to be taken to enlist men of powerful utterance, and send them through the world, to lecture, to harangue, to argue, expostulate, exhort; —eloquent men, who can *compel* men to hear. When the four central depositories of this spirit shall have filled their several countries with such men, having compelled men to listen, they are sure of their end; for, if men will but listen, they will know the truth, and truth will make them free.

This mission of speakers and lecturers is a very different thing from the action of the pulpit. The pulpit is limited to the setting forth of the religious argument, and appealing to men as Christians. Much wider ground may be occupied by the other agents, who may use a variety of materials which must be excluded from the range of the Sabbath ministry. Yet there is an opportunity and an authority belonging to the sacred desk, which it would be suicidal not to employ to the utmost extent. It is the moral and religious abomination of war, — its opposition to Christianity, its deadly hostility to all the glorious purposes which Christ came to effect, — it is these, which make war the master curse of the world. That Institution, then, which was placed in the world for the very purpose of defending and promoting the designs of Christ, is im-

peratively bound to seek the destruction of this its most powerful foe. That pulpit, which never discharges the anathema of God against this proud opponent of Heaven, is false to its trust, and fails of its legitimate influence. But that, which speaks faithfully and in season, rears up a congregation of men, which will neither fight, nor tolerate fighting. The American Peace Society has discovered the wisdom and duty of seizing on this instrument. It has engaged some hundreds of ministers to preach an annual sermon on this subject, and is seeking to multiply the number until every American pulpit shall once a year at least resound with the loud battle-cry of peace. When this shall be done, who does not see that the communities of the next generation will have been trained under influences so devotedly opposed to war, that no more soldiers could be enlisted from among them than pirates? And when all the preachers of the Christian world shall be engaged in this duty, it is plain that war between nations, all whose separate congregations have thus become virtually Peace Societies, would be impossible. How long would it take to effect this, if it were seriously undertaken? Perhaps no project is better worth pursuing. "Opinion is Queen of the world;" change the opinion of the world, and war ceases, of course. The Christian pulpit might change the opinion of so large a part of the world in fifty years, that an army could not be enlisted, and war would cease for want of soldiers to fight.

We may be told that in this we talk extravagantly. It may be; but we are disposed to ask, on the other hand, whether the influence of the pulpit is not greatly underrated. Is it considered to what an extent it possesses, and must inevitably exercise, the power of forming the opinions of the vast multitudes who sit under its instructions during childhood and youth? The majority would unavoidably imbibe their tone of thought and sentiment on this subject, from the venerated voice of the pastor under whom they are educated. And with a truth so obvious as this — with means of effecting a grand result so simple, so powerful, so near at hand — with this ability to bestow the most inestimable boon on the world — how can we witness, without impatience, the almost universal apathy and silence of the pulpit; how observe, without shame, that this tremendous assemblage of crimes and sufferings has been, for eighteen centuries, opposing itself to Christianity and happiness, while the public messengers of the Prince of Peace have but

rarely been heard in expostulation, and even very generally been perverted into allies and auxiliaries of the insatiable destroyer! If the Peace Society should do nothing more, it would bestow an indescribable benefit by calling attention to this inconsistency. No one hereafter can be found so thoughtless as to desecrate the holy place with a flourish of pagan blasphemy, like that, with which Robert Hall closed his sermon to the volunteers. When the whole company of preachers shall have withdrawn their patronage from the military spirit, and steadfastly taught that the servants of Jesus cannot fight, the church will exercise, unostentatiously but righteously, as decided a power over the kingdoms of the world, as it did in the dark days of its unhallowed despotism; it then proudly trod upon the neck of governments for its own aggrandisement; but now, by its gentle words of truth and love, its doctrines of brotherhood and equal rights, it would so move the hearts of society, as quietly to wrest from the civil arm its long-possessed power to demoralize where it ought to elevate, and destroy where it ought to bless.

The other agency, to be added to the two just referred to, is that of the press. It is unnecessary to say much about it. Its use, "its omnipotence," is sufficiently understood, and the friends of peace have been faithful to avail themselves of it. We only would say, that they should "abound therein more and more;" as indeed they show themselves not backward to do. To their valuable collections of essays, tracts, and periodical journals, and their contributions to the newspapers, both religious and secular, they are making daily additions. The Literature of Peace has become quite voluminous; and, simply as literature, it deserves attention, and is entitled to commendation. Indeed it is rich. It has great variety, copiousness, and energy. It possesses a great deal of vigorous argumentation, overflows with historical illustration, and burns with frequent eloquence alike of logic and pathos, description and persuasion. That department in literature has no mean claims, which possesses Discourses from the three masters of the modern pulpit, Chalmers, Hall, and Channing; the Treatises of Dymond and Upham; the Letters of Captain Thrush; the Essays of Worcester and Ladd; the Tracts of the London Society, and the American Prize Essays. These have been for a long time published, and are some of them extensively known. Other works have been more recently issued, of not inferior interest. The Prize Essay of Mr. Macnamara, lately published

in London, we have already remarked upon. Another work of great value is that of Judge Jay, of New York.*

In this treatise the author, with great clearness and conclusiveness, without the slightest approach to declamation or passion, in the style of a judicial statement, sets forth the wickedness and folly of war, and its utter inefficiency to the accomplishment of its boasted aim; illustrates the argument by a rapid and bold survey of the history of modern Europe; and replies briefly to the most plausible arguments on the other side. He then turns to the other part of his subject, and sets forth his "Plan" for preserving Peace. This embraces what is peculiar and characteristic in the publication. It is seemingly a dissent from the favorite project of the Peace Societies, that, namely, of attempting to persuade the Christian nations to agree simultaneously to the creation of a Tribunal for the adjustment of all future differences, without appeal to arms. He thinks that they are aiming at too much in this attempt; that such a plan must probably fail from its very magnitude; that so vast a scheme can only be brought about step by step; it must begin between some two nations, and through their example and influence spread to a third and fourth, until, in the course of time, it shall embrace all.

"It is not surprising that those who suppose such a tribunal can only be established by a simultaneous movement among the nations, who are to continue warring with each other till the signal is given for universal peace, should be startled at the boldness and absurdity of the project. Of such a project *we* are wholly guiltless. We have no hope or expectation, in the present state of the world, of a general and simultaneous negociation throughout Christendom, in behalf of a tribunal for the decision of national differences and the suppression of war. Such a movement can only be expected *after* an extensive, although partial abandonment of the military policy; and must be demanded and effected by the pacific sentiments of mankind. We have no hesitation, therefore, in avowing our belief, that, under existing circumstances, the idea of a Congress of Nations for the extinction of war, is utterly chimerical. But both reason and experience warrant the hope, that some one nation may set an example, which, through the blessing of Providence, may be made instrumental in ushering in the reign of universal peace." —pp. 38, 39.

* "War and Peace; the Evils of the First and a Plan for preserving the Last. By William Jay." 8vo. pp. 48. The copy before us is of a London edition, of 1842.

We are not sure that the author's understanding of the project, which he seems to oppose, is entirely correct, or that its "absurdity" is such as he describes it to be. We do not apprehend that the Peace Societies, more than he himself, have any expectation, "in the present state of the world," of effecting a "general and simultaneous negotiation" on this question. They anticipate a very gradual advance toward such an event; probably by one step at a time; and, if they should distinctly describe the steps to be trodden, it is not unlikely that they would be found identical with those proposed by our author. For they, too, are doubtless fully aware, that, "under existing circumstances," and before it is "demanded by the pacific sentiments of mankind," the project cannot possibly be executed. The only actual question, then, is, What is the best way of making preparation for the ultimate result? Even on this point we are not clear that any difference of opinion exists; for it has already been the policy of the society, in advocating the great measure of a Congress of Nations, to attempt precisely what Judge Jay recommends — that is, to induce the government to submit the decision of difficult questions, as they arise, to friendly arbitration; and, in one instance at least, if we mistake not, it has endeavored to procure a special provision to be inserted in a Treaty, that in *all cases, hereafter arising*, of misunderstanding between the two powers, recourse shall be had to arbitration, and not to the sword. Now, this is certainly making as rational and practical a beginning as can be desired; and, as we quite agree with Judge Jay, that this all-important revolution in state policy can only be accomplished gradually, we are glad to know that they, who have actively under their charge the efforts to promote it, are not destroying their chance of success by chimerical and absurd notions. Excepting that they keep expressly in view, prominently and boldly, the consummation at which they aim, we see no observable difference between their plans and that of this author.

This Plan is developed in a very satisfactory manner; and we have no doubt that its publication will materially conciliate favor to the entire design. He first seeks to show that no nation is so favorably situated for making the beginning as the United States; he describes in what manner the experiment should be first made; "until, at last, a union might be formed of every Christian nation, for guaranteeing the peace of Christendom, by establishing a tribunal for the adjustment of national

differences, and by preventing all forcible resistance to its decrees." The following passages will be found sufficiently to explain the project, and to show how far it agrees with, and in what respects it differs from, and to what extent it is more practicable and hopeful than the common scheme, a Congress of Nations. We should be glad, if its length permitted us, to copy the whole statement, as we are sensible that very incomplete justice is done to it by our abbreviation. Our hope is, however, that our readers will be induced to refer to the Essay and study the entire work.

"Let us then inquire whether a mode for preserving peace may not be devised that will shock no prejudice, and excite no reasonable alarm. * * *

"Suppose, in our next treaty with France, an article were inserted of the following import: — 'It is agreed between the contracting parties, that if, unhappily, any controversy shall arise between them in respect to the true meaning and stipulation in this present treaty, or in respect to any other subject, which controversy cannot be satisfactorily adjusted by negotiation, neither party shall resort to hostilities against the other; but the matter in dispute shall, by a special convention, be submitted to the arbitrament of one or more friendly powers; and the parties hereby agree to abide by the award which may be given in pursuance of such submission."

"To what well founded objection could such a stipulation be subject? It is true, treaties of this kind have been but of rare occurrence, but all experience is in their favor." * * *

* * "We can scarcely anticipate any future national difference, which it would not be more safe and prudent to submit to arbitration than to the chance of war. However just may be our cause, however united our people, we cannot foresee the issue of the conflict, nor tell what new enemies we may be called to encounter, what concessions to make. We have already partially commenced the experimcnt of arbitration, by referring three of our disputes to as many European sovereigns."

* * * "Once assured by such permanent treaties with France and Britain, we should find our alliance courted by the other powers of Europe, who would not readily consent that these two nations should alone have guaranteed to them continued peace, and commerce with the United States. Hence there can be no doubt that they would cheerfully enter into similar treaties with us. Under such circumstances we might offer to our South American neighbors the same stipulations, with full confidence of their cordial acceptance." * * *

* * "Before long, minor States would commence the experiment, and the example would be followed by others. In time these treaties would be merged in more extensive alliances, and a greater number of umpires would be selected; nor is it the vain hope of idle credulity, that at last a union might be formed of every Christian nation, for guaranteeing the peace of Christendom, by establishing a Tribunal for the adjustment of national differences, and by preventing all forcible resistance to its decrees."— pp. 40 – 46.

We must not omit, among the recent publications to which we have alluded above, the address of the President of the American Peace Society, at the anniversary in May last.* Such addresses are usually and unavoidably of an ephemeral character, which answer their immediate purpose and are forgotten. This is one of those, which may be made useful in a protracted existence, and whose circulation among the tracts of the Society would do good service. It is full of right thoughts expressed with strength and feeling; very decided, fair, and Christian, with occasional passages of singular pithiness and some originality. The appearance of such pamphlets confirms all that we venture to expect from the auxiliary agency of the press.

Here we pause for the present — abruptly; much remains unsaid. Many auspicious signs of growing zeal, activity, and progress, remain to be noticed on some future occasion. Meantime let the friends of religion and humanity, "thank God and take courage." The history of the past, the omens of the present, and the predictions of Providence and revelation concerning the future, are all eloquent with promise. The day for doubt and hesitation has gone by. Hope has become assurance. From every quarter, as the world advances, it is testified to, with stronger emphasis every day, that nothing so essentially irrational as war, so intrinsically barbarous, so inimical to the true interests of an advancing civilization, and to the doctrines and laws, the spirit, purposes, and promises of Christianity, can hold its place against the well-concerted, persevering assaults of reason, humanity, and faith.

H. W., jr.

---

* "War and Christianity: An Address before the American Peace Society, on the fourteenth anniversary in Boston, Massachusetts, May 23, 1842. By Samuel E. Coues: Published by request of the Society, at the Depository, No. 22, Court Street. 8vo. pp. 26."

THE WIDOW'S SON.

During the last season I was called to visit an interesting young man at that time dangerously ill. He had been a seaman, and was on board the Barque Burlington, during her last voyage. This ship being loaded with cotton, and having a crew of fourteen hands, on March 10th, 1840, while in the Gulf Stream, was struck by lightning. The events stated in the following lines are literally true. I have in my possession the crucifix, and the journal kept by the young man.

The swallow skims the meadow ground,
The bloom is on the hawthorn spray,
The sky is fair, and all around
Seems fitting the sweet month of May.

The violet lifts its modest head,
The snow-drops their white buds unfold,
The clover shines like ruby red,
And butter-cups like stars of gold.

Nature hath now a magic spell,
To nerve the mind and soothe the heart;
But what of this know they, who dwell
Within the city's crowded mart?

Yet, even here, the softened air
Goes with a milder influence by,
To smooth the furrowed brow of care,
And change to joy sad sorrow's sigh.

Thus comes the breeze to one, who now
Watches beside her dying son;
She sees the death-dew on his brow,
She knows his course is well-nigh run.

Long has she felt a mother's love,
Has watched him from his earliest day;
And here she leans in grief above,
To see life's current ebb away.

That manly brow, that noble form,
Which nothing now from death can save,
Has met the fury of the storm
On land and on the ocean's wave.

"How often," did the mother say —
"When he was on the stormy sea,
Did I kneel down to God, and pray
That he might be restored to me."

"And then I felt if he were near,
Where I could rest upon his arm,
I should have nothing more to fear,
And he would be secure from harm."

"Yet now, that he no more doth roam
Mid strangers 'neath a foreign sky,
But rests within his humble home,
'T is but to lay him down — and die!"

"But God, He knoweth what is best,
And should he take my only son,
I know his spirit will be blest,
And therefore may God's will be done."

Here, as to give her heart relief,
She stooped and kissed her darling child,
She struggled with her inward grief,
Then raised her eyes to heaven — and smiled.

She felt the power of Holy Trust,
Of Christian Hopes that in her dwell,
Which, when a loved one rests in dust,
Can bow, and feel that all is well.

She would not cherish idle fears,
Nor yield her heart to anguish wild;
But smiling oft amid her tears,
She calmly talked about her child.

She said that even while a boy,
Though poor, his feelings were refined,
And that he asked no greater joy,
Than he from his pure thoughts could find;—

And often in his boyish dream,
With simple feelings bright and free,
He floated down the inland stream,
And fancied it the heaving sea;

And he would read of those who sail,
With fearless heart and daring high,
Mid howling storm, — and rushing gale, —
And tempests darkly sweeping by;

Of vessels cutting through the brine,
Parting the waves with iron keel,
While heaven's hot lightnings round them shine,
And bursting thunders o'er them peal.

Yet tales like these but stirred him more,
And as he felt each passing breeze,
He panted to push off from shore,
And rock upon the stormy seas.

He loved indeed his mother well;
Yet when he walked in woody glen, —
Even there his thoughts would often dwell
On ships, and on sea-faring men.

Until at length his mother gave
To his fond wishes her consent,
And then, with heart free as the wave,
A mariner to sea he went.

He cherished feelings pure and high,
As on each distant soil he trod;
And was, beneath whatever sky,
True to himself and to his God.

He was as cheerful as the light,
And therefore was beloved by all;
Strong in the power of inward might,
And ever prompt at Duty's call.

Thrice did he foreign countries roam, —
And thrice of perils past did tell, —
Thrice was he welcomed back to home, —
And thrice he heard the sad farewell.

Yet once again his native land
Grows dim before his backward gaze, —
And seas by foreign breezes fanned
Are flashing in the noon-tide blaze.

A tropic sun above them pours
Its stifling heat; and as they reach,
Ghastly and wan, those distant shores,
A pestilence has swept the beach.

Feeble and sick he lies; the while
A stranger watches by his bed;
Dark eyes gaze o'er him with a smile,
And cool hands press his aching head.

Sweet was the voice and kind the look,
That gently watched above him there;
And, with her crucifix and book,
She often knelt in earnest prayer.

And when, restored, he left that land,
Their eyes with parting tears were dim,
And when in his he clasped her hand,
She gave the crucifix to him.

And while he sailed upon the deep,
The crucifix was with him there;
And ere he closed his eyes in sleep,
Her name was murmured in his prayer.

Upon his home-bound voyage at night,
When blackness veiled each earthly form,
The dark clouds gathered in their might,
And burst in fury and in storm.

The surf is o'er the top-mast borne, —
Through heaven the hissing thunders fly, —
The sails are into ribbons torn, —
And blazing fire-bolts blanch the eye.

Hark! — the stout main-mast now is rent
In splinters by the tempest's ire, —
Her iron spikes like straws are bent, —
Oh, heavens! the vessel is on fire!

See! See! — the forked flames burst out! —
Make fast each plank beneath your feet!
Oh, dash the briny waves about,
And stifle the consuming heat!

The morning sun its splendor throws
Upon the storm-tossed floating wreck;
The crew, still struggling mid their woes,
Are toiling on the burning deck.

Five lingering days they toil, to keep
The flame from bursting round them there,
Five lingering nights upon the deep
They float, as if in dumb despair.

Their aching sight is stretched in vain,
From morning's prime to evening late;
No distant ship upon the main
Draws near, to snatch them from their fate.

They gaze and toil, — they toil and gaze, —
Mid famine dire and raging heat; —
The deck, crisped by the hidden blaze,
Can scarcely now support their feet: —

But look! a vessel heaves in sight!
Bravely that gallant ship draws near;
The boats are lowered; each heart beats light;
Thank God! there is no more to fear!

They all are safe: but still was turned
The gaze of that exhausted crew
To where the blackened hulk still burned,
Blazing within their dizzy view.

Swift the fire gains: — and now outflash
Those flames by precious fuel fed,
And the burnt wreck, with one wild crash,
Through the black water sinks like lead! —

A month goes by, and then once more
Their wanderings are at end;
They tread upon their native shore,
And greet each old familiar friend;

And one who lands with right good-will,
Gratefully looks to heaven above;
The crucifix is with him still,
And still he shares a mother's love.

Oh, never more he'll mount the mast,
Or sail before the ocean breeze;
His strength has gone, his power has past,
He sinks beneath a slow disease: —

Slowly he sinks, and day by day,
He feels his race is nearly run,
And, as he gently fades away,
The mother watches o'er her son.

Humble their home, and poor their fare,
But holy joy within them burns; —
She watches with a mother's care,
And he a mother's love returns.

It is her arm supports his head,
He is her son, her joy, her pride:
A bible rests upon his bed;
A crucifix is by his side.

Not long will he know sorrow now;
Short are the throbs that heave his breast;
The death-dew gathers on his brow,
Softly he sinks in peaceful rest.

Oh long has lived that mother's love!
Him she has watched from life's first day!
And here she sadly leans above,
To see life's current ebb away!

She pressed his hand, — "Oh now," she said,
"What can I ever know of joy?
The last hope of my life has fled! —
Oh speak once more, my darling boy!"

Then, ere he closed his eyes in rest,
He sought her sorrow to beguile;
And as her hand in his he prest,
Calm was his look and sweet his smile.

As if a message from the sky
Had come to sanctify her will;
It seemed as if that kindling eye
Her heart with heavenly power did fill.

The struggle 's o'er: — closed are those eyes;
The soul hath gently passed away; —
See! as in sleep before us lies
His manly form — but cold as clay!

And now that form, that braved so well
The thousand perils of the wave,
Is borne, — while tolls the solemn bell, —
To rest within a church-yard grave.

The swallow skims the meadow ground,
The bloom is on the hawthorn spray,
Tho sky is fair, and all around
Seems fitting the sweet month of May.

But often shall this scene impart,
When spring shall its brief course have run,
A joy to this sad mother's heart,
As she reflects upon her son.

Oh, holy are the links that bind
The living to the dead in love;
For while they linger here, the mind
Communes with them in realms above!

R. C. W.

CICERO ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

[From the Tusculan Questions,—continued from page 150.]

XXV. WHAT then is the drift of this discourse? What that power (of memory) is, and whence, I think may be understood. Certainly it is not of the heart, of the blood, of the brain, nor of atoms. Whether it is breath or fire I know not; nor am I ashamed, as they are,* to confess my ignorance of what I do not know. If I might affirm anything upon a subject so obscure, be the soul breath or fire, I would swear that it is divine. What? Pray tell me, does this so great power of memory seem to you to be sprung from, or formed of earth, or of this cloudy and misty heaven? If you see not what this thing is, yet you see of what sort it is; if not even that, yet certainly you see how great a thing it is. What then? Is it a capacity in the soul into which, as into a vessel, all that we remember is poured? That, indeed, is absurd; for how can we understand a vessel, or any such figure of the soul; how understand, at all, so great a power of holding? Do we think the soul to be impressed like wax, and memory to be the traces of things stamped on the mind? But what traces can there be of words, what of things themselves? Besides, what space would be great enough to contain so many impressions? What, then, is that power which investigates hidden things, which is called invention and reasoning? Does it seem to you to be formed of this earthy, mortal, and perishable nature? Or, who first gave names to all things? which seemed to Pythagoras to indicate the highest wisdom; or, who collected men, scattered here and there, and united them in society? who reduced the sounds of the voice which seemed infinite, within the few marks of the letters? who traced the courses of the wandering stars, their progressions, their pauses? All these were great men; and they greater who discovered the arts of agriculture, of clothing, of architecture, the means of preserving life, of security against wild beasts, by which, being softened and refined, we have advanced from these useful sciences to the more elegant accomplishments. For we receive great delight through the medium of the ear, the nature and variety of sounds being discovered

* Certain philosophers before alluded to.

and reduced to rules; and have gazed upon the stars, those fixed in certain places, and others wandering, in name, not in fact. He, who first saw into these revolutions and all their motions, proved that his own soul was like his, who had framed them in the heavens. For, when Archimedes connected the motions of the moon, the sun, and the five planets, in a sphere, so that one revolution might govern motions the most unlike in slowness and velocity, he did the same thing as the God of Plato, who, according to the Timæus, built the world. Because, if such a result could not take place in the universe, without the power of a God, neither could Archimedes imitate with his sphere those motions, without a divine genius.

XXVI. Nor do those better known and more tasteful arts seem destitute of this divine power; so that, I think, the poet pours forth his deep and full song, not without the aid of a celestial impulse to his mind; and eloquence, abounding in sonorous words and rich thoughts, flows not except by this higher faculty. But, philosophy herself, the mother of all the arts, what is it Plato asks but a gift? But, I say, what is it but an invention of the Gods? It is this which has trained us to the worship of the Gods, then to human justice which has its place in the intercourse of mankind, then to modesty and magnanimity. This, too, has dispelled darkness from the soul, as from the eyes, so that we might see all things, above and beneath, first, last, and midst. Certainly, that seems to me a divine power, which effects so many and so great things. For, what is the memory of things and words? what, too, is invention? Certainly that, than which nothing greater can be comprehended in a God. For, I do not suppose the Gods rejoice in ambrosia, in nectar, and in wine poured out by Hebe; nor do I listen to Homer, who says that Ganymede was stolen by the Gods on account of his beauty, that he might become the cup-bearer of Jupiter. There was no just cause why so great a wrong should be done to Laomedon. Homer invented these fables and transferred human attributes to the Gods; I would rather he had transferred divine attributes to us. And what are divine attributes? To be strong, to be wise, to invent, to remember. Therefore, as I say, the soul is divine; as Euripides dared to say, is a God. And, indeed, if God is breath or fire, the same is the soul of man. For, as that celestial nature is free from earth and moisture, so is the human soul free from both these things. But, if there be a certain fifth nature, as first inferred by Aristotle, this then is common both to Gods and souls.

XXVII. Following out this opinion, I have in my work, entitled "Consolation," expressed these thoughts in the following words: "No origin of souls can be found on earth. For, there is nothing in them of a mixed and compound nature, or which might seem to be born and to be formed from the earth; for, they have nothing of a moist, airy, or fiery nature; for, there is nothing in these natures which can possess the power of memory, of judgment, or reflection, which can hold in mind past events, foresee the future, or embrace the present — which attributes are divine; nor will there ever be found a source whence they can come to man, except from God. Therefore, the nature and power of the soul is peculiar; quite separate from these common and well-known natures. Hence, whatever that is, which perceives, which knows, lives, and flourishes, it is celestial and divine, and for that reason is necessarily immortal. Nor, indeed, can God himself, understood by us as a being perceiving and moving all things, be comprehended in any other way, than by a mind unfettered and free, separated from all mortal composition, and itself endowed with eternal motion." Of this kind, and of the same nature, is the human mind.

XXVIII. But where is this mind, and what is it? Where is yours, or what is its nature? Can you tell? If I have not all the means I might wish to have of understanding this question, with your leave may I not use those which I have? The soul has not the power of seeing itself. But like the eye, the soul, not seeing itself, sees other things.

A. But it cannot see, which is of least consequence, its own form.

M. Perhaps so; and yet it may; — but let us leave that question — force certainly, power, sagacity, memory, motion, and swiftness, it sees; these are great, these divine, these eternal. What its appearance may be, or where it dwells, we are not even to inquire. When we behold the form and brightness of the heaven and the velocity of its revolution, so great that we cannot conceive it; the vicissitudes of day and night; the changes of the seasons, divided into four parts, fitted to the ripening of fruits and the proper tempering of bodies, and the sun, the leader and moderator of all; and the moon, by the gradual increase and diminution of its light, marking the days, as if by signs of the calendar; and, then, the whole circle of the heavens, divided into twelve parts, in which the five stars are borne around, preserving constantly the same courses, though with

motions widely different; the nightly form of the sky, adorned on every side with stars; the ball of the earth rising out of the sea, fixed in the midst of the universe, habitable and cultivated in its two remote extremities, one of which we inhabit — placed under the pole toward the seven stars, "whence the storm-bearing winds of the north heap up the freezing snows," the other southern extremity, unknown to us, which the Greeks call ἀντιχθονα (opposite land); the other parts of the earth being uncultivated, either frozen up with the cold or parched with heat; while here, where we dwell, "the heaven does not fail at the proper time to shine, the trees to put forth their leaves, the joyful vines to put out their tender shoots, the boughs to bend with the weight of the fruit, the seed to repay largely in harvest, all things to flourish — the fountains to gush out and the meadows to be covered with flowers;" then the multitude of animals, some suitable for food, others for cultivating the earth, some for bearing burdens, and some for furnishing clothing for the body; man, himself, the contemplator of the heavens and the Gods, and their worshipper — all lands and seas obedient to his use;

XXIX. when we observe these and innumerable other things, can we doubt that some author, if these are created, as Plato thinks, or if they have existed from eternity, as Aristotle maintains, some governor of so great a work and design presides over them? Thus, you cannot see the mind of man, as you cannot see God; but, as you know God from his works, so from the memory of things, and from invention, by the velocity of motion and all the beauty of virtue, recognise the divine power of the mind.

In what place then is it? Indeed, I think in the head; and I can give a reason why I think so, — but of this at another time — for the present, wherever the soul is, it is certainly in you. What is its nature? Peculiar, I think, and its own. But grant that it is fiery or aerial, that affects not our argument. Consider this only, as you know God, though you know not his place and his appearance, so your soul should be known to you, even if you know neither its place, nor its form. In investigating the nature of soul, we cannot doubt, unless we are evidently ignorant of physics, that there is nothing in it of a mixed kind, nothing concrete, united, and joined, nothing double. If this be so, certainly it cannot be separated, nor divided, plucked apart nor drawn asunder; nor, therefore, can it perish. For

death is, as it were, the disuniting, the separating, and tearing apart of those portions which, before death, were held together in a certain union.

Socrates, persuaded by these and similar reasons, sought no defender in the trial for his life; neither was he a suppliant to his judges. He maintained throughout an independent firmness, drawn from loftiness of feeling, not pride; and, during the last day of his life, he discoursed much upon this very subject; and a few days before, when he might have been freed from prison, he refused, and almost at the moment when he was about to take the death-bearing cup in his hand, he spoke; — not like one about to be put to death, but like one preparing to ascend to heaven.

XXX. Thus he thought and spoke: there are two ways, and the path is two-fold for souls when they leave the body. To those who have polluted themselves with human vice, who have given themselves up to their lusts, as if blinded, or who have stained themselves with secret indulgences and crimes, or have designed acts, not to be atoned for, such as treachery to their country — to such there is a retired path separated from the assembly of the Gods; but for those who have kept themselves pure and chaste, who have least indulged their bodily appetites, and have preserved themselves from their subjugation, who have imitated the life of the Gods in their mortal bodies — to such an easy return lies open, back to those from whom they sprung. And so he declares that it will happen to all good and learned men, as to the swans which, not without cause, are sacred to Apollo; for, having from him the power of divination, by which they foresee what blessedness is in death, they die with singing and delight. Nor can any doubt this, unless that should happen to us, reflecting carefully concerning the soul, which happens to those who, looking intently at the setting sun, lose the sight altogether. So the eye of the mind, engaged in examining itself, grows dim sometimes, and our carefulness in investigation is, for that reason, wholly lost to us. Thus doubting, looking about us, hesitating, dreading many things in the way — our course is borne along, as if in a bark or ship, on a boundless sea.

But these are old opinions, and borrowed from the Greeks. But Cato so parted from life, rejoicing that he had obtained the right to die. For the God ruling in us forbids us to depart hence unbidden. But, when that God has given a proper cause, as then

to Socrates, now to Cato, often to many, by my faith! he who is wise will joyfully depart from this darkness to that light; but he must not himself break the chains of his prison-house; for, the laws forbid. But, when summoned and set free by God, as by a magistrate or some lawful authority, he may depart. The whole life of philosophers, as the same person says, is a meditation upon death.

XXXI. What else do we when we recal the soul from pleasure, that is, from bodily enjoyments; from our private affairs; from all business — what else I say do we, than call the soul back to itself, compel it to be with itself, and separate it as much as possible from the body? But to separate the soul from the body is nothing more than to learn how to die. Wherefore let us meditate upon this subject; for, believe me, we may separate ourselves from our bodies, that is, we may accustom ourselves to die. This will make our life on earth like a heavenly life; and when we shall be borne thither, loosened from these chains, the course of our souls will be less retarded in their flight. For they who have always been fettered by these bodies, even when freed from them, will move slowly on that account, like those who have been chained for years with iron. When we shall have arrived there, then, at length, shall we live. For this life is death; which I would lament over, if by lamentation I could be freed from it.

A. You have lamented enough in your "Consolation;" which work, when I read, I desire nothing more than to leave these scenes; but now, having heard you upon this subject, I am much more anxious to depart.

M. The time will come, and that quickly, whether it shall linger or hasten; for life is fleeting. But so far is death from being an evil, which you seemed to consider it a little while ago, that I fear it can be said there is nothing, — I will not say so unfortunate, — but rather so good to man; whether we are to be gods ourselves, or to be with the gods.

A. What is the difference? There are some present who may not approve of these things.

M. But I will never dismiss you from this discussion, while any argument that death is an evil, remains unanswered.

A. How can it, when I have learned these things?

M. How can it, do you ask? Troops of those who speak contrary to these opinions rise up, not only those of the sect of

the Epicureans, which, indeed, I am far from despising, but, I know not how it is, all the most learned. My favorite Dicaearchus, however, has most strenuously argued against this immortality of the soul. He has written three books called Lesbian, because the discourse was held at Mytilene, in which he undertakes to prove that souls are mortal. But the Stoics, however, give us a large allowance, as if we were ravens; for they admit that souls will continue in existence a long time, but deny forever.

XXXII. Do you wish to hear how death is not an evil, even if it be as they affirm?

A. As you please. Nevertheless, no one shall drive me from my belief in immortality.

M. I applaud your feeling, indeed; and yet, no one ought to be too confident; for we are often driven from conclusions very acutely drawn; we fall back, we change our minds even in clearer subjects. In these matters there is some obscurity. Therefore, if this should happen, let us be armed.

A. Certainly; but I will take care that it shall not happen.

M. Is there any reason why we should not dismiss our friends, the Stoics? I mean those who say that souls continue after they have left the body, but not forever.

A. Them indeed, who admit what is the most difficult part of this question, that the soul can continue without a body, which is not easy of belief, and which, being granted to them, they, in turn, will not allow the consequence, that when it has existed for a long time in this manner, it will not perish.

M. You censure justly! it is so indeed. Shall we, then, believe with Panætius, when he dissents from his own teacher, Plato? For him, whom in all places he calls divine, the wisest, most holy of men, the Homer of philosophers, he does not agree with in this one opinion concerning the immortality of the soul. For, he maintains, what no one denies, that whatever is born must perish; but that souls are born, is a thing that is declared by the likeness of parents to children; a likeness apparent, not only in the intellectual but the physical nature. But he offers another argument: that there is nothing which suffers pain, but may also become sick; but, whatever becomes diseased, that is to perish also; but souls suffer pain; therefore, they also perish.

XXXIII. These arguments can be refuted; for, they are the arguments of one who is ignorant, that when the eternity

of the soul is spoken of, we mean the mind, which always is free from every disturbing motion, not those parts in which pains, angers, and lusts abide; which he, against whom these arguments are framed, supposes to be separated and shut out from the mind. Now, the likeness spoken of appears more in brutes, whose souls are destitute of reason; but the likeness of men is more apparent in the figure of their bodies; and it is of great consequence to the souls, in what sort of body they are placed; for, many things spring from the body, which sharpen the mind, and many which blunt it. Aristotle, indeed, says, that all men of genius are melancholy; so that I am not discontented at being rather slow. He enumerates many; and, as if it were an admitted fact, he assigns a reason why it so happens. But, if the character of the mind is so much influenced by those properties which are born in the body, (those, whatever they are, make the likeness,) likeness furnishes no necessary reason why souls are born. I omit the point of want of resemblance. I wish that Panætius were present. He lived with Africanus. I would inquire of him, which of his relations the nephew of his brother Africanus resembled; in appearance, like his father; in life, so like all the abandoned, that he easily might be designated the veriest wretch. Whom, also, did the grandson of Publius Crassus resemble? — that wise, eloquent, and distinguished man. But it is not necessary to name the resemblance that has existed between many other distinguished men and their grandsons and sons. But, what are we doing? Have we forgotten what we proposed to consider, — when we had spoken enough of immortality, — that if souls perish, there is still no evil in death?

A. I had not forgotten it, but I willingly permitted you to wander from the course you proposed, while you continued to discourse upon immortality.

XXXIV. *M.* I see that you have a lofty aim, and wish to mount to heaven.

A. I would hope that such may be our fate. But, grant that the soul does not exist after death, as they would have it, and I see ourselves deprived of the hope of a happier state of existence.

M. But, what evil consequence follows from that view even? For, grant that the soul perishes as does the body; is there any pain or sense at all in the body after death? No one even says so; although Epicurus charges that opinion upon Democritus, but the disciples of Democritus deny it. Therefore,

no sensation remains in the soul also; for, that is not in existence. Where then is evil? for there is no third thing in man. Is it that the separation of the soul from the body cannot take place without pain? Suppose, I believe it to be so, how small a thing is that. But I think it to be false; and it takes place, for the most part, without any sensation, sometimes even with pleasure; and all this is trifling matter, whatever it is. For, it takes place in an instant.

A. It is the departing from all those things which are good in this life, that pains, or rather, excruciates us. See, if we may not more truly say from evils? Now, why should I deplore the life of man? I might do so truly and sincerely, but when I show that we are not miserable after death, why should I make, by lamentation, life more miserable? I have treated of this matter in that book, in which I found what consolation I could for myself. Death, then, withdraws us from evils, not from God, if we seek the truth. This was discussed so fully by Hegesias of Cyrene, that it is said he was forbidden to speak upon it in the schools, by king Ptolemy, because many, after hearing his opinions, committed suicide. And there is, indeed, an epigram of Callimachus upon Ambracian Cleombrotus, who, he says, having read a book of Plato, though no misfortune had happened to him, cast himself from a wall into the sea. But, there is a book by this same Hegesias, whom I have spoken of, called ἀποκαρτερῶν, because a certain person, attempting to destroy himself by abstaining from food, being restored by his friends, in giving a reason for his conduct, enumerates the ills of life. I might do the same thing, though I should say less than he, who thinks that life was not at all desirable under any circumstances. I say nothing of others, — is it not even for my good? and if death had happened before I was deprived of domestic and public enjoyments and honors, would it not have saved me from evil, rather than deprived me of good?

XXXV. Let us, therefore, suppose the case of a man who has no trouble, who has received no wound from fortune. Metellus is such a case with four honored sons; but Priam had fifty, seventeen of whom were born of his wedded wife. Fortune had the same power in both these cases, but she used it differently; for, many sons and daughters, grandsons and granddaughters, placed Metellus on his funeral pile. The hand of an enemy killed Priam, deprived of his numerous offspring, at the

altar to which he had fled. If he had fallen while his children lived, and his kingdom was secure, "his barbaric wealth remaining, and his palaces carved and adorned with fretted ceilings," would he have departed from blessings or troubles? Then, certainly, it would seem from blessings; but, certainly, it would have been the better fate for him, nor so mournfully then would the verses be sung, "I have seen all things in flames, Priam murdered, and the altar of Jupiter stained with blood;" as if what did happen to him afterwards, or any other event, could be better for him than death. For, if he had died before, he would altogether have escaped this scene; but, dying as he did, he lost the sense of his troubles. A better fate awaited our friend Pompey, when he had been severely sick at Naples. The Neapolitans were crowned with garlands; of course the inhabitants of Puteoli also came out in crowds publicly to congratulate him. Truly a foolish affair, and just in the character of a little Greek town, but yet fortunate! If he had died at that time, would he have been deprived of good, or have escaped evil? Certainly, the latter; for he would not have waged war with his son-in-law; he would not have taken arms when unprepared; nor left his home; nor fled from Italy. Neither would he have fallen by the violence and weapons of slaves, as he stood defenceless, his army being lost. His children would not have been destroyed, nor would all his wealth have come into the hands of his conquerors. By the prolongation of his life what incredible misfortunes did he undergo, who, if he had fallen sooner, would have died in the lap of the most splendid successes!

XXXVI. Those evils are avoided by death, even if they have not happened, yet are escaped by death because they may happen. But men do not think that these things can happen to themselves. Each one hopes for himself the good fortune of Metellus; just as if, either more were fortunate than unhappy, or there were any certainty in human affairs, or it were wiser to hope than to fear. But let this be granted, that men are deprived of good fortune by death; does it also follow, that for the dead to lose the pleasures of life is misery? They certainly must of necessity say so. But can he, who is not in existence, be said *to want* any thing? For, this very term of *wanting* is sad, because it is understood in the sense, that he who had something, has it not; he wants it, requires it, and needs it. These, in my opinion, are the inconveniences of one

in want; if he wants eyes — pitiful blindness; if he wants children — bereavement. This holds of the living; but no one of the dead can be said to want the conveniences of life, not even life itself. I speak of the dead who are not in existence. Can any one of us, who are living, be said to want horns or feathers? Certainly no one. Why? Because, when you do not possess that which is not suited to you by custom or nature, you cannot be said to want it, even though you perceive you do not have it. This argument must be pressed again and again, which, being established, will no longer permit us to doubt, if souls are mortal, that dissolution is complete at death, so that not even the slightest token of sensation is left. This, therefore, being well established and fixed, it must be inquired what to want is, lest some verbal error should remain. To want, then, signifies this; to be in need of that which you wish to have. For, to wish for a thing is essential to wanting it, unless when the term is used, in some other sense of the word, as in a fever. For, in still another sense, one is said *to want*, as when you have not something, and perceive that you have not, although you suffer the absence of it easily. It is not said that one wants a thing bad in itself; for that would not be a subject of regret. But, it may be said, that one wants a good, which is a painful state. Not, even a living man can be said to want a good, which he does not stand in need of. But yet it may be understood of a living person, that he wants a kingdom; but this could not be said, with any show of sense, of you — it might of Tarquin, after he had been expelled from his kingdom. But, in the case of a dead man it cannot be even understood; for wanting implies sensation; there is no sensation in the dead, — to want, then, cannot belong to the dead. But what need of philosophizing upon this, when we see that the thing does not greatly need philosophy?

XXXVII. How often, not only have our generals, but whole armies, rushed to certain death! If he had feared which, indeed, Lucius Brutus would not have fallen in battle, when repelling the return of that tyrant he had expelled; nor would father Decius, contending with the Latins, his son with the Etruscans, his grandson with Pyrrhus, have so fearlessly exposed themselves to the darts of the enemy; nor, in one war, would Spain have seen the Scipios falling for their country, nor would Paullus and Geminus have been slain at Cannæ, nor Marcellus at Venusia; the Latins would not have witnessed

the death of Albinus, nor the Lucanians that of Gracchus. Is either one of these wretched to-day? Not even then did they suffer after the last breath; for no one can be miserable when sensation is destroyed.

A. But that itself is a hateful condition, to be without sensation.

M. It would be, indeed, if one could be said *to want* sensation. But, since it is clear, that there can be nothing in him, who himself is not, what can there be hateful in him, who can neither want nor feel? But this point has already been noticed too often, but for the reason that all the sadness of the soul upon the subject of death results from it. For he, who is satisfied of what is clearer than light, that the soul and body being consumed, the whole living being dead, and an entire dissolution taking place, so that the creature which was in existence becomes nothing, may evidently understand that there is no difference between Hippocentaur, who never existed, and king Agamemnon; neither does Marcus Camillus regard this civil war more than I regard the capture of Rome, which took place during his life. Why, then, too, should Camillus grieve, if he had known these events were to take place about three hundred and fifty years after him, and why must I lament, to think that some other people will possess this city ten thousand years hence? Because, love of country is so deep in the heart, that we measure it not by our own sensations, but by its own safety.

XXXVIII. Therefore, death, which, on account of uncertain events, daily threatens, and on account of the shortness of life is never far off, does not deter the wise man from studying, on all occasions, the good of his country and kindred; and from considering succeeding generations, which he can never see, to be related to himself. Wherefore, it may also be, that the soul is mortal, resolving to attempt eternal deeds, not through a passion for glory, which it is never to be conscious of, but for virtue, which glory necessarily attends upon, even if that be not the thing you aim at. Such, however, is the condition of our nature, that just as our birth is to us the beginning of all things, so death is the close; and as nothing belonged to us before birth, nothing will after death. In which, what evil can there be? since death does not affect the living nor the dead. The last having become nothing, and it pertains not to the first. Those who take a lighter view of this matter would consider death most similar to sleep; as if one would wish to live ninety years, that having

finished sixty of them he might sleep away the rest. Not even swine would wish such a fate, much less I, myself. Endymion, to be sure, to introduce a fable, went to sleep, I know not when, in Latmos, which is a mountain of Caria. I think he has not yet waked up. Now, do you suppose, he cares when the moon labors; by whom, it is thought, he was put to sleep, that she might kiss him as he slumbered? But, what can he care who does not even perceive anything? You have, here, sleep, the image of death, which you assume daily; and do you doubt whether there is no sensation in death, when in the image of it you see there is no sensation?

XXXIX. Away, then, with those almost old-womanish fables; such as, it is misery to die before one's time. What is one's time? Is it not the time of nature? But she, indeed, gives the use of life, as of money, no day being appointed. What have you, then, to complain of, if she seek it back when she pleases? For, you had accepted it upon that condition. The same persons think, when a young boy dies, it is to be borne with equanimity, but of an infant in the cradle, that not even a complaint is to be uttered; and yet, in this last case, nature has exacted her gift more severely than in the first. But they reason, thus — it had not tasted the sweetness of life; but the first hoped for great happiness, which he had begun to enjoy. But, in other matters, indeed, it is thought better to have some part than none at all, why is it otherwise with life? although Callimachus, not unaptly says, that "Priam lamented more often than Troilus." But, the fortune of those is praised, who die at an advanced life. Why? For, I think, that to none if longer life were given could it be pleasanter. For, certainly, there is nothing sweeter to man than wisdom; which old age certainly brings, however it may take away other things. But, what age is long? Or what, speaking generally, is long to man? Does not old age come upon us unexpected, pursuing us — now boys, now young men, and at length overtake us? But, as we have nothing beyond this, we call it long. All such things, then, are called "long or short" in proportion to what is given to any one. At the river Hypanis, which, on the one side, flows into the Pontus, Aristotle says, there are little animals grow, which live only one day. Those, then, that die at the eighth hour, die at an advanced age; those that live until sunset, at a very old age; and the more so, if it happen on a solstitial day. Compare our longest life with eter-

nity, and we shall be found almost in the same brevity of life as these little animals are.

XL. Therefore, let us despise all follies, (for what milder term can apply to this levity?) and place all our reliance for living a good life, in strength and dignity of mind; in disregard and contempt for all human affairs; in the practice of every virtue. For now, indeed, we are so enervated with voluptuous imaginations, that if death shall happen to us before we have obtained the promises of the Chaldeans, we seem to be despoiled of some great blessings, cheated and bereaved, deluded. And if we hang suspended in our minds between expectation and desire, if we are tortured and tormented, O ye immortal gods! how pleasant ought that journey to appear to us, which, being finished, there will be no more care, no future anxiety. How Theramenes delights me! Of what a lofty mind he is! For, although we weep as we read, still the illustrious man dies not piteously, who, when he was cast into prison by the order of the thirty tyrants, and, as if he was thirsty, had drunk off the poison, threw out that which remained from the cup, so that it resounded; hearing which, he smiling said, "I drink this to the beautiful Critias," who had been most severe towards him; for the Greeks are accustomed, at their feasts, to name the person to whom they are about to give the cup. This noble man sported with his last breath, and while death was working about his heart, he truly predicted death to him to whom he had drunk the poison; which, indeed, did follow a short time after. Who would praise this calmness of a great mind at the very hour of death, if he thought death an evil? Socrates passed into the same prison, and to the same fate a few years after, by the same injustice of his judges, as that of the tyrants who condemned Theramenes. What, then, are the words which Plato puts into his mouth, before his judges, when already condemned to die?

XLI. He said: "I have a strong hope, O judges, that a happy fate awaits me in being put to death. For one of two things must necessarily happen; either death takes away all sensation, or removes to some other abode away from these regions. Wherefore, if all sensation is extinguished, death is like that sleep which sometimes brings the most quiet rest, even undisturbed by dreams. Ye good gods! what gain it is to die! or, how many days can be found which may be preferred to such a night, to which, if an eternity of coming time is like, who

more happy than I? But if those things are true, which are said, that death is a departure into those regions which they inhabit who have passed out of this life, much more happy will it be for you, when, escaping those who wish to be considered your judges, you meet those who may truly be called judges, Minos, Rhadamanthus, Æacus, and Triptolemus, and associate with those who have lived justly and honestly. Can such a journeying seem unimportant to you? How great a privilege do you esteem it to be permitted to converse with Orpheus, Musæus, Homer, and Hesiod? Often should I, indeed, be willing to die, if I might find the things I speak of. But with what delight would it fill me to meet Palamedes, Ajax, and others, who were condemned unjustly? I might also test the wisdom of that great king, who led large armies to Troy, of Ulysses and Sisyphus; nor for that reason should I be condemned to death, when I investigated these things as I did here. Neither ought you, O judges! those of you who have been acquitted, to fear death. For nothing evil can happen to a good man, whether he be living or dead, nor will the immortal gods ever neglect his interests. Neither has this event happened to me by chance, nor have I any cause of displeasure with those by whom I have been accused, or those by whom I have been condemned, except because they have believed they were injuring me." In such terms did he speak; but nothing is finer than his conclusion. He said; "But it is time for me to go hence, to die, and for you, to live. But the immortal gods know which fate is best. No man, indeed, I think, knows."

XLII. Truly not a little do I prefer such a soul to the fortunes of all those who sat in judgment upon it. Although he denies the knowledge of which is best, (life or death,) to any but the gods, yet he himself felt which was best. For he had spoken upon the subject before this; but keeps to the last his peculiar way, that he would affirm nothing. But let us not persist in thinking anything an evil which is ordained to all by nature; and understand, that if death is an evil, it is an eternal evil; for death appears to be the end of a miserable life. If death is miserable, there can be no end of misery.

But why should I speak only of Socrates and Theramenes, men distinguished for the reputation of their courage and wisdom, when a certain Lacedemonian, whose name even is forgotten, held death in such contempt, that when, being condemned by the Ephori, he was led to execution, showing a happy

and joyful countenance, an enemy said to him, "Despisest thou the laws of Lycurgus?" he answered, "I owe him great gratitude for fining me in a penalty which I can pay without borrowing or hiring." Oh man worthy of Sparta! a person who could show such a noble spirit, it seems to me, must have been condemned unjustly.

Our own state has produced innumerable cases like this. But why should I mention generals and leaders, when Cato writes, that whole legions have gone with alacrity to a post, whence they supposed they should not return? With equal bravery the Lacedemonians perished at Thermopylæ, upon whom Simonides wrote, "Tell it, O stranger, at Sparta, that you saw us lying here, obedient to the sacred laws of our country." And what did their leader, Leonidas, say? "Go on, Lacedemonians, with a brave heart, for to-day, perhaps, we shall sup in the infernal regions." This was a brave nation, while the laws of Lycurgus were in force; one of which, when a Persian enemy boastingly said, in discourse, "You will not be able to see the sun for the multitude of darts and arrows," answered, "Then we shall fight in the shade."

I have only mentioned men. What a Lacedemonian woman was that, who, when she heard that the son, whom she had sent to battle, was slain, said, "For this did I bring him forth, that he might be one who would not hesitate to die for his country."

XLIII. So let it be, brave and hardy Spartans! The training of the republic has great influence; and shall we not admire Cyrenean Theodorus, no ignoble philosopher, who, when King Lysimachus threatened the cross to him, said, "I pray use such threats to your courtiers; Theodorus cares not whether he rot under or above ground."

Which saying of his reminds me, that I ought to say something upon the subject of burying and funeral rites; not a difficult matter, and especially since those points have been discussed which relate to the absence of sensation, which we have just ceased to speak about. What Socrates thought upon it is apparent in that book which treats of his death, about which already so much has been said by us; for when he had discussed the question concerning the immortality of the soul, and the time of his own departure drew nigh, being asked by Crito how he wished to be buried, he said, "I have spent much pains in vain, my friends; for I have failed to convince our

friend Crito, that, when I take my departure suddenly from these abodes, no part of me will be left behind. But nevertheless, my Crito, if you shall be able to overtake me, or should get possession of me at any place, bury me as you please. But, believe me, no one of you will come up with me when I shall have departed hence." This was noble in him to give this permission to his friend, and at the same time to show that he was entirely unconcerned about the whole matter.

Diogenes, hardier still, and he too having the same opinion, but as a cynic expressing it more roughly, ordered his body to be cast forth, unburied. Then his friends said, "What! to the birds and beasts?" "By no means," he said; "but place a staff by me, with which to drive them away." "How can you?" said they, "for you will have no sensation." "Why, then, should I fear to be torn by wild beasts, if I shall feel nothing?" Famous, also, is the saying of Anaxagoras, who, when he was dying at Lampsacus, and his friends inquiring, if it came to the worst, if he wished to be carried to Clazomene, his native country, answered, "It is not necessary; for all paths lead alike to the infernal regions." One idea must be allowed in this whole question of burial, that it relates only to the body; whether the soul perish, or live. But it is plain, that the body retains no sensation when the soul is extinguished, or has passed away.

XLIV. But errors are universal. Achilles drags the body of Hector bound to his chariot, and I believe he thinks he is pained by it, and is sensible of suffering; and in this way he thinks he has his revenge. And she (his wife) mourns this as the most bitter fate; "I have seen, what filled me with the most cruel anguish to see, Hector dragged along by a four-horse chariot." What Hector? or how long will he be Hector? Accius speaks more to the purpose, and Achilles is sometimes wise, "Yes, truly, I have returned the body to Priam, and taken away Hector." "You did not, then, drag Hector, but the body which was Hector's." Behold another arises out of the earth, who will not permit his mother to sleep; "I call thee, Oh mother, who assuagest thy cares with sleep, without pity for me; arise, and bury thy son,—when these verses are chanted in a deep and mournful measure, which brings a feeling of sadness over the whole theatre, it is difficult not to think, that they who are unburied are miserable—before the beasts and birds tear them," (he fears, it seems, lest his

lacerated limbs should suffer indignity, he does not fear to have them burned,) " neither permit my remains, the flesh torn from the bones, and polluted with offensive gore, foully to be scattered." (I do not understand what he fears, when he pours out such good verses of seven feet to the accompaniment of the pipe.) It is to be maintained, then, that we should have no anxiety for what may happen after death, although many would punish their enemies, even when dead. Thyestes, according to Ennius, cursing in very smooth verses, wishes, first, that Atreus may perish by shipwreck, truly a hard fate, for such a death is not without keen suffering. But what follows is unmeaning; " May he be impaled on high on the sharp rocks, his bowels hanging out as he is suspended by his side, sprinkle the cliffs with putrid gore, with clotted and black blood." The rocks themselves were not more destitute of sensation than he, whom he would torture thus, hanging by his side. Such things would be hard to bear, if he could feel them; but the dead are without sensation. What follows is very idle; " Nor let him have a sepulchre, a grave to receive him, where, human life being finished, he may rest from his sufferings." You see in what an error these verses turn; he thinks the body has a port, and that the dead rest in a sepulchre. Pelops was greatly to blame, that he did not teach and inform his son how far anything was to be cared for.

XLV. But why should I observe upon the opinions of individuals, when we can review the various errors of nations? The Ægyptians embalm their dead, and keep them in their houses. The Persians, also, bury them covered with wax, that the bodies may last as long as possible. It is a custom of the Magi not to bury in the earth the bodies of their friends, except they are first torn to pieces by wild beasts. In Hyrcania, the people rear dogs for public use; the rich private ones. We know that is a noble race of dogs. But each man prepares, according to his ability, those by which he is to be torn to pieces; and they think this the best sepulture. Chrysippus, who is curious in all history, has collected many other anecdotes; but many of them are so disgusting, that my discourse avoids and flees them. Therefore this whole matter must be disregarded as far as we are concerned, but not neglected in the case of our friends; but cared for in such manner as if we living thought the bodies of the dead destitute of sensation. However, let the living give as much attention to it, as is due to custom and pro-

priety, but at the same time bearing in mind, that none of these things affect the dead.

Certainly, death is then undergone with the greatest equanimity, when declining life can console itself with thoughts of praiseworthy deeds. No one has lived too short a life, who has discharged a perfect duty of perfect virtue. Many periods of my own life have seemed favorable for dying, when I wish I could have departed; for nothing more was to be acquired; the burthens of life were increased, and wars with fortune only remained. Wherefore, if reason itself shall not succeed in persuading us that we may neglect death, yet passed life may make us seem to have lived enough, and more than enough. For, although sensation may have left them, the dead are not without the just and proper rewards of fame and glory, though they are unconscious of them. And, though glory has nothing in itself worthy to be desired, yet it follows virtue like its shadow. The true verdict of the multitude concerning honorable deeds, whenever it is rendered, is to be applauded, although it can bring no happiness to the actors of them.

XLVI. But I cannot say, in whatever manner it will be received, that Lycurgus and Solon are deprived of the glory of their laws, and public instruction; Themistocles and Epaminondas of their warlike virtue. For Neptune shall overwhelm Salamis itself, before the memory of the Salaminian trophies; and Bœotian Leuctra will perish before the glory of the Leuctrian battle. More slowly still will fame leave such names as Curius, Fabricius, Calatinus, the two Scipios, the two Africani, Maximus, Marcellus, Paulus, Cato, Lœlius, and innumerable others; any resemblance to whom, he, who attains, measuring himself not by the breath of popular rumor, but by the just praise of good men, may, if it should so happen to him, approach death with a trustful heart, in which we have seen there is the highest good, or no evil. Even in prosperity, one may wish to die; for no accumulation of good things can give so much pleasure, as to make amends for the pain of losing them. That saying of a Spartan seems to signify this opinion, who, when Diagoras, the Rhodian, a noble victor at the Olympic games, had seen, in one day, his two sons victors at Olympia, approached the old man, and having congratulated him, said; "Die now, oh Diagoras, for you cannot attain a higher happiness." These are great things, the Greeks, perhaps, think, or rather they thought too lightly of them; and he who made this

remark to Diagoras, thinking it a very wonderful thing, that three Olympic victors should spring from one family, esteemed it a useless business for him to remain longer in life, exposed to the changes of fortune.

But I had, indeed, answered you, as I thought, sufficiently, in few words; for you had granted, that the dead do not exist in pain, but on that account I went on to multiply words, because this idea is a great consolation in bereavement and sorrow. For we ought to bear the loss of our friends, a loss which chiefly affects ourselves, with moderation, lest we seem to love ourselves too much. But the suspicion would fill us with intolerable anguish, if we thought that they, of whom we are bereaved, had any sensation of those sufferings, which men commonly suppose. I have, on my own account, endeavored to shake this opinion at the foundation, and, perhaps, for that reason, have protracted my discourse.

XLVII. *A.* Do you say you have spoken too much at length? Not for me, indeed. For the first part of your discourse made me desirous of dying; the last not only willing to die, but has removed all anxiety upon the subject. At any rate, from your whole argument, I am convinced that death is not an evil.

M. Shall we now regard, in our discussion, the epilogue of the rhetoricians, or leave out such a technicality?

A. You cannot, with justice, neglect the rules of an art, which you have always adorned; and which, to speak the truth, has gained you so much reputation. But what is the epilogue? for I desire to hear it, whatever it is.

M. The decisions of the immortal gods are accustomed to be introduced, concerning death, in the schools, nor are they mere fictions, but rest upon the authority of Herodotus, and many others. First, the sons of the Grecian priestess, Cleobis and Biton, are rehearsed. The story is well known. For when it became necessary, that she should be drawn in a chariot to the temple, at some distance from the city, to perform a solemn and stated ceremony, the beasts were wanting; then these young men, whom I have just named, taking off their garments, and anointing their bodies with oil, approached the yoke. So the priestess was carried to the temple; and since her chariot was drawn by her sons, she is said to have supplicated the goddess to give them, as a reward for their piety, the best gift that can be bestowed by the gods upon mortals. The

young men, having feasted with their mother, retired to sleep, and in the morning were found dead. Trophonius and Agamedes are said to have made a similar petition, when they had built the temple of Apollo, at Delphi; for prostrating themselves before the god, they asked no small reward for their work and labor, but without specifying what it should be, but wishing that which might be best for mortals. Apollo promised them that he would grant their prayer three days from that time; and when that day dawned they were found dead. This, they say, was the decision of a god, and of that god, too, to whom the other gods had granted the highest power of divination.

XLVIII. A story is also told of Silenus, who, being taken captive by Midas, is said to have done the king this service for his liberation; — he taught him that not to be born is by far the best fate for man, and next to this, to die as soon as possible. Which idea Euripides makes use of in Cresphontis: "For it is proper that forming an assembly we should mourn for our house, when any one is born to this light, considering the various ills of human life; but when he has finished his severe trials by death, for his friends to follow his remains with praise and joy." There is something like this in the consolation of Crantor. For he says that a certain Elysius Terinæus, severely afflicted by the death of his son, came to the place of necromancy to inquire the cause of his great calamity, when these three verses were given to him upon tablets:

> In life men err by the ignorance of their minds.
> Euthynous died by the decision of the fates.
> It was better for him and for thee that he should die.

These, and like authors, strengthen an opinion confirmed by facts, decided by the immortal gods. A certain Alcidæmus, an ancient rhetorician of the very noblest, also wrote in praise of death, which he supported by enumerating the ills of human life. And to him were wanting those arguments so ingeniously collected by philosophers; nevertheless, he failed not in copiousness of language. Those celebrated instances of death undergone for one's country seemed to the rhetoricians not only glorious, but happy. They begin with Erechtheus, whose daughters even eagerly sought death to save the lives of their fellow citizens; and Codrus who, that he might not be recognised in his royal apparel, put on the dress of a servant, and

rushed into the thickest of the enemy, because the oracle had declared that, if their king should be slain, Athens would be victorious. Menœceus is not passed over, who, in obedience to the command of the oracle, poured out his blood for his country; and Iphigenia at Aulis orders herself to be slain, that she may draw forth the blood of the enemy by her own.

XLIX. Then they come to times nearer to them. Harmodius and Aristogeiton are on their lips. The Lacedemonian Leonidas, the Theban Epamidondas are fresh in mind. They did not know the example we have furnished. To enumerate would take a long time — so many are they who thought death with glory desirable.

Though these things are so, yet we must use great eloquence; and discourse as it were from a higher place, so that men may begin to desire death, or at least cease to fear it. For if that last day brings not annihilation, but only a change of place, what more desirable? But if it destroys and annihilates altogether, what better fate than to fall asleep in the midst of the labors of life, and so shutting the eyes to be lulled into an eternal rest? If it be so, the saying of Ennius is better than that of Solon. For the first says, "Let no one lament me with tears, nor make my funeral rites with lamentations." While he, so truly wise, says, "Let not my death want tears; may I leave sadness for my loss to my friends, and may they celebrate my burial with grief."

But if it could happen to me that my death should be foretold by a god, joyfully, and with thanksgiving would I obey, esteeming myself about to be freed from prison, and loosened from my chains, either to return to a home which is eternal and plainly our own, or to be free from all sensation and trouble. But if no indication of that event shall be given, let us, however, be of that mind, that we may regard a day so fearful to others, as happy and propitious to ourselves; and let us consider nothing as an evil which is appointed by the immortal gods, or by nature the parent of all things. For not at random and by chance were we formed and created, but certainly by a power which would consult the happiness of the human race, nor would produce or sustain that which, when it had exhausted every hardship, should encounter the woes of eternal death. Let us rather think, a harbor and place of refuge is prepared for us. Pray heaven we may arrive there with wide-spread sails! But if adverse winds throw us back,

still we shall arrive there, though a little more slowly. But can that which is inevitable to all be miserable to one? You have my epilogue, unless you think something has been omitted.

A. I have, indeed; and it has made me firmer than ever.

M. Very well, say I. But now, indeed, let us give something to health. But to-morrow, and every day we stay in Tusculanum, let us discuss these questions, especially those which may lighten our pain, remove our fears, and moderate our passions; which are the richest fruits of all philosophy.

J. N. B.

THE INSANE OF MASSACHUSETTS.

There are at this moment a large number of Lunatics in the Alms Houses and Jails of this Commonwealth. The thought is serious and sad to contemplate. Disease should be met with pity, not with punishment; and of all diseases, surely there is none more worthy of compassion than that under which the Lunatic suffers. How melancholy the thought of a blank, bewildered, and frantic brain; and that one thus bereft should be cast into a miserable cell and fettered in irons, seems inhuman. In a former day the idea of being able to restore the insane to health appears hardly to have entered the mind. For us there are other views. The wonderful success of many asylums has clearly proved what kindness, comfort, and judicious treatment may accomplish.

Few scenes can be more painful than those presented in some of our Alms Houses and Jails, owing to the deplorable situation of the Lunatics therein confined. We speak not now of what might have been seen fifteen or twenty years ago, but of what may be seen at this very day. Not many miles from the capital of the State is a poor Lunatic who has been chained for the last twenty years. The iron bracelet is screwed about each ancle, while both feet have been so frozen that nothing but the stumps remain. There the poor creature with his tangled gray hair hanging over his eyes, sleeps by night upon straw, and by day sits laughing in frantic mirth, goaded at

times into maniac ferocity by his confinement. In the room below is an unfortunate female chained in the same manner, at times excited by the ravings above, and at others, by the jests of the passers by.

Connected with another asylum is a small building standing by itself. From that low edifice may be heard wild cries, snatches of hymns, songs, curses, prayers. On opening the door you behold, caged, a young woman; she sleeps upon the floor over which straw is scattered. There through the cold winter she lives, if living it may be called, and at all times may be heard her mutterings and screams.

At another Alms House, in a low, narrow cell, crouches a man in middle life. There is no bed in the apartment, the atmosphere is offensive, and here, trembling with weakness, shivering with cold, pale and emaciated, you may behold the victim of disease and despair.

At another place may be seen eighteen bereft of reason, in varied conditions of misery; and in the Jail of Middlesex there are confined more than twenty idiots and insane. What crime have they committed? Why should they be there? One poor creature has frequent epileptic convulsions, and is wasted away nigh unto death. Is a Jail a fitting place for him? Shall these unfortunate fellow-beings continue thus through life? — The thief is condemned for a stated time, and with a series of months or years comes his release. But when does the Lunatic gain release? Not until he is cured; and the very manner of his confinement is a guarantee that that can be, *never.* The longer the insane remain without proper medical care, the more deeply rooted becomes the disease, and the more aggravated its character.

W have alluded to a few individual cases. There are from 300 to 500 of such cases in the Commonwealth — of lunatics not properly provided for, and very many of whom absolutely suffer. Their situation is one of great severity, and Humanity cries aloud for their relief. They are now in places which were never intended to meet their wants. The keepers of the houses where they are placed may do all in their power, but they speak freely and earnestly of their inadequacy to keep the insane comfortable, and to secure them any prospect of a recovery. They may be found in cages, in cold sheds, in dark and damp cellars. They may be found in wretched destitution, stripped of their garments, and in the midst of filth. We

desire not to exaggerate. The case is bad enough as it is, and needs not be made worse. The persons under whom these miserable beings are placed are not expected to understand much, or anything of proper medical treatment. They are furnished with no fitting accommodations, and desire, as much as any persons, that these sufferers should be placed elsewhere. Let it be remembered that hundreds are thus situated, and then conceive of the anguish which is daily experienced; and let it be asked and answered, is it to the honor of Massachusetts that such things should be allowed to continue?

Massachusetts has already done much in the philanthropic work of rescuing from misery this unhappy class. No State in the Union has done so much. Previous to 1818, though there might have been private asylums, there was no public Hospital for Lunatics in the Commonwealth. At that time the sufferings of the insane awakened such attention and interest, that the McLean Asylum was established. This noble institution commenced its work in the midst of doubt and discouragement. Many believed that the disease was incurable, and some, even among the medical profession, agreed in that opinion. This institution was considered an experiment, but the experiment was one of entire success. The Hospital was soon full, and more patients applied than could be received. Many were restored, and returned in health to their friends. This institution has prospered beyond the most sanguine expectation of its warmest friends. During 1841, two hundred and eighty-three patients had received the benefit of the institution within the year, about one hundred and fifty being accommodated at any one time. During the twenty-four years of its operation, two thousand and thirteen lunatics have been received within its walls; and of these, four hundred and fifty-six have been partially relieved, and eight hundred and seventy-seven restored to complete health. The successive labors of Drs. Wyman, Lee, and Bell, have given this institution a high character. The first individual labored as its superintendent for seventeen years, and did much to establish the character of the asylum. Dr. Lee died soon after he entered upon his labors, and Dr. Bell for the last six years has, by his professional skill and indefatigable zeal, fully sustained its well deserved reputation.

In this Institution strait waistcoats, handcuffs, and chains are all laid aside, and it is found that order is most successfully preserved under affectionate treatment. The inmates are led

to understand, that if they comply with the mild laws of the place and exercise self-control, they will enjoy extended privileges; and with this prospect, and under these influences, they are quickened into self-respect and gentle obedience. This institution was among the first that had the courage to try the experiment of mechanical labor; and although, since the introduction of employment, heavy and sharp tools have been placed in the hands of many hundreds, not one accident has occurred.

This admirably conducted institution has been a source of inestimable good, and reflects the highest honor upon that part of our community who have given it encouragement and aid.*

In 1830 another Institution, the first of the kind in the country, was established. This was to be expressly for poor and imprisoned lunatics. Its plan was conceived in the spirit of true philanthropy. Great exertions were made by several individuals; and perhaps to no one is the country more indebted than to the Hon. Horace Mann, now the Secretary of the Board of Education. Were this the only noble achievement of his life, he would not have lived in vain; and the thought of that Humane Asylum will long be associated with his name. It was the expressed desire of the Board of Commissioners at that time, that all Lunatics then in prisons and jails throughout the Commonwealth should be removed to this asylum; and in 1833 the Governor issued a proclamation to this effect. Whether this was literally answered in all the counties we do not know — but a great change was brought about.

Ten years have passed since the doors of this Institution were opened, and from that moment it has taken a strong hold upon the sympathies of the community. The energy and skill of those who have presided over it have been such as to gain the confidence of the public, and the highest regard of the most eminent men. The individual at its head, both by his uniform kindness, his calm determination, and consummate medical knowledge, has justly gained a reputation second to none in the country — perhaps it might safely be said — second to none in the world. Within nine years this institution has received and taken care of 1,359 lunatics — of these, 588 have been restored to health and usefulness. Of this number

* The expense to patients in this Hospital is $3,50 per week for residents of the State — and $4,50 per week for residents of other states. As this is not a Charity Hospital, none are admitted except such as can pay.

very many had been in cages and cells. Some had been in bondage for forty years. Some had been so neglected and abused that the accounts seem too fearful to be true. The whole number comprized a more hopeless class of patients than were probably ever brought together with the thought of being cured. During the first year, one hundred and seven were received, who had been adjudged by the courts to be so furiously mad, as to be dangerous to the peace and safety of the community. One hundred looked upon all with enmity. Forty had stripped themselves and would not be clothed, even in the severity of winter; and yet, out of 1,359, 588 were restored to health.

We have seen what was their condition before going to the Asylum — it may be asked what was their treatment while in it? We are told in the trustworthy reports, that "during the whole period, not a blow has been struck, not a chain has been used, not a harsh word spoken." "At this moment," says the 6th Report, p. 59, out of 230 patients, but one individual, either man or woman, in our wards has upon his or her person any restraint whatever." Mittens and wristbands are sometimes used, but very seldom. In the selection of attendants the most rigid caution is exercised. Such are selected as are firm, yet gentle; persons of cultivated minds, and strict morality. There are amusements for the inmates — riding, walking, dancing, swinging, blind-man's buff, &c. There are pleasant and profitable employments; reading, writing, farming, and the like. The benefit of labor becomes more apparent every year. In the domestic departments, the cooking, washing, ironing, &c. are done principally by the inmates. In the last Report, 1842, we are told, that there are not twelve out of the one hundred and fifteen women in the establishment, who were not more or less employed every day. "We are indeed," says the Report, "an industrious household, all busy, all having something to do, and all feeling that we are adding to the general stock of good." There is a large library connected with the institution, from which the inmates have the liberty of taking books. In 1837 a chapel was dedicated for religious worship. Since that time there have been in the hospital 845 patients, of whom 797 have attended religious worship. With few exceptions they are attentive listeners. Good order and solemnity pervade the chapel. The texts and portions of the discourse are remem-

bered by nearly all. There is also a prayer meeting on Saturday evening, and a Bible class on the Sabbath. This was the first institution in the country, which had a chapel set apart for religious worship, though at the present time religious services are generally held at other asylums. These services are looked upon as of undoubted utility.

In the Report of 1841 is the following interesting statement.

"During the evening previous to the Sabbath, a patient furiously mad, was brought to the Hospital in the care of a Sheriff. He had been considered quite dangerous, and the Sheriff hesitated whether it would be safe to come with him, unless he was confined in irons. He appeared calm on the following morning, and it was proposed that he should attend Chapel; he seemed pleased with the privilege; attended the service all day, and conducted with the utmost propriety. These occurrences," continues the Report, "which were of yesterday, are happening almost every Sabbath, and show most clearly the propriety and importance of religious worship to the insane."

What a contrast does such a state of things present to the situation of those who are even to this day confined in damp, dark, cheerless dungeons. This magnificent Charity, this philanthropic Asylum for suffering humanity, may well be considered as one of the chief glories of New England. Every citizen of Massachusetts may kindle with holy joy as he contemplates its wide-spread influence. It is a noble manifestation of the humane spirit of the Commonwealth.

There is also an asylum at South Boston; but this institution limits its benefits to the city. In 1837, when Samuel A. Eliot was mayor, he brought this subject before the public in his inaugural address.

"There are many unfortunate idiots and maniacs in the House of Industry and Correction, for whom, under existing circumstances, no suitable accommodations are or can be provided. By the Revised Statutes, a hospital is required for such persons in the House of Correction. Would it not be becoming in a community of large resources and enlightened liberality, to provide for the comfort and safety of those also who are inmates of the House of Industry? A hospital, fitted for the application of suitable treatment of these patients, would not only be honorable to the philanthropy of the city, but might result in such a diminution of their number as materially to lessen the expense of their support."

In compliance with this suggestion a committee was appointed, who favorably reported; and the result is, that an appropriate Hospital has been erected, and is now in successful operation. It was opened, Dec. 1839. In the Report of the Inspectors for June, 1841, it is said, "It has become an established and prosperous institution." "It seems to be in successful action for the cure, relief, and mitigation of one of the greatest maladies which afflict the human race." The Report goes on to show that many lunatics considered incurable have been restored, and that even the worst cases have shown improvement. The 'incurable pauper,' as the poor lunatic is at times called, can be, even in his worst estate, calmed, and rendered harmless and happy. Surely this is no slight thing, even if his disease is so rooted as not to be wholly overcome, though it is only in cases which have been long neglected that recovery is considered doubtful. In the Report of the Inspectors for 1842, it is said, "The recent inspection of the Boston Lunatic Hospital has given renewed evidence of the wisdom of the city in establishing, and of the Superintendent and others in managing this important institution." About two hundred patients have received the benefits of this Asylum. This building was commenced as a receptacle for the poor and incurable insane of the city. As severe and hopeless cases were collected here, as were to be found in New England, yet general order pervades the establishment. Few restraints are ever needed. All are obedient and cheerful. The only thing which throws gloom over the picture is the result of old cases, where the effect of former neglect clings to the mind; but even in these cases kindness and care have produced decidedly beneficial effects, and frequently actual restoration. Here you may see those, who have been raging, peacefully engaged in manual labor, tilling the earth, cultivating flowers, making baskets, or otherwise engaged in active employment. Here, again, you may see them cheerfully mingling in innocent recreation; some engaged in chess and backgammon, some playing upon musical instruments, while others unite in singing. Thus are their minds diverted, their troubles dispelled. A new life is awakened in the mental nature, and new vigor added to the physical system. And here also every Sabbath you may see the insane listening with mild, yet earnest expression, to the truths of the Gospel.

Thus has the city of Boston honorably provided for this most unfortunate class of sufferers. The city government has thus

far liberally sustained this institution, and established it upon such principles as may secure to it the interest of a Christian community.

Much, then, has been done in Massachusetts for the relief of the Insane. She has gone before all other States in the Union. And now, it may be asked, "Has she not done enough?" "Are not these institutions sufficient to meet her wants?" It may be replied, that there are 500 insane in the State not yet under healing influences. That hundreds are still suffering, and many suffering intensely, in alms-houses, jails, and houses of correction. This is said not as a fancy, but as a fact. At this day there is a piercing cry coming up to us for relief.

But it may be asked, is there not room in the Hospitals now existing? It must be remembered that the McLean Asylum is an expensive institution, somewhat private in its character, and also, that it is full to overflowing. In their Reports for several years past they say they have been unable to receive all who have applied, and for those they have received, they have needed more room. The Hospital at Worcester is also full. It has generally 240 patients, and the number of apartments does not exceed 225. In the last Report, for 1842, it is said "There is scarcely a day in the year when every apartment is not occupied; and much of the time we have more persons in the establishment than we have rooms for their accommodation, and are obliged to lodge them in the halls and infirmaries. It is desirable to be full; but to be overrun, and then be constantly pressed with new cases, is a subject of great inconvenience." "Every year since the Hospital was enlarged we have had applications enough, that have been rejected for want of room, to fill a good-sized establishment."

The Hospital at South Boston is intended solely for the pauper lunatics of the city, and cannot open its doors to those who suffer beyond that limit.

Here then we see that there is not ample provision to meet existing wants. There are 1514 lunatics and idiots in the State to be provided for. In the three Hospitals there are accommodations for only 492, leaving 1022. Making a deduction for the idiotic, and those who can be provided for by their friends, we have at least 500 for whom an asylum should be open. This estimate is verified by the pauper abstract, pub-

lished in 1840, which gives 518 lunatic paupers, and 369 idiotic paupers. Consider then these 500 lunatics, or call it 300. Consider 300 poor, friendless, forlorn creatures; and must we not feel for them a pang of sympathy, and a desire to act for their good?

What then shall be done? A new Hospital must be established, or our existing institutions must be enlarged. If the present institutions can be enlarged so as to meet the want, this may answer; otherwise, we require a separate asylum.

Dr. Bell in his Report for 1839, says:

"To the active curable cases, it should be in the power of the Superintendent to devote as much of his time as will give him a minute knowledge of the mental habits, diseased impressions and physical condition of each individual, and acquire, as far as may be, his entire confidence and regard; "consequently," he adds, "with uninterrupted health, an entire freedom from all personal care, and with all the aid that he desired, of experienced, capable, and conscientious assistants in every department, any increase of number would involve an inability to do them the greatest amount of good."

He therefore objects to any enlargment of the institution.

We find that all the asylums which exist are overflowing; and the superintendent of one, who is a man of great experience in this subject, objects to any increase in the number of patients, on the ground of having as many now as can be properly attended to; and yet there are several hundred who are not included in either of these institutions. It is evident that something should be done. The charity of the past has brought its reward. But all has not yet been accomplished.

Let us consider some of the reasons why we should make exertions at this time.

1. The insane who are in alms-houses and jails often suffer very much where they now are. There are no accommodations for them. They cannot receive proper medical treatment. There is nothing calculated to give either happiness or relief. Those who have not visited the places where some of this class are now confined, can hardly understand the wretchedness of their situation. In not a few instances the insane are thrust away in garrets and cellars, [we speak advisedly] some with scanty food and fire, some with meagre apparel, and some bent to deformity by the low and narrow places in which they have been chained. There are other instances where they are treat-

ed with all the kindness which, in the places where they are, they could be expected to receive; but in jails, alms-houses, and houses of correction, they cannot, from the very nature of the case, receive that attention and treatment which is proper.

2. The insane become worse through neglect. Their minds, filled with gloom at first through wrong treatment, sink into darkness and desolation. The iron enters their soul; — their whole nature becomes more and more warped, and torn from its centre. It is comparatively easy to cure this disease, if taken early and treated aright. It is next to impossible to cure it, when long neglected and improperly managed. In speaking of the manner in which the insane were formerly neglected, and as many are dealt with at the present time, it is said, in the Massachusetts State Lunatic Hospital Reports: "Were a system now devised, whose express object it should be, to drive every victim of insanity beyond the limits of hope, it would scarcely be within the power of a perverse ingenuity to suggest one more infallible, than that which, for so many years, has been in practical operation among us." — p. 19.

Eighty or ninety out of every hundred, who are put into a proper asylum, within one year may reasonably be expected to recover; while, if they have been longer without the advantages of proper treatment, the probability of restoration rapidly decreases. Even amid the peacefulness of home, with all the care of friends, the hope of recovery is greatly less than in a hospital established for the purpose.

Dr. Woodward's table shows, that 88 per cent. were cured of those, who had been insane less than one year; 57 per cent. of those insane from one to two years; 37 per cent. of those insane from two to five; and 11 per cent. of those insane from five to ten years. (Rep. 1840.)

It is, therefore, important that there should be ample provision for the insane, that their disease may be speedily removed, and that the persons afflicted be not doomed for life to this grievous malady.

3. Although the immediate expense might be considerable of erecting a new hospital, or of adding new buildings to the hospitals already in operation, yet this step would be, in fact, a matter of real economy. We have seen, that under neglect, the disease remains for years, if not for life. In shortening the length of the disease we lessen expense. The old system brought constantly upon the State a burden of expenditure. In the

poor-house and jail, the disorder becomes fixed; in a hospital constructed with reference to the disease, the patient is generally restored. In all existing hospitals, the difficulty is with the cases which have been aggravated by just such a course as we are still pursuing in our alms-houses and jails. In the last Report of the South Boston Hospital, (City Doc. No. 17, p. 18,) it is said, "Of the old cases now in the house, [the result of a previous system, opposite to that now in operation,] it is to be expected, that nearly all will remain, till, in turn, each one shall pass to the grave." This is a general experience, showing the effect of neglect, and demonstrating, that a course which will restore is less expensive, even as a mere matter of dollars, than to fasten upon them a disease, which will make them the sources of public expense as long as they live.

Dr. Woodward, of Worcester, and Dr. Jarvis, late of Kentucky,* and others,† have entered into accurate calculations upon this subject, and the result shows, that new hospitals are a great advantage, on the ground of political economy.

4. But a higher reason than that of economy, and infinitely more imperative, is that of Humanity. Even were it an additional expense, this should be considered as no obstacle in the way. Indeed, we confess we are pleased to look upon those charities which do cost somewhat, for there seems to be a nobler element in them. It is a cheering sight to see a community voluntarily taxing themselves for the relief of the destitute. If the relief can be given, and the laws of nature are such, as is often the case, that the good brings more advantage than we sought, it is well. But in regard to this charity, cost what it might, within the bounds of possibility, it should be done. Ponder the ap-

* Dr. Jarvis has published two valuable pamphlets on the subject of Insanity, which first appeared in the Western Medical Journal.

† In 1837, it was estimated that there were between 600 and 700 lunatics in New Hampshire; 300 of these were paupers, and 200 were locked up in jails and cages. It was estimated, that 45 new cases were yearly added to the list of those considered incurable. Great exertions were made throughout the State to establish a hospital. The sum of $15,000 was granted by the State, on condition that as large a sum could be obtained by private subscription. G. W. Haven, Esq., and several other gentlemen, made untiring efforts to awaken a right public feeling. Among other arguments, Mr. Haven entered into a calculation to show, that the erection of a new asylum for the reception of the insane would be a yearly saving to the State of $15,000. During the last year, the hospital was completed, and Dr. Chandler, late of Worcester, was appointed its Superintendent.

palling fact, that every day hundreds of these our fellow-beings suffer, and that every hour's delay, on our part, adds to their torture, and lessens the probability of their being restored. Then picture the happy change, if the same individuals could be placed in a proper asylum; and does not conscience speak, as with the voice of God, "What thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might?" Remember, that in the poor-house and jail the fact is hardly known of any lunatics having been restored, while in the hospitals of this State over fourteen hundred have been positively cured, and seven hundred more have been greatly improved. Think of rejoicing parents welcoming back their restored child; think of children clasping again the parent, who was once insane, but whose countenance now beams with intelligent joy. These are the blessed result of well-established institutions; and while many are enabled to receive the benefits of such asylums as we have, hundreds are, for want of room, excluded. Are not these worthy of sympathy? And shall not the same generous community, which has already done so much, embrace all in the arms of its mercy?

And, once more, we may say, that we have reason to plead for this class, because they cannot plead for themselves. It is one of the evils of insanity, that it cannot gain a fair hearing, or make known its wants. It laughs in horrid mirth, while coals of fire are on its head. It shrinks and shudders before the phantoms of its own creation. It sits in morbid silence while disease is gnawing upon its life. The insane plead not for themselves, but will not every generous heart feel yet more for them, in remembrance of their forlorn condition?

And let us not forget, that this malady oftenest comes to the most richly endowed minds. Those who have fine sensibilities; those who have a tender conscience; those who have such spiritual energy as to exhaust the physical powers; such most frequently suffer. Do not such instances as those of Tasso, Sir Isaac Newton, and Robert Hall, show us that the noblest minds may be bowed under this affliction? Does not the remembrance of Cowper throw a sanctity around this painful disease? And have there not been those among us, highly gifted spirits, who have become unstrung? whose splendid powers have been shrouded by this dark cloud? They may have been so fortunate as to have had friends, who have surrounded them with tokens of Christian kindness and care. But what becomes of

the poor? Who asks for the pauper? Shall he be thrust into some Bridewell, and left there to suffer and die?

Connected with insanity, the past has much of horror, but the future is full of hope. Pinel, in France, some fifty years ago, first struck the chains from the maniac, and became a pioneer in this benevolent work. Rush, in our own country, even previous to that, published his famous Essay "on the influence of physical causes upon the moral faculty." This was read before the American Philosophical Society in 1786. Since the days of these distinguished men, the progress of enlightened and humane views has been very great. Much improvement has been made in Europe, particularly in Great Britain; but in no community has more been accomplished than in New England. Nowhere has force been more generally exchanged for kindness, or the uses of manual labor been more practically and beautifully exhibited. In no place has there been a greater amelioration of distress, or more frequent cases of restoration. In no part of the world has the public mind looked with more increasing favor upon these institutions, or felt a stronger sympathy for this afflicted class. Thus has misery been alleviated, and humanity blessed.

Since writing the above, we have received the following interesting and valuable letter from Dr. Woodward, which we take the liberty of inserting.

"State Lunatic Hospital, Worcester, Dec. 13th, 1842.

* * * * * * *

"It is very certain, that more accommodations are needed for the insane of the Commonwealth, and that they will not, at this day, be furnished by private contributions, as was once the case. The governments of the States have assumed this duty, and to them the public everywhere look, for whatever may be necessary, in this broad field of benevolence. If the subject is presented to the legislature at its next session, in its proper light, I have no doubt that something will be done to benefit this class of sufferers. I believe, that in the jails and houses of correction in the Commonwealth, there are now as many insane as when the State Lunatic Hospital was established. Perhaps the county of Suffolk is an exception, as their insane are now comfortably provided for in the City Hospital.

"Within the ten years of our existence as a Hospital, there have been sent back to the jails, from this institution, 38 dangerous insane, besides a dozen or more, that were transferred from this Hospital to the Hospital at South Boston. The trus-

tees have sent away, the past year, 51 as harmless and incurable, principally for want of room; 14 dangerous and incurable were sent away, mostly to the jails. More than 100 patients have been rejected for want of room, the majority of whom were residents in this State. We have constantly been crowded, and have had an average of about 8 patients through the year more than rooms for them to occupy.

"These facts alone are sufficient to show, that more accommodations are needed for the insane in this Commonwealth. How and when they shall be made, is an important inquiry.

"In this connexion I would say, that I am decidedly opposed to county institutions, as being too small to admit the right kind of superintendence and general management. They will most certainly degenerate into *insane poor-houses*, and in the event, be little better than the present receptacles. There should be no institution for the insane, without a medical head residing in it.

"Large institutions for this class of the insane are better, in many respects, than small ones. Classification will be better, the facilities of business and labor better, and sufficient men of a trade will be collected to give encouragement for building shops and employing an overseer, cultivating a farm, and improving a garden advantageously. Such is the case with our Hospital. We make from $1100 to $1200 worth of shoes annually; have carpenters, cabinet-makers, and mattress-makers in shops fitted for labor, and carried on with profit. We also assemble a respectable congregation on the Sabbath, and can employ a chaplain, to be exclusively devoted to our family.

"If we had 150 or 200 patients more, we could do all this equally well. Indeed, the poor are better off in the same institutions with the better classes. A good influence is felt by them, and motives are constantly before them to increase their self-respect, that they may associate with better society, the kind influence which must be extended to the better classes is contagious, and reaches them and their attendants.

"The State Lunatic Hospital has a fund of $34,000, given by Mrs. Johonnot, of Salem, subject to a life annuity, at present amounting to about $2400 or $2500 annually. The board of trustees, at a recent meeting, voted to petition the Legislature to assume these annuities, and allow this fund to be expended in erecting about 150 rooms for the insane, appended to the present building. I am myself in favor of this proposition, because I believe the Legislature will be more willing to do this, than to appropriate a sum sufficient for the object, from the treasury of the State, and because, for this class, I think large institutions are both more economical, and better than small

ones, and because I believe that there is more certainty, that the desired object will be immediately attained in this way than any other. * * * * *

"Yours respectfully,
S. B. Woodward."

No testimony could be more valuable than this. It should be remembered, however, that the provision proposed, while it would give accommodation to 150 or 200 more than are now provided for, would not be sufficient for all who should have a place in such an asylum. This additional provision would, indeed, be a great gain. But we trust, that when this subject comes before the Legislature, there will be a committee appointed to enter into a thorough investigation of the number of insane throughout the State, and to report concerning their condition, that the community may have authentic information upon this subject.

During the past year, several gentlemen, by visiting our jails and alms-houses, have endeavored to become better acquainted with the present state of things, and one individual, — a lady, who has long been practically interested in the moral welfare of those who are in prison, — has, at her own expense, not only visited alms-houses, jails, and hospitals in distant cities, but has visited within the last six months every county, and nearly every town in the State, and is at this time pursuing her investigation, which voluntary and Christian labor she will not close, until every alms-house and jail has been examined. The shameful neglect manifested in a few places, first awakened sympathy, and, with earnest perseverance, the work has, thus far, been carried through. These things show what can be accomplished by individual effort, and that there are substantial causes for continued exertion.

We do not doubt, that if this subject can be fairly brought before our State Government, ample accommodations will be provided for every lunatic in the State, either by the erection of a new asylum, or by the enlargement of those institutions which already exist. Should the Commonwealth persevere until this good work is accomplished, she will eradicate a fearful wrong from the midst of society, relieve hundreds from suffering, and complete what has been nobly begun; a work which is worthy of a people's sympathy, and the fostering care of an enlightened government.

R. C. W.

POEMS ON SLAVERY.

In both prose and poetry, in any and every form that language can assume, we desire ever to raise our voice against Slavery — Slavery of body and mind, at home and abroad, original and transmitted. Yet we ally ourselves with no existing association, of any name or kind; nor are we partisans of any movement, at present devised or in progress for the abolition of that gigantic evil, that hovers like a destroying curse over the land, and which, if the South find not its reason or humanity, nor listen to the entreaties or warnings of mankind, will one day fall, and bury freeman and slave, them and us, in a common ruin. For no movement, we apprehend, save one on the part of the slaveholding community itself, can free the slave, without entailing upon the country a greater evil than that which it removes. On our part, at the North, this seems to be a subject for action no otherwise than, in the first place, through a moderate, just, and humane press: — moderate, in that it shall not require moral changes in the character of the slaveholder, in his opinions, principles, and feelings, as great as the mind can well conceive, to be accomplished in a day or a year — just and humane, in that it shall consider the rights and feelings of the unfortunate, in most cases, involuntary slaveholder, as well as the scarcely more unfortunate slave. And in the second place, through petitions to Congress, both for the removal of this offensive institution from the District of Columbia — common ground to all the Union, and where the Northern man ought not to be compelled to witness any of the signs of that traffic in blood, which is apt to stir his passions too much against the abettors of it, when his reason is enough — and for the passing of such laws, and making such changes in the constitution as shall lead the way to its ultimate extinction.

In the mean time we hold that the provisions of the constitution are to be inviolably observed, in their letter and in their spirit; nor should any rash and unprincipled violation of it — as by the South in the imprisonment and selling as slaves of free colored citizens of the North landing on their shores — serve as a pretext for similar violation on our part. Whatever others

may do, let not us violate a moral obligation, or break our promises, or do evil that good may come, or think we are serving God and right by forcing our own sense of duty and religion upon the conscience of others. Let nullification become right, here, and in one thing, and it is right, everywhere, and in everything, and anarchy is come. Absolute, unconditional fealty to the constitution is a more binding duty, and a higher virtue, and a more probable means of securing the general welfare, than carrying into effect any one, or any twenty, benevolent projects, to which our own judgment or humanity may prompt us. We can listen to proposed changes in the constitution — though to change, even but for once, seems to imply corruptibility, and to threaten death — nay, we can listen to discussions of projects for new divisions of the Union, to the nicest calculations of its value, but never to any proposition that involves a violation of the original compact. That carries with it the taint of treachery, and the breaking of a plighted word, and no evil can be so great as that. While the constitution stands, let it stand. Let it be the Constitution — or Revolution.

But whatever fault we may find with some attempted or proposed methods of political action, we cordially greet every new laborer in the moral field of this divine labor of human emancipation. Especially happy are we to be able to count one of Mr. Longfellow's genius and celebrity among those friends of universal liberty, who are willing to speak their word in its behalf. In this little book of poems he has spoken with feeling, with truth, and eminent poetic beauty. It would not be right to quote the whole volume, and would, we suppose, be an invasion of copyright, and bring us into trouble; but we will venture upon half, and trust to the author's clemency.

THE SLAVE'S DREAM.

Beside the ungathered rice he lay,
His sickle in his hand;
His breast was bare, his matted hair
Was buried in the sand.
Again, in the mist and shadow of sleep,
He saw his Native Land.

Wide through the landscape of his dreams
The lordly Niger flowed;
Beneath the palm-trees on the plain
Once more a king he strode;
And heard the tinkling caravans
Descend the mountain-road.

He saw once more his dark-eyed queen
Among her children stand;
They clasped his neck, they kissed his cheeks,
They held him by the hand! —
A tear burst from the sleeper's lids
And fell into the sand.

And then at furious speed he rode
Along the Niger's bank;
His bridle reins were golden chains,
And with a martial clank,
At each leap he could feel his scabbard of steel
Smiting his stallion's flank.

Before him, like a blood-red flag,
The bright flamingoes flew;
From morn till night he followed their flight,
O'er plains where the tamarind grew,
Till he saw the roofs of Caffre huts,
And the ocean rose to view.

At night he heard the lion roar,
And the hyæna scream,
And the river-horse, as he crushed the reeds
Beside some hidden stream;
And it passed, like a glorious roll of drums,
Through the triumph of his dream.

The forests, with their myriad tongues,
Shouted of liberty;
And the Blast of the Desert cried aloud,
With a voice so wild and free,
That he started in his sleep and smiled
At their tempestuous glee.

He did not feel the driver's whip,
Nor the burning heat of day;
For death had illumined the Land of Sleep,
And his lifeless body lay
A worn-out fetter, that the soul
Had broken and thrown away!

THE SLAVE SINGING AT MIDNIGHT.

Loud he sang the psalm of David!
He a Negro and enslaved,
Sang of Israel's victory,
Sang of Zion, bright and free.

In that hour, when night is calmest,
Sang he from the Hebrew Psalmist,
In a voice so sweet and clear
That I could not choose but hear,

Songs of triumph, and ascriptions,
Such as reached the swart Egyptians,
When upon the Red Sea coast
Perished Pharaoh and his host.

And the voice of his devotion
Filled my soul with strange emotion;
For its tones by turns were glad,
Sweetly solemn, wildly sad.

Paul and Silas, in their prison,
Sang of Christ the Lord arisen,
And an earthquake's arm of might
Broke their dungeon-gates at night.

But, alas! what holy angel
Brings the Slave this glad evangel?
And what earthquake's arm of might
Breaks his dungeon-gates at night?

THE WITNESSES.

In Ocean's wide domains,
Half buried in the sands,
Lie skeletons in chains,
With shackled feet and hands.

Beyond the fall of dews,
Deeper than plummet lies,
Float ships, with all their crews,
No more to sink or rise.

There the black Slave-ship swims,
Freighted with human forms,
Whose fettered, fleshless limbs
Are not the sport of storms.

These are the bones of Slaves;
They gleam from the abyss;
They cry, from yawning waves,
"We are the Witnesses!"

Within Earth's wide domains
Are markets for men's lives;
Their necks are galled with chains,
Their wrists are cramped with gyves.

Dead bodies, that the kite
In deserts makes its prey;
Murders, that with affright
Scare schoolboys from their play!

All evil thoughts and deeds;
Anger, and lust, and pride;
The foulest, rankest weeds,
That choke Life's groaning tide!

These are the woes of Slaves;
They glare from the abyss;
They cry, from unknown graves,
"We are the Witnesses!"

The Poems are inscribed to Dr. Channing in the following lines.

TO WILLIAM E. CHANNING.

THE pages of thy book I read,
And as I closed each one,
My heart, responding, ever said,
"Servant of God! well done!"

Well done! thy words are great and bold;
At times they seem to me,
Like Luther's, in the days of old,
Half-battles for the free.

Go on, until this land revokes
The old and chartered Lie,
The feudal curse, whose whips and yokes
Insult humanity.

A voice is ever at thy side
Speaking in tones of might,
Like the prophetic voice, that cried
To John in Patmos, "Write!"

Write! and tell out this bloody tale;
Record this dire eclipse,
This Day of Wrath, this Endless Wail,
This dread Apocalypse!

CURWEN'S JOURNAL AND LETTERS.

We are sufficiently familiar through our local and general histories, and many other publications of a more ephemeral character, with the feelings and principles of our revolutionary ancestors. Of late, especially, in the volumes of letters which have proceeded from the Adams family, have we been made acquainted with the mind in all its various phases of our rebel fathers and mothers, as well as with their outward circumstances. Men in public life and private, seekers after honor, and those who had found it, husbands, wives, and daughters— there is hardly a shade of feeling or of thought that may at any time have found a place in their bosoms, but, having naturally been recorded at the time in memoir, letter, or journal, it has descended to our day, and introduced us into the very heart of those stirring times. There is not a lesson of resistance necessary to the management of a successful rebellion, which we have not got by heart a thousand times, and, if the same scenes were to be enacted over again, could carry into action, we doubt not, to the general admiration of the world. We have not been permitted to forget, moreover, the sufferings of our brave forefathers, their sacrifices, self-devotion, and losses — their labors in the camp and in the cabinet, their perplexities, doubts, and fears. Many times every year, beside through the books we read, are our sympathies stirred up and kept awake by lecture, or oration, or sermon, on Sundays and on week days, on religious and secular holy-days, fourth of Julys, Thanksgivings, Fasts. The last thing an American citizen of the present day is in the least danger of forgetting is his obligations to the men and women of '76 — may it be among the last he ever shall forget. But this is no good reason why we should forget every thing else. It is no good reason why especially we should forget that large number of our ancestors, who, for reasons satisfactory to themselves,— as honest too in their judgements we may suppose as the patriots — could see no sufficient ground for the proposed resistance; doubted whether any form of government, any condition of society could arise, out of the blood and uproar of a revolution, with all the causes of domestic jealousy and contention its termination would bring along with it, that would afford so many and so signal advantages, as, with all the acknowledged injustice and unkindness, they experienced in

their connexion with England. And then there was, as they would think, the almost certainty of defeat in any open contest with the first power of the world—an issue so probable in any impartial survey of the respective parties, that it can be ascribed only to that blindness, with which the gods sometimes visit men whom they wish to save, as well as to destroy, that they dared so unequal a strife. The unanimity of the country is the most astonishing feature of the revolution.

But few as the loyalists were — behind those properly so called, we cannot doubt, there were large multitudes quietly seated on the fence, ready to jump off on the king's side when the time came, — they certainly deserve our sympathy and our respect. They were the few against the many,a handful against a nation, yet they spoke their opinions openly and boldly, and sooner than yield them, renounced country, kindred, home, and self-banished, past their lives, at least the seven years of the war, as exiles in foreign lands;—many of them, their property being confiscated, in absolute dependence upon the bounty of the English Government, who before had enjoyed independence and wealth, and might have done to their dying day, by simply holding their peace. These traits of honesty and courage are matter of honorable mention wherever we find them. There was hardly any kind of privation or suffering of a personal kind endured by the revolutionists, the army excepted, which was not borne equally by the refugee loyalists. They were insulted, ridiculed, persecuted in a thousand ways; their property seized, and themselves banished. All this was in the very nature of the case inevitable; the confiscation and banishment necessary. Even in the case of the worthy citizen of Salem, of whose memoirs we propose to give some account, respectable and harmless an individual as he seems to have been,—the country was made too hot for him, and very properly so. For who can assure us, that this very Curwen, modest and harmless as he appeared to be, had he been permitted to dwell here during the war, would not have shot up from his little height into a full grown Arnold, and carried on treasonable correspondence with the enemy? We do not mean to bring any imputation upon the memory of this excellent person. He was at heart, we think, his toryism notwithstanding, a real sound American. What we have said of him, the same thing of course should we say of all the loyalists. It was quite right that the country should be rid of them. Many of them we may suppose were

bitter enough toward the revolutionists and their movement, and would seize gladly on any occasion of doing them an ill turn. Violent and vindictive as many of the Patriots were, such some of the loyalists must have been. But all this does not hinder that their sufferings and privations for conscience' sake, — if an American republican will allow a conscience to a revolutionary tory — may have been great and most truly deserving of our sympathy — of our sympathy for their suffering, our honor for the spirit in which it was borne.

But this is all aside from our present purpose, which is merely to offer some interesting extracts from a volume lately published, containing the journal and letters of Samuel Curwen, Esq., a loyalist refugee, and resident in London during the seven years' war.* The work is edited by a descendant of Mr. Curwen, George A. Ward, Esq., of New York, who has performed his part of the labor in a manner deserving of the highest praise. The journal and letters are introduced by a brief account of the early life of Mr. Curwen, and followed by biographical sketches of more than a hundred and sixty of the loyalists and other prominent persons of the revolution. These additions we owe to the industry, research, and talent of the Editor, and they constitute a very valuable part of the volume. In some instances he has drawn his material from other sources — but they are few.

As the volume derives its principal interest for us, in the record it presents of the feelings and opinions of a loyalist refugee during the revolutionary struggle, we shall say but a few words of Mr. Curwen's early life, and proceed at once to his journal. He was a native of Salem, born in 1715; was graduated at Cambridge in 1735. He was a merchant by profession; but accidentally, for a time, a soldier, joining as Captain of a company the famous expedition against Louisburgh. On his return, at the termination of that spirited affair, he again became a man of business, and so continued, till the breaking out of the revolution drove him from his counting-

* Journal and Letters of the late Samuel Curwen, Judge of Admiralty, etc., an American Refugee in England, from 1775 to 1784, comprising remarks on the prominent men and measures of that period, to which are added biographical notices of many American Loyalists and other eminent persons; by GEORGE ATKINSON WARD, member of the New-York Historical Society. New-York: C. S. Francis and Co., 252 Broadway. Boston: J. H. Francis, 128 Washington Street. 1842.

room and the country. His appointment under the British Government to the office of a judge of Admiralty did not probably interrupt his mercantile pursuits. On his return to America after the war, he again occupied his former dwelling in Salem, only with very reduced resources; and there died in 1802 at the advanced age of eighty-two.

Mr. Curwen appears, from the journal and his letters, to have been a man of good sense, good feelings, and good principles. He loved his country, and left it with regret; he was unhappy during his exile, and, so soon as he could be assured of safety, hastened back again, that he might die in the place of his birth. Of course he was a loyalist from principle. He was satisfied with the condition of colonial dependency — not doubting that one by one, under one administration if not under another, next year if not this, those grievances would be redressed, the existence of which all equally confessed, though they differed so widely as to the best means of removing them. He believed too that the project of fighting for independence with such a power as England was one of utter madness, and could end only in the more slavish subjection of the colonies, and an indefinite postponement of the advantages they coveted. It was not possible for him to join in the struggle; but, as it was equally impossible to act on the other side, he could only stand still, an idle, but anxious, spectator of the conflict — a conflict which armed kindred against kindred, family against family, parents and children against each other — and more remarkable even, for the moral profligacy and barbarian ambition of the King and party in the mother country, who drove things to such extremity, than for its successful termination against such fearful odds.

The first date in the Journal is Philadelphia, May 4, 1775, whither he fled at first, in the hope that that city might serve him as a place of refuge. A large number of Massachusetts loyalists, it seems, flocked there, in the same vain expectation — for vain it was. The Philadelphians soon began to look upon it as an indignity, that their city should be resorted to as a tory asylum, and the poor refugees were once more driven from their shelter. His feelings on reaching Philadelphia Mr. Curwen thus records.

"Since the late unhappy affairs at Concord and Lexington, finding the spirit of the people to rise on every fresh alarm, (which has been almost hourly,) and their tempers to get more and more soured and malevolent against all moderate men,

whom they see fit to reproach as enemies of their country by the name of tories, among whom I am unhappily (although unjustly) ranked; and unable longer to bear their undeserved reproaches and menaces hourly denounced against myself and others, I think it a duty I owe myself to withdraw for a while from the storm which to my foreboding mind is approaching. Having in vain endeavored to persuade my wife to accompany me, her apprehensions of danger from an incensed soldiery, a people licentious and enthusiastically mad, and broken loose from all the restraints of law or religion, being less terrible to her than a short passage on the ocean; and being moreover encouraged by her, I left my late peaceful home (in my sixtieth year) in search of personal security and those rights, which by the laws of God I ought to have enjoyed undisturbed there, and embarked at Beverly on board the schooner Lively, Captain Johnson, bound hither, on Sunday the 23d ultimo, and have just arrived. Hoping to find an asylum amongst quakers and Dutchmen, who I presume from former experience have too great a regard for ease and property to sacrifice either at this time of doubtful disputation on the altar of an unknown goddess, or rather doubtful divinity.

"My fellow-passengers were Andrew Cabot, his wife and child, and Andrew Dodge. My townsman, Benjamin Goodhue, was kind enough to come on board, and having made my kinsman and correspondent, Samuel Smith, acquainted with my arrival, he was pleased to come on board also, and his first salutation, '*We will protect you though a tory,*' embarrassed me not a little; but soon recovering my surprise, we fell into a friendly conversation, and he taking me to his house, I dined with his family and their minister, Mr. Sproat, suffering some mortification in the cause of truth. After an invitation to make his house my home during my stay here, which I did not accept, I took leave, and went in pursuit of lodgings, and on enquiring at several houses, ascertained they were full, or for particular reasons would not take me; and so many refused as made it fearful whether, like Cain, I had not a discouraging mark upon me, or a strong feature of toryism. The whole city appears to be deep in congressional principles, and inveterate against '*Hutchinsonian Addressers.*' Happily we at length arrived at one Mrs. Swords', a widow lady, in Chestnut-street, with whom I found quarters, rendered more agreeable by S. Waterhouse's company, who also lodges here." — pp. 25, 26.

Delegates to the Congress were at this time arriving; and he mentions, after having been in the city a few days, passing the "evening in company with Col. WASHINGTON (a fine fig-

ure, and of a most easy and agreeable address). I staid till twelve o'clock, the conversation being chiefly on the most feasible and prudent method of stopping up the channel of the Delaware, to prevent the coming up of any large ships to the city; I could not perceive the least disposition to accommodate matters." The arrival of the New England delegates is thus described.

"*May* 10, 1775. Early in the morning a great number of persons rode out several miles, hearing that the eastern delegates were approaching, when about 11 o'clock the calvacade appeared, (I being near the upper end of Fore street;) first two or three hundred gentlemen on horseback, preceded, however, by the newly-chosen city military officers, two and two, with drawn swords, followed by John Hancock and Samuel Adams in a phaeton and pair, the former looking as if his journey and high living, or solicitude to support the dignity of the first man in Massachusetts, had impaired his health. Next came John Adams and Thomas Cushing in a single horse chaise; behind followed Robert Treat Paine, and after him the New York delegation, and some from the province of Connecticut, etc., etc. The rear was brought up by a hundred carriages, the streets crowded with people of all ages, sexes, and ranks. The procession marched with a slow, solemn pace; on its entrance into the city all the bells were set to ringing and chiming, and every mark of respect, that could be, was expressed: — not much I presume to the secret liking of their fellow delegates from the other colonies, who doubtless had to digest the distinction as easily as they could." — p. 28.

Mr. Curwen soon found himself uncomfortable in Philadelphia, and on the 16th of the month sailed for England. On his arrival, he went immediately to London, where, for the most part he afterwards resided; making, however, frequent excursions into various parts of the Island, and occasionally residing in the country towns. A great proportion of the journal consists of minutes of these various excursions and residences, and possesses no special interest. These we pass over entirely, and select only such passages as touch upon the American question and show us the tory mind, or give the news, and reports, true or false, of the day.

Under the date of July 25th is recorded the news of the battle of Bunker Hill. "I am just informed of a most melancholy event, the destruction of Charlestown, in Massachusetts,

by the king's troops, which all agree in; the other parts of the story are told differently. Mr. Brecknock says the king's troops would not fight, but laid down their arms, which is the reason of the great carnage among the officers. My distress and anxiety for my friends and countrymen embitter every hour. May it please God to inspire men of influence on either side of the Atlantic, with juster sentiments of the real interest of Great Britain and the colonies than they seem to have possessed hitherto." This seems to have roused the administration to more vigorous efforts.

"Incredible quantities of ammunition and stores shipped and shipping from Tower-wharf for America, manifests the intention of administration to prosecute the plan of subjection of the colonies to the authority of parliament; for that is the only dispute, as it is understood here. Administration would gladly have met the colonies half way or more, had there appeared any inclination to accept terms in any degree consistent with the honor and dignity of the mother country. Now, no alternative; an absolute independence of the Colonies on Great Britain, or an explicit acknowledgment of the British legislature over all the dominions of the empire. The proclamation which you will receive by this conveyance was published the day before yesterday at the Royal Exchange, with all the circumstances of indignity the lord mayor could throw on it.

"Instead of the languid measures hitherto pursued, more active ones will succeed, and then wo to poor Massachusetts, which, like the scape-goat, must bear the sins of many. Do urge our remaining friends to flee from the destruction that will speedily overtake that devoted colony." . . . . .

"I will just hint what appears to be a matter of notoriety here; the opposition in parliament is too inconsiderable in numbers, weight, and measures to hinder the progress of administration in their plans respecting America. Both houses repose entire confidence in the king, and his ministers' resolution not to relinquish the idea of compelling the submission of all subjects within the limits of the British Empire to the authority of the supreme legislature; preparations for which are making for increasing the number of troops, to be sent over time enough for a vigorous push next season. The events of war are uncertain, and victory is by many thought doubtful, — yet it is more than whispered by some, that America had better be dispeopled than remain in its present state of anarchy, — much more independent. Should this idea regulate future measures, and should government despair of subduing them, one may, without

the spirit of prophecy, see beforehand what terrible destructive evils will then befall our poor, devoted, once happy country. 'O fortunatus,' etc." — pp. 38–41.

General Washington, it seems, was reported at one time to have been taken prisoner.

"*Nov.* 1, 1776. I was informed that a messenger from General Howe had just passed through the city, with advice, that the provincial entrenchments, containing nine thousand men from New-York, were forced, General Washington wounded and taken, and ten thousand men on both sides killed; some other circumstances are brought, but not to be divulged till six hours after the messenger's departure from Exeter. Should this news prove true, I wish it may not puff the British general with pride, and fill him with false notions of the unequalled prowess and invincibility of the British troops, nor indispose him to offer moderate terms; and I trust congress may be willing to prevent further effusion of blood and destruction of property by hearkening to reasonable proposals, which I hope the House have authority to make.

"*Nov.* 2. It is obvious the government is apprehensive of a rupture, saying, 'it is expedient we should be in a respectable state of defence.' The truth is there have been some discouraging accounts from France for this week past, respecting the intentions of that court to assist the colonies, and advices from Spain say their ports are declared open to the English colonists; upon these events press-warrants are dispersed through this kingdom, and eight hundred were taken on the Thames in one day into the service, and five pounds per man are offered for able-bodied sailors. The report of yesterdy is contradicted in part; Gen. Washington is not taken, but six thousand Americans, and but two thousand British. This wants confirmation. It is also added that part of the provincials only were engaged — a lame account. The fears of some and the hopes of others dispose the people to the belief of any improbabilities, nay, self-evident falsehoods." — pp. 86, 87.

It was quite natural that Mr. Curwen's loyalty should cool off a little when once fairly in England, and his American feeling grow warmer — just as we have known the most absolute monarchists, to judge from their conversation while resident here, on their return to Europe and her institutions, to take the tone of the most absolute republicanism. Tory though he was, he could not bear to hear the reproaches of his countrymen

from the mouths of their enemies. He sometimes on such occasions waxes quite warm.

"*Dec.* 18. By a Mr. Lloyd of the 20th regiment, just arrived in the *Lord Howe* frigate from Quebec, and who was on the lake with Burgoyne and Carleton, a report is brought that a merchant-man met the *Active* frigate at sea, and learned that Gen. Washington had abandoned the lines at Kingsbridge, left his cannon and stores, and that his army is mouldered away; that New-York, New-Jersy, Pennsylvania, and Maryland had deserted the union, and declared for government; speaks of the Yankees, as he is pleased to call them, in the most contemptuous terms, as cowards, poltroons, cruel, and possessing every bad quality the depraved heart can be cursed with; and says the regulars at Trois-Rivieres took five hundred prisoners, killed one hundred, and lost only three men, who were killed by Yankees, who had got upon trees and fired down on them.

"It is my earnest wish the despised Americans may convince these conceited islanders, that without regular standing armies our continent can furnish brave soldiers and judicious and expert commanders, by some knock-down, irrefragable argument; for then, and not till then, may we expect generous or fair treatment. It piques my pride, I confess, to hear us called '*our colonies, our plantations,*' in such terms and with such airs as if our property and persons were absolutely theirs, like the 'villains' and their cottages in the old feudal system, so long since abolished, though the spirit or leaven is not totally gone, it seems." . . . . .

"As to a treaty, I am without the smallest hopes of its taking place at present; the Americans do not despair of maintaining their independence, and the court, I am told, has not given up its view of laying America at its feet, for such is and has been the court language, and the intention to force her to submit to the unconditional authority of parliament; — however, should Gen. Washington be beaten out of his entrenchments, it would be but one advantage out of a score that must be gained to make them 'lower their topsails.' The Americans are not without resources, whatever may be thought on that subject in England." — pp. 89 – 91.

In the journal, under date of Exeter, Nov. 22, 1777, we find the following.

"By the papers, I learn the king in his speech takes notice of '*the obstinacy of his rebellious subjects in America,*' and promises himself '*all needful assistance from his faithful Com-*

mons.' It will be well if additional supplies, and an increase of foreign troops, do not prove a source of intolerable evil. Would to God an expedient could be devised to terminate this unnatural quarrel, consistent with the honor of both parties; but this I fear is a vain wish. The Dutch, from a sordid thirst of gain, the French, from their dread of the rising power of Great Britain united with the colonies, and Spain, from an attachment to the court of Versailles, are too deeply concerned to permit a reunion. Lord Chatham, on motion for an address in the king's speech, says, 'Without an immediate restoration of tranquillity, this nation is ruined and undone. What has been the conduct of ministers? Have they endeavored to conciliate the affection and obedience of their ancient brethren? They have gone to Germany, sought the alliance of every pitiful, paltry prince, to cut the throats of their loyal, brave, and injured brethren in America. They have entered into mercenary treaties with those human butchers for the purchase and sale of human blood. But, my lords, this is not all; they have let the savages of America loose upon their innocent and unoffending brethren, upon the aged, weak, and defenceless; on old men, women and children; upon babes at the breast, to be cut, mangled, sacrificed, burnt, roasted; nay, to be eaten. These are the allies Great Britain now has; carnage, desolation, and destruction, wherever her arms are carried, is her new adopted mode of making war. Our ministers have made alliances at German shambles, and with the barbarians of America, with merciless torturers of their species. Whom they will next apply to, I cannot tell.' Such is Lord Chatham's fire, such his oratory, such his indignation against ministerial measures.

"*Dec.* 14. This day General Burgoyne's mortifying capitulation arrived in town. Nothing could be more disgraceful and humiliating, unless a submission to the victor's power without terms. The loss of the military chest estimated at seventy-five thousand pounds; the finest train of artillery ever sent out of this kingdom before; all the boasted acquisitions of the year's campaign gone at a blow, and Canada on the point of joining the grand American alliance.

"In the House of Commons, on the 12th inst., after Lord Barrington's report of army estimates, Col. Barré rose and called on Lord George Germaine to inform the house, whether the report of the surrender of General Burgoyne with his army and artillery was true or false; which Lord George did in a short narrative, and said intelligence had been received of the capture by the way of Quebec, which struck the house with astonishment; and after a short pause Col. Barré rose, and

with an averted look, said; 'Great God! who can refrain from rage and indignation when the planner of so much misery relates with the utmost composure, the horrid tale of a British army destroyed? We all know the General's bravery and skill; he did not surrender whilst there was a possibility of defence; but while justice demands a just eulogium, what must we say of the man who reduced so gallant on officer to so sad an alternative without the smallest advantage to his country?'

"*Dec.* 18. From a correspondent at the west of the town, I learn that the language about the court is nowise lowered by the last news from America; '*delenda est Carthago.*' The old politicians, neither biassed by hatred to Americans, nor interested in the destruction of the colonies, shake their heads at this language.

"Soon after the surrender of Burgoyne was announced by Lord George Germaine in parliament, an adjournment took place till after the holidays, whereupon Sir George Young, Mr. Baring, the Exeter member, and Mr. Barré, hurried down, and it was suspected that this foreboded a new parliament, a new ministry, new measures, and that the most active opposition is coming into play; a few days will undeceive the public, however. On confirmation of the American news, Manchester offered to raise a thousand men at their own expense, to be ready for service in America in two months, and was followed soon after by Liverpool. It is said there are to be proposals for raising two thousand men out of each parish through the kingdom; that the American secretary will resign, and Lord Hillsborough succeed him.

"*Dec.* 31. The lenity shown to General Burgoyne and his army is allowed on all hands to do more honor to America, than the laurels, reaped by the Howes, can bring to this distracted country. God knows what is for the best, but I fear our perpetual banishment from America is written in the book of fate; nothing but the hopes of once more revisiting my native soil, enjoying my old friends within my own little domain, has hitherto supported my drooping courage; but that prop taken away leaves me in a condition too distressing to think of; however, amidst the increasing evils of old age I have this consolation, that, mortifying as my lot is, severe as my sufferings may be, their continuance cannot be lasting."—pp. 159–161.

The news of Burgoyne's surrender being confirmed beyond all peradventure, our loyalist cannot help the overflow of his

American patriotism. He begins to feel a little proud of his countrymen. He is writing to a friend in England.

"The account of General Burgoyne's surrender is confirmed, and what do you think of the Congress now? Of American independence? Of laying the colonies at the ministers' feet? Of Lord S.'s boast of passing through the continent from one end to the other with five thousand British troops; and with a handful of men keeping that extensive continent in subjection? Of the invincibility of the said troops? Of the raw, undisciplined, beggarly rabble of the northern colonies? Of the humiliating surrender of a British general, five thousand troops, seven thousand small arms, and thirty-six pieces of brass artillery, to the aforesaid rabble? What think you of the pompous proclamation of the said general? Of the figure he is now making in the streets of Boston, compared to his late parading there, accompanied by his vainly fancied invincible cohorts, now, alas! rendered as harmless and inoffensive animals as you and I? Of the condition General Howe is now or soon may be in, should the combined army of Washington and Gates, numerous as it may be, perhaps exceeding his own in the proportion of two to one, elated with success, inflamed with an enthusiastic ardor, invest Philadelphia, defended by an army almost worn out by incessant labor, having, as the papers say, the shovel and firelock always in their hands, and greatly weakened by losses? What think you of the twenty thousand men voted in parliament a few days since, in addition to the army now in America? Where are they to be raised? — p. 163.

In another letter written soon after he gives expression to the gloomiest forebodings.

"General Burgoyne's defeat will, I think, prove a prelude to a succession of fatal events. The rapid increase of military skill and courage that enthusiasm produces, and the great numbers of European commanders and engineers of experience now incorporated amongst the Americans, are considerations that extinguish my expectation of the success of the following campaign, even should Great Britain send over in season the number of troops ordered by parliament, (and which do not amount to what all who have lately arrived from America agree to be necessary to insure success, or rather, in any good degree, render it probable.) May those evils my gloomy mind forebodes exist only in imagination; but I must confess I see, perhaps through a false vista, the expedition already ended in the disgrace of this powerful and wealthy kingdom, and in the ruin of that once singularly happy, but now, alas! deluded,

wretched America; for, disconnected from this country, wretched it must necessarily be, if anarchy and the most grievous oppressions and taxes can make a people so. How weak, inconsistent, and dangerous is human conduct, when guided by lawless ambition, or any false or wrong motives! Into what dreadful evils are communities often plunged by hearkening to the declamations of pretended patriots, of crafty, selfish, unprincipled demagogues of this and many other countries; history furnishes us a present mortifying proof and example.

"You may console yourself in the late disgrace of the British arms, with the hope that it may revive the ardor and bravery hitherto so peculiarly characteristic of British troops, but similar causes do not always produce similar effects. At the time you refer to, Rome was in the meridian of her glory, war the profession of her citizens; her inhabitants, through all her ranks, were at that period actuated by the *amor patriæ*, a principle publicly derided in this age. Do not think me a cynic, when I say, I fear this nation has sunk into too selfish, degenerate, luxurious a sloth, to rise into such manly, noble exertions as her critical situation seems to demand." — pp. 168, 169.

After further ill news, and the depression produced by the signing of the treaty between France and the United States;

"In truth, vigor and activity seem not the characteristic of this nation at this period; the continual series of untoward events on the side of Great Britain, in this unnatural contest between her and the colonies, has, I fear, given the *coup de grace* to her glory. The sun of Britain is past the meridian and declining fast to the west, and America is for ever emancipated from the legislative authority of this once potent empire; alas! no more so. The prophetic falling off of the best jewel from our king's crown when on his head, at coronation, is now accomplished by the loss of America, which I consider irrevocably gone; whether to their advantage, is a point, I fancy, the Congress and I should not join issue in: — the burden of supporting an independency with dignity is too heavy for America to bear, especially the northern colonies, unless the patriots there will discharge the troublesome public trusts and offices without pecuniary emoluments; requiring a much greater degree of virtue, self-denial, and public spirit, than I think now does or indeed ever did exist there, unless in profession." — p. 197.

But the prospect brightens.

"However, matters I hope are mending; the account you give

me from America seems to be confirmed from all quarters. Judge Howard is lately arrived here from New-York; he tells me that a number of gentlemen of influence and property, who have been lying on their oars to see which way the game would finally go, as I suppose, have lately come in, among whom is the famous Mr. Smith, the lawyer;* that they, together with Mr. Galloway, are unanimously of opinion, that from the unexpected tyranny of the Congress and their sub-devils, the almost universal poverty and distress of the people, and the general aversion to French connections, the quondam union of the thirteen states is upon the point of dissolution; and that nothing is wanting but a single effort to crush the rebellion, root and branch. Judge Howard says he heard Smith say, 'if Great Britain don't conquer the colonies, it can only be because she *won't*;' that these gentlemen have been much with the commissioners, by whom they have been greatly attended to. With these favorable accounts from America, I can't help connecting the union that appears in parliament, respecting the grand point, the reduction of the colonies; for though the opposition to ministry is still faintly kept up for form's sake, yet the language is so different from that held in former sessions, that I can't help thinking a sense of public danger, and a regard to national interest and honor, begin to prevail over private resentments. From all these appearances, I augur well; and I am happy in finding the general opinion among my friends and acquaintances is, that the prospect of a speedy and happy suppression of the rebellion is fairer now than it ever has been." — p. 207.

What precisely were the views of Mr. Curwen as to what the future should be, supposing the Colonies to be defeated in the great struggle, nowhere appears. So far as we observe, he carried his thoughts no further, than to a condition of dependency on the English Government for an unlimited period, very much such as had obtained before the breaking out of the revolt. He may have held the belief that in process of time a separation and independency might be peaceably effected, which many, at the present day, think might have happened. But it may well be questioned, whether the jealousies and envyings, the rivalries and prejudices which existed among the thirteen English Colonies — nay, their unavoidable ignorance of each other, their necessary estrangement, owing to the vast territory over which they were spread, and the then impossibility of

* The historian of New-York, and chief justice during the war; subsequently of Canada.

general communication, would ever have permitted them to associate in friendly union; and whether the war which brought them together to consult for a common deliverance from common dangers, and melted them together before they were aware, through mutual sympathies and cares, was not, humanly speaking, a necessary pre-requisite to the union that was afterwards formed — whether it was not for this reason, rather than because it was a resistance of oppression on principle, one of the most necessary wars of which history furnishes a record. It is to this day, we suspect, the feeling of '76 that binds us together quite as much as the constitution; — blood has proved a stronger cement than ink. Who shall say that the single war of the revolution of seven years, was not the preventive remedy that saved this continent from seven times seven years of civil broil and slaughter, among thirteen separate, independent, hostile sovereignties?

We pass by many interesting letters on American topics; and on others, one especially containing an account of the Gordon riots, which we should be glad to extract, had we space. The news of the closing events of the war, received from time to time, give rise to reflections like those we have already quoted. A lively account is given of the breaking up of Lord North's administration, and of the obstinacy of the king on the occasion, amounting almost to madness, which is worth citing, and which must close our political chapter.

"*Dec.* 4. Called on Mr. Heard at Herald's office; there learned, in a conversation with a Mr. Webb, of seeming great political knowledge, that at the time the House of Commons left the late administration in a minority, or in other words, refused to support Lord North's measures, the king took it to heart, and resented it so far as to declare he would leave them (as he expressed it) to themselves, and go over to Hanover, from whence his family came, and proceeded so far as to order the administration to provide two yachts to transport himself there; whereupon the queen interfered, and remonstrated against such a desperate measure, so fatal to her and his family, as well as his own personl interest. Others, too, represented the distressful condition to which the nation would be reduced by the absence and want of royal authority, though it seemed to little effect, so sadly chagrined and provoked was he.

"Lord Rockingham also joined the remonstrants, and showed the necessity of a change of men and measures, with no better success; — so naturally obstinate and pertinaciously bent was he on his favorite plan of subjugating his (here called) re-

bellious subjects in America, and bringing them to his feet, till he was told that as sure as he set his foot out of the kingdom, the parliament would declare the crown abdicated and the throne vacant; nor would he ever be permitted to reënter the kingdom again, — which argument, it seems, brought him to a more cool and juster sight of the folly of such a step, and the absolute necessity of stooping to a compliance with the requisitions of the public. I do not pretend to indicate the measures of opposition, but a more unsuccessful administration, from whatever cause it proceeded, which time will satisfactorily perhaps explain, was never before engaged to promote royal designs. What may be the condition of Great Britain and America at the period of the present distressful war, God knows; for my own part, I tremble at the event, as desirable as it may be, for I can view neither country without the most fearful apprehensions of dreadful distresses; whoever began and voluntarily continued this unreasonable, pernicious dispute, does and will deserve the execration of this and future ages, and in the language of * * * *, 'The child will rue, that is yet unborn, the fatal measures of Lord North's administration.'"

"*Dec.* 5. The king delivered his speech from the throne. I went to see him robe and sit on the throne at the House of Lords: he was clothed in green, laced with gold when he came, and when he went in red laced; it being the custom to change his garments. The tail of his wig was in a broad, flowing, loose manner; called the coronation tail. His abode in the lords' chamber scarce exceeded half an hour, in which he read his speech of eleven pages.

"As one proof among many, that might be given of the restraint and disguise of real sentiments on the part of courtiers, from the highest character in the presence chamber to the lowest lounger and attendant at ministerial levees, take the following: — When the king found himself obliged to take new ministers, and give up Lord North and his associates, it is notorious that it was abhorrent to the royal mind; and being naturally of a pertinacious, obstinate temper, was with the utmost difficulty brought to yield a reluctant consent. On the first court day after the appointment, when he was in a manner forced out of his closet into the room of audience, he received his new servants with a smile, and transacted business with them afterwards with as much seeming cordiality and openness, as if they had been in his favor, and in his most intimate conceits; so seemingly satisfied and so serene was the royal countenance, that all the newspapers sounded forth the gracious monarch's obliging, condescending goodness to the public wishes, though

nothing was farther from his heart, had not the necessity of his affairs impelled him thereto. At the same time coming up to Mr. Wilkes, he said he was glad of the opportunity to thank him for his very proper and lauadable behavior in the late riot; took notice of his looks, which indicated a want of health; advised him to a country air and exercise, which, said his majesty, I find by experience an excellent expedient to procure and preserve health; all this with the same apparent sincerity, as if they had been in a continued course of paying and receiving compliments, congratulations, and acknowledgments for mutual kindnesses and good offices, though all the world knows there was not a man in the three kingdoms more thoroughly hated, nor whom he had taken a more foolish and unnecessary pains to ruin. The above-mentioned interview being told of in company, Mr. Wilkes took occasion to remark in the following words: To have heard the king, one would have thought I was consulting a quack on the score of my health.

"*Dec.* 6. Read the king's speech, declaring his offer of independency to America, and his hopes soon of a general peace." — pp. 358, 359, 360.

Mr. Curwen while a resident in England kept up his good New England custom of going to church. Of the preachers he heard, he has here and there recorded his impressions; and as they were frequently persons of note, either in the established church or that of the dissenters, about whom we are always glad to learn what we can, we have drawn them together from the different parts of the volume.

"*Sept.* 17, 1775. Attended public worship at the 'Reformed Liturgy Assembly,' Essex House, Essex-street, Strand; heard Rev. Theophilus Lindsey, the Unitarian reformist, who gave up a living in Yorkshire, (worth three hundred a year,) on the rejection of the petition to parliament for a revisal and amendment of the common prayer. Preacher serious, style good, discourse useful." — p. 39.

"*March* 19, 1776. Attended lecture at Salters' Hall. Dr. Price gave an excellent sermon from '*Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors.*' He observed, that this was the only original part of the Lord's prayer, (the rest being found in the Jewish liturgy,) and was designed to inculcate the distinguishing characteristic of his religion, universal love and good will to all mankind, making it the very condition on which our hopes of forgiveness are suspended. As forgiveness of injuries and love of all mankind are the most amiable of all virtues, so are they the most difficult to be practised, and ought therefore to be the

more endeavored after; and nothing can recommend us better to divine favor and acceptance." — p. 49.

"*Sunday, Dec.* 8. Mr. Towgood preached an excellent discourse, from Isaiah lvii. 15. In his prayer the most just and proper expression for the king and royal family, and all in authority, both as ministers of state and executive officers; and although a warm and hearty advocate for America, and her claims of exemption from British legislation, right of taxation, yet moderate and dutiful enough for me, who am far removed from wishing its entire independence; for it is my firm belief it would sooner bring on oppression and tyranny there than the former right allowed in its full extent. May it please God to prevent both; may the unreasonable and baneful wishes and attempts of all violent men be disappointed.

"*Dec.* 13. The state fast, appointed by the king's proclamation, on account of the American war; Bishop Keppel preached from Deut. xxxiii. 27, 'The eternal God is thy refuge,' etc., a seasonable and candid discourse; he calls this '*a civil war*,' and the Americans '*our unhappy fellow-subjects:*' attempted no justification of the measures of government. I was pleased with his candor and judgment." — p. 89.

"*Sept.* 7, 1777. At the college, the cathedral so called, Dr. Stonehouse preached; he was a practitioner of medicine, and has now turned his attention to spiritual maladies. His discourse serious and sensible, and his delivery with becoming energy, very unlike the insipid coldness prevalent among the preferment-seeking, amusement-hunting, 'macaroni parsons,' who, to the shame and dishonor of this age and nation, constitute the bulk of those of the established clergy that possess valuable livings.

"In the afternoon, walked to a street adjoining King's square to attend John Wesley's preachment; he being seated on a decent scaffold, addressed about two thousand people, consisting of the middle and lower ranks. The preacher's language was plain and intelligible, without descending to vulgarisms.

"*Sept.* 14. In the afternoon I attended once more John Wesley, having the heavens for his canopy; he began with an extempore prayer, followed by a hymn of his own composing, and adapted to the subject of his discourse. He wears his own gray hair, or a wig so very like, that my eye could not distinguish. He is not a graceful speaker, his voice being weak and harsh; he is attended by great numbers of the middling and lower classes; is said to have humanized the almost savage colliers of Kingswood, who, before his time, were almost as fierce and unmanageable as the wild beasts of the wilderness.

He wears an Oxford master's gown; his attention seemingly not directed to manner and behavior, — not rude, but negligent, dress cleanly, not neat. He is always visiting the numerous societies of his own forming in England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland; though near eighty years old, he reads without spectacles the smallest print. He rises at four, preaches every day at five, and once besides; an uncommon instance of physical ability." — pp. 154, 155.

"*June* 1, 1778. Dr. Price, in his fast sermon on Feb. 10, speaking of the dependence of a nation's safety on righteous men, has the following: 'There is a distant country, once united to this, where every inhabitant has in his house, as a part of his furniture, a book on law and government, to enable him to understand his colonial rights; a musket to enable him to defend those rights; and a Bible to understand and practise religion. What can hurt such a country? Is it any wonder we have not succeeded? How secure must it be while it preserves its virtue against all attacks." — p. 192.

"*Feb.* 13. To the Moravian chapel; Mr. Washington, the settled minister, preached from, '*And being fashioned as a man*,' etc. The great point insisted on, as usual, was, that the supreme Deity, the God and Father of all, or to use their own language, '*the eternal Jehovah, suffered death actually, truly, and properly, in the person of Christ, or was the real suffering, dying being, who expired on the cross.*' In the course of these extemporaneous or memoriter effusions, such terms and expressions were used that made my blood more than once almost forsake its channels; in truth, I was astonished and hurt to an extreme degree, and it has caused me to resolve on forsaking this and all assemblies of like over-zealous orthodox tenets." — pp. 234, 235.

"*April* 29, *Sunday*. At Essex House chapel, Dr. Priestley preached an excellent discourse; proving beyond contradiction that religion and virtue are the only just sources of true delight and joy, or as he modified the language, of settled, calm serenity of mind. It was a discourse worthy a Christian divine, and happy would those be on whose minds those blessed truths were impressed in indelible characters." — p. 314.

"*May* 2. Attended service at Limehouse church; Dr. Watson, bishop of Llandaff, preached a most excellent charity sermon to a crowded assembly. Bidding prayer was long, catholic, and charmingly delivered; concluding sentence was, '*Now to the King eternal*,' etc., instead of the usual one, '*Now to God the Father, God the Son*,' etc. His enunciation is loud, sonorous, and manly, his person robust and tall." — p. 400.

There are anecdotes of distinguished persons scattered through the volume, which lend to it a constant interest of a very agreeable character. Mr. Curwen was a good observer, and conveys a clear idea of what he sees by a few touches. He sees Lord North.

"*March* 29. Good Friday; attended worship at Whitehall chapel, Lord North present. Being disappointed in Westminster Abbey and St. Margaret's church, (at the former by the lowness of the reader's voice, at the latter by the service not having begun,) proceeding cityward, just as I came to the gate leading from Parliament-street to Scotland-yard, or Whitehall, who should cross me but a large clumsy gentleman with a blue ribbon across his breast, who, on inquiry, I found was Lord North. Following him into Whitehall chapel, I remained during the service. He is rather above the common height, and bulk greatly exceeding; large legs, walks heavily, manner clumsy; very large featured, thick lips, wide mouth, high forehead, large nose, eyes not lively; head well covered with hair, which he wears high before." — p. 341.

Shelburne.

"*London, Jan.* 6, 1783. Walked for two hours in the Park; saw Lord Shelburne for the first time to my knowledge. He is of a middling size and well set; walks strong and springy; his dress a brown frock and boots, with a whip in his hand." — p. 363.

The King and royal family at Windsor.

"*Windsor, July* 15, *Sunday*. At St. George's chapel, prayers at eight; present, the King, Queen, Princesses Elizabeth and Sophia,— about a hundred hearers; we joined the train to Queen's house, or rather to the gates. The King was dressed in blue fly, cuffs small, open, and turned up with red velvet, cape of same, buttons white, breeches and waistcoat of white cotton, an ordinary white wig with a tail ribbon, a round black chip hat, small, as used in riding. He is tall, square over the shoulders, large ugly mouth, talks a great deal, and shows his teeth too much; his countenance heavy and lifeless, with white eyebrows. Queen of the middle size and bulk, height five feet and a half,—though far removed from beautiful, she has an open placid aspect, mouth large, foot splay: — at prayers their voices often heard, and they appeared devout. They take no state upon them, walk freely about the town with only a lord in waiting. At seven, every evening after tea, the King, Queen, Prince of Wales, Princess-royal, Princesses Sophia and

Elizabeth, walk for an hour on terrace half a mile long, amidst two or three thousand people of all ranks. The Prince of Wales appears a likely agreeable person, far more graceful than his father, who is ungainly. The prince affects much the '*Jemmy*' dress and air; age will doubtless soften down the juvenile taste and affectation. The Queen's dress, a riding habit, same color and facings as the King's — a small bonnet with a blue feather. Conducted to picture gallery and state rooms; in one stands the Queen's bed, of a cream color, worked in flowers with silk floss beautifully shaded, about seven feet long and six wide; posts fluted, and gilt tester, having in the centre an oval compartment, thought to be the richest in England except Lady Clifford's at Wybrook, which was wrought and presented to her by the late Duchess of Norfolk, — twelve chairs and a screen, wrought by her present Majesty's own diligent hand. In the evening on the terrace, the King was in full dress, — blue uniform, sword and cockade; the Prince of Wales the same. The Queen in faint greenish silk full dress, except her head, on which she had a bonnet with a feather of the same color as her dress." — pp. 319, 320.

Private life of the King.

"*Feb.* 7. At the queen's house with Mr. Hopkins to see the plate, etc.; the first object that struck me was three large maund baskets covered of table plate, as dishes, tureens, butter and sauce boats, all with covers, raised, embossed and engraved. The king's service was silver gilt; the prince's, silver. We also were conducted to the kitchen, where were eighteen male cooks busily employed in their several various lines; the men in white jackets and caps, and the women in white aprons and caps. By a late royal order, no one is to appear in the kitchen with their natural hair. When the king arrives from court at St. James's, (where he attends five days in the week, Tuesdays and Saturdays being the only ones he has in the week for his own private amusements, concerns, etc.,) dinner is called, on which a bustle ensues; the assistants of the silver scullery take such pieces as called for out of baskets, place them on a warm stove, whence they are taken by the cook and filled and taken to dining-room door, and delivered to the person appointed to place them on the royal table. Common dinner, five dishes of meat, four of garden stuffs, and one remove daily, and no more. He is exceedingly temperate, drinks generally water, and rarely partakes of more than one or two dishes. His supper is water-gruel, taken in a vessel peculiarly appropriated to his use, called the king's cup, and is of silver gilt, — shown me by the yeoman.

The king's company at table is the queen, prince of Wales, (unless on his public dinner days,) the princess royal, princesses Sophia and Elizabeth; the rest of the children at another table in another apartment. The prince's dinner served up by his proper officers in the same manner as the king's. The queen, unless indisposed, always attends court and levee days; as soon as it is over she returns; immediately dinner is served up without waiting for her husband; a proof of good husbandship." — pp. 332, 333.

Mr. Curwen finds Mr. Thompson, afterwards Count Rumford, a little too much of a courtier.

"*May* 24. Went early in order to be at Mr. Benjamin Thompson's in time, and being a little before, heard he was not returned home from Lord George Germaine's, where he always breakfasts, dines, and sups, so great a favorite is he. To kill half an hour, I loitered to the park through the palace, and on second return found him at his lodgings; he received me in a friendly manner, taking me by the hand, talked with great freedom, and promised to remember and serve me in the way I proposed to him. Promises are easily made, and genteel delusive encouragement the staple article of trade belonging to the courtier's profession. I put no hopes on the fair appearances of outward behavior, though it is uncandid to suppose all mean to deceive. Some wish to do a service who have it not in their power; all wish to be thought of importance and significancy, and this often leads to deceit. This young man, when a shop lad to my next neighbor, ever appeared active, good-natured, and sensible; by a strange concurrence of events, he is now under secretary to the American secretary of state, Lord George Germaine, a secretary to Georgia, inspector of all the clothing sent to America, and Lieut. Col. Commandant of horse dragoons at New York; his income arising from these sources is, I have been told, near seven thousand a year — a sum infinitely beyond his most sanguine expectations. He is besides a member of the Royal Society. It is said he is of an ingenious turn, an inventive imagination, and by being on one cruise in channel service with Sir Charles Hardy, has formed a more regular and better digested system for signals than that heretofore used. He seems to be of a happy, even temper in general deportment, and reported of an excellent heart; peculiarly respectful to Americans that fall in his way." — p. 316.

"*Aug.* 11. After one hour's waiting, admitted to Mr. Thompson in the plantation office; he seemed inclined to shorten the

interview, received me with a courtier's smile, rather uncommunicative and dry. This reception has damped my ill grounded hopes, derived from former seeming friendly intentions to promote my views; this, my first, will be my last attempt to gain advantages from a courtier, of which I never entertained favorable impressions." — p. 322.

He is much concerned lest Mr. Adams should not wear a sword, if he should chance to be presented at court. What the event was we do not know; but if we remember right, Copley's full length represents him with that — to one unaccustomed thereto — most treacherous appendage.

"One of your Massachusetts public ministers, Mr. John Adams, is here in all the pride of American independence; by Mr. Gorham I am told he uttered to him the following speech, '*together with the war he had buried all animosity against the absentees.*' Though he is of a rigid temper, and a thorough-paced republican, candor obliges me to give him credit for the humanity of the sentiment, being spoken in private, and to one of his own party, and probably without an intention to be published abroad. In a conversation with my informant, he further replied, that he chose to consider himself as a plain American republican; his garb plain, without a sword, which is carrying his transatlantic ideas, I fear, a little too far. Should he have the curiosity, or his public character render it expedient to attend a royal levee, or at a drawing-room at St James's on a court day, I hope he will not deserve and meet with as mortifying a repulse as our late chancellor, Lord Thurlow, at the court of Versailles; whose surly pertinacity in wearing a bob-wig occasioned his being refused admittance into the king's presence. However frivolous a part of dress soever a sword may appear to one of Mr. Adams's scholar-like turn, he is by this time, I fancy, too well acquainted with the etiquette of courts to neglect so necessary an appendage, without which no one can find admittance out of the clerical line." — p. 394.

We must here close our account of this interesting volume — interesting to every reader; but especially so must it be to the few remaining survivors of the period of which it treats; to those more especially still, who, in turning over the pages see everywhere the familiar names of those with whom they were either fellow actors, or fellow sufferers, to whose mind will be vividly recalled the persons, the times, and the events of the era when a nation received its birth.

JAY'S RESULTS OF EMANCIPATION IN THE WEST INDIES.

FEW among us have labored more assiduously and earnestly in the cause of liberty to the slave than Mr. Jay. The present pamphlet is one that has been some time before the public, but we are moved even at so late a day to notice it, in order by a few quotations to correct errors still prevailing in regard to the success of the West India Emancipation, having their origin in either the careless or partial statements of the public press. We are not aware that any authorized documents have appeared since the reports of Parliament at its last sitting, to contradict the satisfactory results it then made known to the world through its Committee. Mr. Jay in the first part of his pamphlet gives a clear and succinct narrative of the origin of the anti-slavery movement in Great Britain, and of the measures and early results of Emancipation in the Islands. This is all familiar ground. We confine our citation to his summary of the latest published official statements of the present actual condition of those Islands. He says:—

"Recent statements made in the English Parliament respecting Jamaica, since the foregoing pages were written, have been so grossly distorted by some American prints, that persons relying on their statements would have been justified in believing, that the predictions of the planters were after all to be verified, and emancipation even at this day prove a failure. On the 22d of March, 1842, Lord Stanley moved for a select committee to inquire into the state of the West Indian colonies in reference to the existing relations between employers and laborers, the rate of wages, supply of labor, *et cætera*. The noble lord remarked, that 'Emancipation had in the benefits which were derived from it excelled the most sanguine expectations of the most ardent advocates of the measure. IN EVERY ONE OF THE ISLANDS the physical condition and prosperity of the laboring classes had reached to an extent far greater than had been anticipated; and what was still more gratifying, the improvement in their physical condition was accompanied by a corresponding improvement in their social and moral habits.' After recapitulating various particulars of their advancement, he said, to show that he did not exaggerate the improvement, which had taken place in the habits and condition of the West Indian laborer, he would read to the House an ex-

tract from an *official document*, which he had a short time since addressed to a foreign power, in answer to a statement in which the experiment of Emancipation was alluded to as having proved a failure. The words were these: 'It will be found that the British Emancipation took place without the occurrence of a single instance of tumult or disturbance; that the joy of the negroes on the first of August, 1838, was orderly, sober, and religious; that since Emancipation, the negroes had been thriving and contented; that they have varied their manner of living, and multiplied their comforts and enjoyments; that their offences against the laws have become more and more light and unfrequent; that their morals have been improved; that marriage has become more and more substituted for concubinage; that they are eager for education, rapidly advancing in knowledge, and powerfully influenced by the ministers of religion. Such are amongst the results of emancipation, which are plain and indisputable; and these results constitute, in the estimation of Her Majesty's Government and the people of England, THE COMPLETE SUCCESS OF THE BRITISH EMANCIPATION, IN SO FAR AS RELATES TO THE PRIMARY AND PARAMOUNT OBJECTS OF THAT ACT!'

"Lord Stanley, in confirmation of these facts, quoted at length the despatches of Sir C. T. Metcalf, from which we have extracted, and said that to one of these despatches was attached a most singular document, showing the number of those who had voluntarily entered their names as owners of possessions liable to taxation, and stating their willingness to bear their proportion of the public burthens. From this it appeared that in one parish, Manchester, the number of tax-payers in the year 1836 was 387, and that they had steadily increased until, in the year 1841, they numbered 1866. The number of freeholders becoming so by the accumulations of their industry assessed in Jamaica, as given by the Governor, were, in 1838, 2014; in 1840, 7848.*

"Governor Light of Demarara, it was stated by Lord Stanley, gave similar encouraging views. His lordship then spoke of the very high price of labor in the colonies, owing to the attention which the colored people bestow upon their own freeholds, and the consequent loss to the planters; and this he proposed to remedy by a reduction of the expenses of cultivation by improved management, and also by emigration from the American colonies and the coast of Africa.

"Such are the official statements of the English government of the present condition of the islands, which by American editors are distorted into "lamentable accounts,"† and are thus made matter for gratulation to the fawning parasites of slavery.

* Parliamentary Documents, p. 228.

† The following paragraph contains the abstract of Lord Stanley's

"The high prices of labor from which the planters are now suffering, it is very evident, have resulted in a great degree from the mean and narrow policy, which has been pursued by them towards the negroes, from the commencement of the apprenticeship. Twenty millions of pounds sterling did they receive when slavery was abolished. The heaviest curse that ever rested on a nation was then withdrawn. Free labor, more valuable by far than slave labor, as the magistrates have proved, was introduced, and with the exercise of only common honesty and ordinary humanity, the planters with perhaps, at first, a few exceptions in those, who during slavery had been as noted for their cruelty, might have commanded as much willing labor as they could possibly desire. Unhappily another policy — a miserable policy, engendered by the dark spirit of slavery, not yet extinct in the breasts of the masters, was allowed to prevail. The poor negroes, who had been toiling all their lives for others, were now for the first time to labor for themselves, and knew not how to make good bargains; of their guilelessness and ignorance, these 'gentlemen of property and standing' took advantage, and in some cases, as already mentioned, the tenant was credited with 5 shillings a week for his labor, and charged 8 shillings for rent."

This is all eminently cheering to the philanthropist. It so far proves that immediate emancipation may take place with safety and even advantage to both master and slave. It is a pity, so far as the force of example is concerned, that this good deed, done in the West Indies, could not have proceeded from some other source. For England will always be believed to be prompted in her efforts against American slavery by some secret and selfish policy, so long as in other quarters of the world she inflicts such grievous wrongs upon helpless and half-civilized nations. There must be more completeness and consistency in her measures, before she can so far secure the respect of mankind, as to teach, with any effect, lessons of morality. A greater and more wanton assault upon the rights of nations, a

speech, given to the public by the New York *Commercial Advertiser*. The Courier and Enquirer and several other of the daily papers had no notice of it whatever. The "EXPRESS" was an honorable exception, giving a fair summary of the facts. "On Lord Stanley's motion, select committees were ordered to inquire into the state of the British possessions on the west coast of Africa, and into the state of the West Indian colonies in reference to labor, wages, &c., the object being to establish a large emigration from Africa to the West Indies. LORD STANLEY GAVE A LAMENTABLE ACCOUNT OF THE STATE OF THINGS IN THE WEST INDIES!!" — *Commercial Advertiser, April* 18, 1842.

more flagrant violation of the principles of peace, of humanity and Christian philanthropy, a more heartless attack upon property and life was never committed by one nation upon another, than by England upon China in this inhuman war,— that is to say, if the origin and causes of the war have not been hidden from all the world, in secret despatches and the locked cabinets of both China and England. If the truth has ever come abroad, England has incurred deep guilt in the measures she has pursued, and the atrocities of the war she has carried on — a war of the Giants against the Pigmies. As a high-minded, generous people, to say nothing of religion, the war is discreditable to her in the highest degree. Her attitude throughout, especially of late, has reminded us of nothing so much as of a butcher, each hand armed with the murderous implements of his trade, rushing into a crowd of thoughtless children, cutting them down right and left till the ground is covered with their bodies — their feeble resistance only inflaming his passions the more, their wailing cries of terror only tempting his coward heart to yet farther deeds of slaughter — and all for what? because the children did not choose the butcher's boy should distribute among them poison in the shape of sugar plums. Setting aside wholly the question as to the justice of the war on the part of England, the manner in which it has been conducted, the massacres, not battles — not a battle has been fought — that have sacrificed lives by thousands, reflect anything but honor on the character of a Christian people. The voice of such a people, lifted up against the institution and horrors of slavery, will scarcely be listened to but with derision.

Much is said of the advantage to the world of the commercial spirit taking place of the military. But however plausibly the idea may strike one as a theory — in the main it is perhaps just — the example of England would seem to prove that the world gains little by the exchange. If it was not the ambition of conquest, of power, the ancient spirit of war, that sent England into India, in the last century, and into China in this, it has been the spirit of covetousness, the love of plunder, the purpose of concentrating into the grasp of one people the trade of the world. And where is the difference, so far as the peace and happiness of mankind are concerned, between the insane ambition of sway and love of glory which moved Napoleon and his myriads, and the base lust of gold which builds its greatness on dollars cemented by blood — which lays waste and enslaves

a feeble nation, but rich, to drain it of its wealth, and by its local governments make offices for younger sons and court favorites. The voice of such a power is raised in vain against the injustice and wrong of slavery.

England, we fear, with all her loud asseverations in behalf of freedom and peace — we do not doubt the sincerity of one of her noble army of philanthropists, but what, and while, they are building up, the cabinet, whether whig or tory, is employed in pulling down — is doing more to perpetuate the spirit of war and aggression than all the rest of Christendom. She is secretly embittering the heart of Europe. The rival nations are at present looking on in silence — all at peace save this old Roman gladiator. But is there no secret plotting? Are there no whispers of jealousy and fear passing from court to court? How much longer will they stand by, while one power, by conquest after conquest, engrosses to herself the commerce and wealth of the world? How much longer before this towering pride of the English throne will enlist against itself the combined arms of the nations, who, as they behold one people after another swallowed up, will feel bound by a principle of self-defence to strike a league for their common liberty, and so Europe again be converted to one vast battle-field? How can it seem very different from the policy and purpose of Bonaparte, except that the movements at present made are in a remote part of the world, and the policy and purpose a little more subtle and disguised. She, who so needlessly nourishes and perpetuates the spirit of war, cannot and will not be heard, when, at the same moment, she turns round upon the world with the tone and rebuke of a moral and religious Censor. Be it that some shall say, or she shall say, good in the providence of God comes out of this Anglo-Saxon progress with fire and sword — the world shall become English, and English is the best stock wherewith to stock it — so it may be said with as much pertinency that good in His providence comes out of slavery — that African pagans are thus gradually Christianized, and educated here as an army of missionaries with which, by and by in the ages, to subdue Africa to the law and influences of the Gospel. Admitting both allegations to be true, still it were the guiltiest impiety to *make* a war, or *make* a slave on this plea.

When will Power learn to be just, humane, Christian?

The following extracts from English papers will show that in what has been said there has been no exaggeration. The first paragraphs are, it will be seen, from a work by a Captain Bing-

ham,* which we find in the London Spectator, accompanied by remarks of the Editor.

"It is impossible to read the accounts of the military operations in China without shame and disgust. It is not war, but sheer butchery — a battu in a well stocked preserve of human beings. Captain Bingham, of the Royal Navy, in a book which we have not seen, but which the Standard has quoted with a justly indignant commentary, thus describes the capture of Ningpoo :—

'About 12,000 [Chinese] advanced upon the southern and western gates, the guards retiring before them. On the Chinese penetrating to the market-place in the centre of the city, they were received by a heavy fire from our troops drawn up. This sudden check so damped their ardor, that their only object appeared to be to get out of the city as fast as they could; in doing which they were crowded in dense masses in the narrow street. The artillery now coming up, unlimbered within one hundred yards of the crowded fugitives, and poured in a destructive fire of grape and canister. So awful was the destruction of human life, that the bodies were obliged to be removed to the sides of the street to allow the guns to advance; and the pursuit was followed up by them [the artillery] and the Forty-ninth Regiment, for several miles.'

"Such scenes, it appears, are continually recurring in Captain Bingham's narrative. For instance, we read of the British placing a large body of Chinese between two fires, and killing six hundred with the loss of only one man: 'the Chinese could do nothing against the terrific broadsides of the ships, the shells, and the rockets.' Again, we are told of a Chinese army thrown into confusion by the unexpected appearance of two bodies of troops, which had advanced under cover while they were engaged with a third, and of fifteen hundred of them being killed with the loss of sixteen British killed and a few wounded. Nor are the armed soldiery of China the only sufferers;—

'With such a tremendous bombardment as had been going on for two hours in this densely populated neighborhood, it must be expected that pitiable sights were to be witnessed. At one spot were four children struck down, while the frantic father was oc-

* We have in vain endeavored to procure Elliot's, McPherson's, or Bingham's narrative of the incidents of the China War, although they have been some time before the British public — long enough, at least, to have been easily republished here, before this. They are works of a deeply interesting character, to judge from extracts we have seen, and would command an extensive sale. We are surprised that their titles have not caught the eyes of those who pretend to know, and aim to supply, the wants of the market.

casionally embracing their bodies, or making attempts to drown himself in a neighboring tank. Numerous similar scenes were witnessed.' "

The following is from another London paper: —

" A Chinese force of from 8,000 to 10,000 men were strongly posted upon some hills commanded by Generals Twang-Yang, Yang, and Choo. Arrangements were made for an attack in three columns, two of which were led by Sir H. Gough, and Sir W. Parker, in person. Nothing could exceed the bravery of the troops. They contrived to surround the Chinese, and quite bewildered them. The carnage was dreadful, being more a butchery than a battle. *Ignorant of the laws of civilized warfare, the poor creatures knew not how to surrender, and were massacred.* Not less than a thousand of them, including a great number of Mandarins, were killed, or drowned in the canals; whereas of the British troops only *three were killed and twenty-two wounded.*"

Surely no war of which history has preserved any record was ever so fatal to the good name of a people. The English officers returning home after such work must feel very much as if returning covered — not with glory — but with the blood of the shambles. We do not envy them their sensations as they meet the glance and the touch of some, at least, in England, who in their manner will show that they discriminate between the gallant soldier and the human butcher.

Since writing the above, news of peace with China and Affganistan has arrived. Every one must rejoice in the event. But one's satisfaction is far from being unmixed, as the significant fact becomes known, that in the treaty with China not so much as allusion is made to the cause of the war — the Opium Trade. Was it an indispensable preliminary in the negociation that England would make peace only on such condition? and must opium still be smuggled into the country against its will and to its ruin, under penalty of another war with England? Has this door of contention been left open, that new difficulties may arise and future wars bring this immense empire wholly into the power of Great Britain? Such precaution were hardly necessary, for already do we look upon China as but a dependent province. What with the important foothold England has now obtained upon the soil, what with her navy lying in all the principal ports, and the terror which the present war has struck into the very heart of the people, we see in China already but another India.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Poetry for Schools: Designed for Reading and Recitation. The whole selected from the best poets in the English language. By the Author of "American Popular Lessons," "Primary Dictionary," "Biography for Schools," "Tales from American History," "English History," "Grecian History," &c., &c., &c. New York. 1842.

We have always thought this one of the best volumes in the extended series, which the author has prepared for the use of the young, and of schools. It should have passed through many large editions before this; but we are glad that it has come to a second. It should be more widely known and used than it is. There are few volumes prepared for the young, which in so few pages offer so much to please the taste, to inform the mind, and enlighten the moral sense. It is not a book of mere extracts, but a manual of the spirit and principles of an enlightened, and Christian criticism. It not only collects together amusing or instructive passages from the eminent poets of past ages and the present, — Class books of this kind, and volumes called "Beauties," there are in abundance, containing double the amount of poetry for the same price, and, for aught we know, better selections,— but it is the peculiar merit of this little volume, that it not only provides the poetry to be read, but shows the pupil how to read it with the understanding. In a few examples it supplies all the collateral information necessary to a full comprehension of the author; and with the criticisms that introduce and follow the passages selected, gives the most valuable lessons in the art, not only of reading intelligently, but of forming a judgment of the real merits of what is read. A great amount of biographical and historical information is conveyed, in the brief sketches, and personal anecdotes of authors, often prefixed to the lessons. Excellent judgment is shown, we think, in the character of the pieces chosen for this purpose, as, passing over the hackneyed selections — and, unfortunately for the after enjoyment of the poet, generally the best — those passages have been taken, equally well suited to the object of the volume, but of much humbler pretensions; which the pupil is less likely to have previously met with elsewhere, and which, though they should become familiar, would less interfere afterwards with the enjoyment of the writers, from whom they are taken. In the author's own language: —

"In order to compose it, I resorted to the purest fountains of English verse, and took what I found suitable to my humble purpose. I left the more elevated and sublime portions of the poets who supplied me, and appropriated to my selection such passages only as I believed would, with a little exposition, be useful and agreeable to young readers. As a bird does not lead her new-fledged offspring to the skies in her first flight with them, so I would dictate short excursions to the unformed faculties of the human mind, that young readers, feeling their own power and felicity as they proceed, may at length be able and willing, without assistance, to ascend 'the brightest heaven of invention.'" — *Preface*, p. viii.

It is to be stated distinctly as a merit of the present volume, but more particularly so of her histories of Greece and of England and her Sequel to Popular Lessons, that no opportunity is lost of illustrating, by wise comparisons, in a natural and unforced manner, the advantages and blessings of Christian civilization, as contrasted with former periods of both Heathen and Jewish history. In no books of the kind, that we have met with, is this indirect argument for Christianity so constantly pressed upon the thoughts of the young reader. It is woven all along into the very substance of her matter.

We are gratified to learn the wide circulation of some of these admirable volumes. The Primary Dictionary and Popular Lessons are spread over the country. The second of these has perhaps enjoyed the widest popularity; and has lately, as we are informed, been translated into both Spanish and French, with reference to their being introduced into the schools of those countries. Excellent, and highly esteemed abroad, as these books are, we are not aware that a single one of the series has been introduced into the common schools of Massachusetts.

---

1. *M. Accii Plauti Amphitruo et Aulularia. Ex editione J. F. Gronovii. Accedunt notæ Anglicæ. Cura C. K. Dillaway, A. M.* Philadelphiæ; Perkins et Purves. Bostoniæ: B. Perkins. 1842. pp. 204.
2. *M. T. Ciceronis Tusculanarum Quæstionum libri quinque ex editionibus Oliveti et Ernesti. Accedunt Notæ Anglicæ. Cura C. K. Dillaway,* A. *M. Tom. I. II.* Philadelphiæ et Bostoniæ. 1842. 18mo.

The public is again indebted to the scholarship and industry of Mr. Dillaway for three more volumes of his beautiful series of selections from the Latin Classics. They are formed precisely on the model of the preceding volumes, and it is necessary, therefore, only to announce to our readers their appearance.

Those who cannot afford to purchase complete editions of the works of the Roman authors, may here supply themselves with selections from them, accompanied by a large body of notes, with solutions of the most difficult passages, and full of illustrative matter, drawn from Mythology, Antiquities, History, and Biography. Prettier volumes could hardly be desired; nor could they be had, except from the London press. They seem well adapted by their form, for the higher classes in our classical schools, and the first years of college.

Self-Culture, by William E. Channing, D. D. With a Biographical Sketch of the Author. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1842.

A VERY beautiful miniature edition of this useful essay, possessing additional value from the brief memoir which introduces it.

The Rights of Conscience and of Property; or The True Issue of the Convent Question; by George Ticknor Curtis. Boston: Charles C. Little and James Brown. 1842.

THE present session of the Legislature, we trust, will not terminate before justice, long delayed, shall be done to the Catholics, whose moderation and patience, under the most grievous wrongs at the hands of a mob, and under the neglect of the Commonwealth to make all the reparation in its power by full reimbursement for their loss, have done them lasting honor. It was injury enough to them, and to the reputation of our time-honored State, when a lawless rabble — with whatever sprinkling of respectability there might have been in it — set fire at midnight to a large and costly edifice, crowded with women and children, impelled to the deed by religious prejudice. But every disgrace which that act of savage violence inflicted upon Massachusetts, and every injury it inflicted upon the Catholics, has been exceeded in the fact of the virtual justification of that act by the withholding of justice for so long a period, where right is so plain, that no other blindness but that of religious prejudice could fail to see and acknowledge it. This we think is the most serious aspect of the case, that the whole body of our representatives should, to so great an extent, share the feelings and passions of the mob. Unless it be their religious prejudice operating in secret, we in vain attempt to conjecture a reason for this weary denial of a righteous compensation. Perhaps we ought to add that there is another aspect of the case more serious yet,

and more discouraging as to the healthiness of the moral feelings in our community, the fact, namely, stated by Mr. Curtis, and well known to all who know anything of the matter, that during the eight years that have elapsed since the destruction of the convent, in no one instance has the Governor of the State in his annual Message called the attention of the Legislature to the subject. The possible reason for this neglect of the most important topic, that for these eight years has solicited the Chief Magistrate's attention, hinted by Mr. Curtis, "the belief that the suggestion would not penetrate through the prejudices of the time," is by no means sufficient to excuse this unfaithfulness. The suspected existence of such prejudice was the best reason to be given for such plain and earnest statement and re-statement, for such argument and appeal — often enough resorted to on questions of general and local politics — as might tend to soften and remove the prejudice, and open the mind to more enlarged and generous views. Who can doubt that had there been the right feeling, there has each year been talent enough in the chair to have presented the question in such a form and with such power, as long before this to have discharged our great debt to the Catholics, and as far as that can be done by repentance and reparation, to have wiped away her darkest stain of dishonor from the fair fame of our ancient Commonwealth. The incumbents of that chair, we are certain, have not, in this, answered the wishes and expectations of the best portions of the people.

Two years ago we expressed the hope that, before the Bunker Hill Monument should be carried to its top stone, that other monument of our shame on a neighboring height, the ruins of the demolished Convent, should be replaced by the restored edifice, and again be occupied by its former tenants. The top stone is up and on, but the ruins stand as they did. Shall they stand there forever?

The pamphlet of Mr. Curtis is able and eloquent, and presents with great clearness and force the legal argument in the question. If such argument as is presented here, and such as shall be heard in the House at the present session, does not produce its effect in accomplishing the ends of honesty and justice, we trust the friends and advocates of justice and honesty will not lose their patience, but repeat their efforts from year to year, till the mind of the people shall be subdued to what must in the end obtain its triumph, the power of truth and right.

Pleasant Memories of Pleasant Lands. By Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1842.

Out of her pleasant memories of pleasant lands Mrs. Sigourney has made quite a pleasant book. She pours out poetry with the same facility apparently as prose. But whether she employs blank verse, rhyme, or simple prose, she gives utterance to those kindly feelings and that pure sentiment that find a ready echo in the bosoms of all. Her writings are too generally known to need a single critical remark, and we rather turn to her pages for a few such passages as may afford pleasure to our readers. The volume is printed in a very beautiful form, adapted to the wants of the present-making season. An engraved title-page and a pretty view of Abbotsford, as a frontispiece, are its decorations.

From the chapter devoted to the young Queen of England, we extract the passage which describes her as she appeared addressing the Houses of Parliament.

The countenance of Queen Victoria is agreeable, and her complexion very fair. At first view it seemed remarkable, that one so young should evince such entire self-possession, nor betray by the least shade of embarrassment a consciousness, that every eye in that vast assembly was fixed solely on her. This, however, is a part of the queenly training in which she has become so perfect.

Her voice is clear and melodious, and her enunciation so correct, that every word of her speech was distinctly audible to the farthest extremity of the House of Lords. She possesses in an eminent degree the accomplishment of fine reading. I could not help wishing that the fair daughters of my own land, who wear no crown save that of loveliness and virtue, would more fully estimate the worth of this accomplishment, and more faithfully endeavor to acquire it. For I remembered how often, in our seminaries of education, I had listened almost breathlessly to sentiments, which I knew from the lips that uttered them must be true and beautiful; but only stifled sounds, or a few uncertain murmurings repaid the toil. And I wish all who conduct the education of young ladies would insist on at least an audible utterance, and not consider their own office to be faithfully filled, unless a correct and graceful elocution is attained.

In looking upon the fair young creature to whom such power is deputed, and hoping that she might be enabled to execute the sacred and fearful trust, for the good of the millions who own her sway, and for her own soul's salvation, I was reminded of the circumstance of her weeping when told she was to become a queen, and of the sweet poem of Miss Barret, which commemorates that circumstance.

"O maiden! heir of Kings!
A King has left his place!

The majesty of death has swept
All other from his face!
And thou upon thy mother's breast
No longer lean adown,
But take the glory for the rest,
And rule the land that loves thee best."
She heard and wept,
She wept, to wear a crown!

God save thee, weeping Queen!
Thou shalt be well beloved!
The tyrant's sceptre cannot move,
As those pure tears have moved!
The nature in thine eyes we see,
That tyrants cannot own!
The love that guardeth liberties. —
Strange blessings on the nation lies
Whose Sovereign wept,
Yea! wept to wear a crown!

Anecdotes of distinguished and interesting persons occur here and there. She visited Miss Edgeworth, and thus describes her:

"To have repeadly met and listened to Miss Edgeworth, seated familiarly with her by the fireside, may seem to her admirers in America a sufficient payment for the hazards of crossing the Atlantic. Her conversation like her writings is varied, vivacious, and delightful. Her kind feelings toward our country are well known, and her forgetfulness of self, and happiness in making others happy, are marked traits in her character. Her person is small, and delicately proportioned, and her movements full of animation. She has an aversion to having her likeness taken, which no entreaties of her friends have been able to overcome. In one of her notes, she says, 'I have always refused even my own family to sit for my portrait, and with my own good will shall never have it painted, as I do not think it would give either my friends or the public any representation or expression of my mind, such as I trust may be more truly found in my writings.' The ill-health of a lovely sister much younger than herself, at whose house in London she was passing the winter, called forth such deep anxiety, untiring attention, and fervent gratitude for every favorable symptom, as seemed to blend features of maternal tenderness with sisterly affection. It is always gratifying to find that those, whose superior intellect charms and enlightens us, have their hearts in the right place."

We have never seen a representation of this celebrated writer in either painting or engraving, but did not before know that none exists. Her reason given for denying the pleasure to her friends and the world of possessing her picture is amusing enough, and a striking instance to show how illogical a very wise person can sometimes be. As if any body wanted her portrait in order to see her mind in it, and so might see it imperfectly —

as if it were for any other purpose than just to see how she looks. Does Miss Edgeworth derive no gratification from looking upon the bust or portrait of the great persons of antiquity or of the present day? Why in her own case should she deprive us of a similar pleasure? Does she derive no pleasure from seeing the faces of her living friends? Would she as lief talk with them always with a black veil on, and have intercourse only with their minds? We have great respect for the mind, but a great deal for the body also. We decidedly on the whole think more of mind than body. But we hold it to be quite a reasonable curiosity, when we have been enlightened by the genius of a great author, to look upon an effigy of the outward form, be it ugly or otherwise, in which it pleased Heaven to lodge it. This transcendental elevation — of which before we could never have suspected this most practical of writers — above the pleasures of sense, above the delights that come in through material forms, sounds, hues, above all joys, but those that can be gathered from a treatise on metaphysics, religion, or universal grammar — this, if we were disposed to speak seriously of it, we should call a form of irreverence; but as we are not, we simply call it error of judgment, or affectation.

Mrs. Sigourney saw also Wordsworth and Miss Baillie.

"An excursion to Grassmere and Helvellyn, the falls of Rydal-Water, Stock-Gill-Force, and other points of interest in the vicinity of Ambleside, communicated great pleasure to our party; but at our return we found it had been purchased by the loss of a call from the poet Wordsworth. Though I had more earnestly desired to see him than almost any distinguished writer, whom from early life had been admired, it was with a degree of diffidence, amounting almost to trepidation, that I accepted the invitation to his house, which had been left at the inn. As I approached his lovely and unpretending habitation, embowered with ivy and roses, I felt that to go into the presence of Europe's loftiest crowned head, would not cost so much effort, as to approach and endeavor to converse with a king in the realm of mind. But the kindness of his reception and that of his family, and the unceremonious manner in which they make a guest feel as one of them, removed the reserve and uneasiness of a stranger's heart.

Wordsworth is past seventy years of age, and has the same full, expanded brow, which we see in his busts and engravings. His conversation has that simplicity and richness, for which you are prepared by his writings. He led me around his grounds, pointing out the improvements which he had made, during the last thirty years, and the trees, hedges, and shrubbery which had been planted under his direction. Snatches of the gorgeous scenery of lake and mountain, were visible from different points; and one of the walks terminated with the near view of a chapel built by his neighbor, the Lady Elizabeth Fleming, on whose domain are both the upper and lower falls of Rydal-Water. In

this beautiful combination of woods, cliffs, and waters, and solemn temple pointing to the skies, we see the germ of many of his thrilling descriptions; for his habit is to compose in the open air. He loves the glorious scenery of his native region, and is evidently pleased when others admire it.

"His household consists of a wife, sister, two sons, and a daughter. The eldest of the sons is married, and with a group of five children resides under the same roof, giving to the family a pleasant, patriarchal aspect. A fine boy of five years, who bears the name of his grandfather, and bids fair to possess somewhat of his breadth of brow, is evidently quite a favorite. Among his bright sayings was the question, whether '*the Ocean was not the christian-name of the Sea?*' It was delightful to see so eminent a poet, thus pursuing the calm tenor of a happy life, surrounded by all those domestic affections and charities, which his pure lays have done so much to cherish in the hearts of others."

Her visit to Miss Baillie is thus described:

"It was both a pleasure and a privilege to see Miss Joanna Baillie, at her residence in Hampstead. She is above the common height, erect and dignified in her person, and of truly cordial manners. On my arrival, she had just returned from a long walk to visit the poor, and though past the age of seventy-six, and the day chill and windy, she seemed unfatigued, and even invigorated by the exercise. She resides with a sister several years older than herself, and who retains a beaming and lovely countenance.

"With them was Rogers, the veteran poet, who has numbered his eightieth winter, but still keeps a perpetual smile of spring in his heart. His polished manners make him a favorite in the higher circles, while the true kindness of his nature is attractive to all. Many from my own land can bear witness to his polite attentions, and to the exquisite collection of the fine arts, which his house in London exhibits; and among all the masters of the lyre in foreign realms, there is none of whom I now think with such deep regret, that I shall see their faces no more on earth.

"Miss Baillie is well known to be a native of Scotland, and sister to the late celebrated physician of that name, whose monument is in Westminster Abbey. Whether it was the frankness of her nation, touching the chords of sympathy, I know not, but it was painful to bid her farewell."

Address delivered before the Harvard Musical Association, in the Chapel of the University at Cambridge, August 24, 1842. By William W. Story. Printed at the request of the Society. Boston: Printed by S. N. Dickinson. 1842. 8vo. pp. 24.

This is a discourse which an English writer would call surprisingly clever. But it is more than that, as it shows more

than talent, to which that term is restricted, namely, genuine feeling and a true enthusiasm. We do not think the author has exaggerated, nor exhibited more enthusiasm than all who feel, as well as love to hear, music, would choose to express, and in much the same language, if they possessed an equal power with Mr. Story over a very various vocabulary, and an equally vigorous imagination. He sometimes hovers just upon the verge of the obscure, just enough, perhaps, to inspire a deeper interest in his flights, and just also upon the verge of all we hate in the New Dialect, but on the whole steers his way with so good discretion, that we are obliged to confess he almost seems to borrow a grace from his offences, which is a great deal for a natural enemy of all forms of Euphuism to say. There is no great method in the discourse, but it is none the worse for that; — a great deal of method in a short performance reminds one of small buildings all outside — crushed by too much architecture — examples of which are not wanting.

Were we to please ourselves with taking exception to any principal position of the discourse, it would be with the rank so confidently claimed for Beethoven. He is clearly, to our mind, not of the Shakspeare and Homer class, but a lower order — great, but not greatest — and there is all the difference in the world between the two. In the class of "great" one would be ready to allow him the first place — but would by no means permit him to stand within the sacred precincts of the temple, where dwell the master-spirits of poetry and song. We do not pretend to have heard a tythe of the music of this great composer. But from what we have heard his genius may be understood and measured. It is not difficult to see that he wants that attribute of the greatest minds, to produce perfect satisfaction, an absolute fulness of delight, and force the conviction, that human power can no further go. One has the feeling that he may be surpassed — that many greater may arise. But we look for no more Shakspeares. Our highest conceptions of what is possible to human genius are fulfilled in him. We do not look for a greater. So of the other monarchs of art, Michael Angelo, Dante, Handel. Beethoven may not be compared with them; but rather with such a genius as Richter, whom he seems greatly to resemble, — wild, erratic, fantastic, with gushes of nature and bursts of power, which at times melt the heart and fill the mind with astonishment; but never presenting in a long-sustained movement that completeness and perfect development of thought, which are seen in the works of the greatest minds, and ever assert their supremacy by subduing not only the souls of the few to their sway, but of all. Beethoven,

like Richter, is for a clique, not for mankind; for — we dare to say — an age, not for all ages. And what adds to the strength of this conviction is, that as we listen, we are compelled to question the perfect simplicity and sincerity of his nature — ever the characteristics of the highest genius — reminding us here again, notwithstanding all his moral beauty, of Richter. You see too much, Beethoven, as, too much, Richter, — too little, original, spontaneous, irresistible, unaffected nature. Handel is not Handel, but greatness, sublimity, inimitable tenderness, surpassing magnificence. Shakspeare is not Shakspeare, but nature, poetry, truth, absolute and unapproachable. Of neither can mannerism be affirmed; except in the sense, indeed, that their greatness ever betrays them, as manner does inferior souls. If the world sings for six thousand years longer, we cannot conceive that it should ever raise a sublimer strain than the hallelujah chorus, or a sweeter, holier, than "He shall lead his flock like a shepherd," or, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," — all worthy of the tongues and harps of angels. What is the impression made by the far-famed symphony in C. Minor? Is it one, single, immediate, homogeneous, overwhelming? or not rather, mixed, doubtful, confused, partial — an impression of incompleteness and even irrelevancy, of possible, not certain greatness, of a wonderful mingling together of the true and the half-true, the great and the grotesque, the simple and the insincere — of a striving, in a word, after what is not attained. There are strains beautiful, affecting, dreamy, as ever the soul conceived; but others bewildering, mysterious, anomalous, which interest intensely, and excite the curiosity, but at the same time produce effects absolute music never could — perplexing the mind, and throwing it into a state of criticism, rather than one of calm enjoyment, abandonment to the power of art, breathless admiration.

But we have said more than we intended. We congratulate the Harvard Musical Association on accomplishing so successfully the objects which it placed before it. Its library has already become valuable, and is increasing. We trust it keeps steadily in view what we consider its main object, the establishment of a professorship of music in the University. With this, as one chief fountain of influence, and the Boston Academy, with its annual concerts, as another, we might look confidently for a wide and rapid spread of a more pure musical taste in the country.

1. *A Discourse, occasioned by the Death of William Ellery Channing. Preached in Hollis Street Church, Oct.* 16, 1842. *By John Pierpont.* Boston: Printed by Oliver Johnson. 1842. pp. 23, 8vo.
2. *An Address, delivered at the Funeral of Rev. William Ellery Channing, D. D., in the Federal Street Meeting-house, Oct.* 7, 1842. *By Ezra S. Gannet.* Boston: William S. Crosby & Co. 1842.
3. *A Discourse, occasioned by the Death of William Ellery Channing; delivered in the First Congregational Church, Providence, R. I., Oct.* 12, 1842. *By Edward B. Hall.* Providence: B. Cranston & Co. 1842.
4. *A Sermon, preached in Amory Hall, Oct. 9th,* 1842, *being the Sunday succeeding the Death of William Ellery Channing. By James Freeman Clarke.* Boston: Benjamin H. Greene. 1842.
5. *A Discourse, occasioned by the Death of William Ellery Channing, D. D., pronounced before the Unitarian Societies of New-York and Brooklyn, in the Church of the Messiah, Oct.* 13*th*, 1842. *By Henry W. Bellows.* New-York: Charles S. Francis & Co. 1842.
6. *The Influence of a Great Mind when imbued with the Spirit of the Christian Religion. A Sermon, preached in the Meeting-house of the Harvard Church and Society in Charlestown, on Sunday, Oct.* 9, 1842, *on occasion of the Death of Rev. William Ellery Channing, D. D. By George E. Ellis, Pastor of that Church.* Boston: William Crosby & Co., No. 118 Washington St. 1842.
7. *An Humble Tribute to the Memory of William Ellery Channing, D. D. A Sermon, preached at West Roxbury, Oct.* 9, 1842. *By Theodore Parker, Minister of the Second Church in Roxbury.* Boston: Charles C. Little, and James Brown. 1842. 8vo. pp. 38.
8. *A Sermon, on the Death of Dr. Channing. By Rev. Charles T. Brooks, delivered in the Union Meeting-house at Portsmouth, (Rhode Island.)*
9. *A Discourse, on occasion of the Death of Rev. William Ellery Channing, D. D., delivered in Essex Street Chapel, on Sunday, Nov. 6th,* 1842. *By Thomas Madge, Minister of the Chapel.* London: John Green, Newgate St. 1842.

10. *A Tribute to the Memory of the Rev. William Ellery Channing, D. D. A Discourse, delivered in the Chapel, Little Portland St., Regent St., on Sunday, Nov.* 20, 1842, *by Edward Tagart, F. S. A., Minister of the Chapel.* London: John Green: Newgate St. 1842.

11. *A Sermon, preached at Little Carter Lane Chapel, London, on Sunday, Nov. 6th,* 1842, *on occasion of the lamented Death of the Rev. William Ellery Channing, D. D. By Joseph Hutton, LL. D.* London: John Green, Newgate St.; and John Mardon, Farrington St. 1842.

With the exception of one we have read these discourses, and have been struck with their general excellence. They are of a higher order, we think, than those which appeared on the occasion of the death of President Harrison, and are certainly creditable to the authors and to the church. Our first purpose was to make an article similar to that upon the late President, in order to transmit on our pages an example of the preaching of the day, and through the passages selected for that purpose at the same time present as complete a view as possible of the character and life of Dr. Channing. We have laid it aside for many reasons, but with regret, and preserve merely the titles of the several discourses.

Greenwood's Sermons of Consolation. — In the present Number we can only record the title of this beautiful volume. It is one which we are sure will meet with a grateful reception, not only on the part of the parishioners of Mr. Greenwood, but of all who have ever listened to his preaching, or who seek instruction on the topics most interesting to a thoughtful mind. The plan of the volume we believe is original, in being confined to discourses on some one of the subjects of Christian consolation. It meets a want not before supplied. There are twenty-seven sermons in the volume.

INDEX.

A.

America, Poets of, 25, 28 — poetry of, 29, 33.
Archbishop of Paris, pastoral letter of, analyzed, with remarks upon, 265, 279.

B.

Baptism, 213 — meaning of the word, 214, 217 — original mode of, 217, 225 — subjects of, 225 — duties of Christians in relation to, 227.
Bible, the, its influence on science, 151 - 157 — on the fine arts, 157 —music, ib. — painting and sculpture, 159 — architecture, 161 — poetry, 163, 168.
Bible, observations on, for the use of young persons, 126.
Board of Education, fifth annual report of, 97 - 111.
Bryant, W. C, his hymn of the sea, 95.
Burial of the Seed, from the German, by C. T. Brooks, 186.
Burnap's lectures on Christianity, reviewed, 187 - 196.
Burton, Dr. Asa, his peculiar opinions as a Hopkinsian, and his criticism of Edwards, 178 - 180.

C.

Cicero on the immortality of the soul, a new translation of, 130 - 150 — continued, 316 - 338.
Channing, Dr., notice of the death and character of, 228 - 237.
Channing, sermons occasioned by the death of, noticed, 399, 400.
Common schools, 97 - 111.
Concessions of Trinitarians, by John Wilson, noticed, 248 - 252.
Curwen's letters and journal, reviewed, 359 - 381.
Curtis's, G. T., true issue of the convent question, 391.

D.

De Wette's, human life, or practical ethics, noticed, 252 - 257.
Dillaway's, C. K., classics, 390.

E.

Ecclesiastical History, difficulties and discouragements in the study of, 1 - 4 — advantages of, directly and indirectly, to the preacher, 4 - 24.
Emmons, Dr. Nathaniel, biographical sketch of, 169 - 176 — birth and early education, 170—theological studies and position, 170, 171 — preaches and is ordained, 172 — anecdotes of, 172, 173 — his sermons and their character, 174 — personal character, 174, 175 — his peculiar theological opinions, 177.

F.

Fellows's, Charles, tour in Lycia, 82 - 94.
Follen, Dr. Charles, his works and memoirs reviewed, 33 — birth and early life, 35 — enters the univer-

sity at Giessen, 38 — his character and devotion to freedom at this period, 39 — lectures on the civil law at Jena, 44 — his ideas and purpose of perfection, ib. — suspected of connexion with Sands, 45 — compelled to retire to Switzerland, and becomes lecturer at Basle, 47 — advised to leave Basle, sails for America, 49 — estimate of his character, 50 – 56.

Folsom's historical interpretations of the book of Daniel, noticed, 123.

Frothingham, Rev. N. L., his translation of the Dying Flower, from the German, 288 – 290.

G.

ΓΕΝΝΗΜΑ ΤΗΣ ΑΜΠΕΛΟΥ, review, &c., noticed, 126.

Goldsbury's Grammars noticed, 257.

Gray, Dr. Thomas, his half-century sermon, noticed, 262.

Griswold's poets and poetry of America, 25 – 33.

Greenwood's sermons of consolation, 400.

H.

Hints on the interpretation of prophecy, by M. Stuart, noticed, 121.

History, ecclesiastical, uses of, 1–24.

Homer, William Bradford, writings of, and memoir by Professor Park, 111 – 121.

Hopkinsianism, sketches of the history of, with its divisions and subdivisions of opinion, 176 – 185.

Hymn of the Sea, by W. C. Bryant, 95.

I.

Insane of Massachusetts, 338 — great numbers of, still in neglect, 338 — present state and character, but insufficiency of existing asylums, 340 – 350 — Dr. Woodward's letter on the necessity of larger accommodations, 350 – 353.

J.

Jay's results of emancipation in the West Indies, 382.

L.

Lamson, Rev. Alvan, address before the Berry Street Conference on the uses of ecclesiastical history, 1 – 24.

Latin hymn, translation of, 56.

Locksley Hall, by Tennyson, quoted, 240 – 244.

Longfellow's, Professor, poems on slavery, 353 – 358.

Lycia, Mr. Fellows's second tour in, 83 — confines his observations to that province, 84 — Calynda, ib. — land frogs, 85 — ruins, 85 – 87 — tombs and other ruins of Tlos and Pinara, 87 – 89 — Xanthus, 89 — primitive pastoral habits of the present inhabitants, 93, 94.

M.

Mann, Horace, his oration on the fourth of July, noticed, 258 – 262.

O.

Observations on the Bible for the use of young persons, 126.

Omnia, 197 — evil, 197, — prayer, 199 — love of God, 201 — courage, 204 — religion, 206 — the German's native land, 207, — Sir Thomas Browne, 208.

Osgood's, Rev. Samuel, translation of De Wette's practical ethics, noticed, 252 – 257.

P.

Paris, archbishop of, his pastoral letter analyzed, with observations upon, 265 – 279.

Paul's Epistles, why too much neglected by liberal Christians, 70 — chiefly for their supposed opposition or inferiority to the gospels, 71 — their true relation to the other parts of the New Testament, considered, 71 – 74 — their local

and temporary bearings, 74 – 77 — their bearing on the faith and practice of the church in all ages, 77 – 82.
Peace principles, notice of the progress of, 291 — signs of encouragement, 291 – 293 — individual and associated effort, 293, 296 — Dr. Worcester and the Massachusetts society, 296 — Mr. Ladd, 297 — movements in Europe, 298 — means of successful operation, 299 – 306.
Poems on slavery, by Professor Longfellow, 353 – 358.
Poets and poetry of America, 25–33.
Poetry for schools, by the author of American popular lessons, noticed, 389, 390.
Preaching, complaints of, 57, — how far groundless, 58 – 60 — real defects of, 60 – 70.

R.

Richter, Jean Paul, life of, noticed, 245 – 248.
Religion and goodness, 279 – 287.

S.

Sigourney, Mrs., Pleasant Memories of Pleasant Lands, noticed, 393 – 396.
Story's, William W., address before the Harvard Musical Association, noticed, 396.
Stuart's hints on the interpretation of prophecy, noticed, 121.
St. Paul's epistles, essay on, 70 – 82.

T.

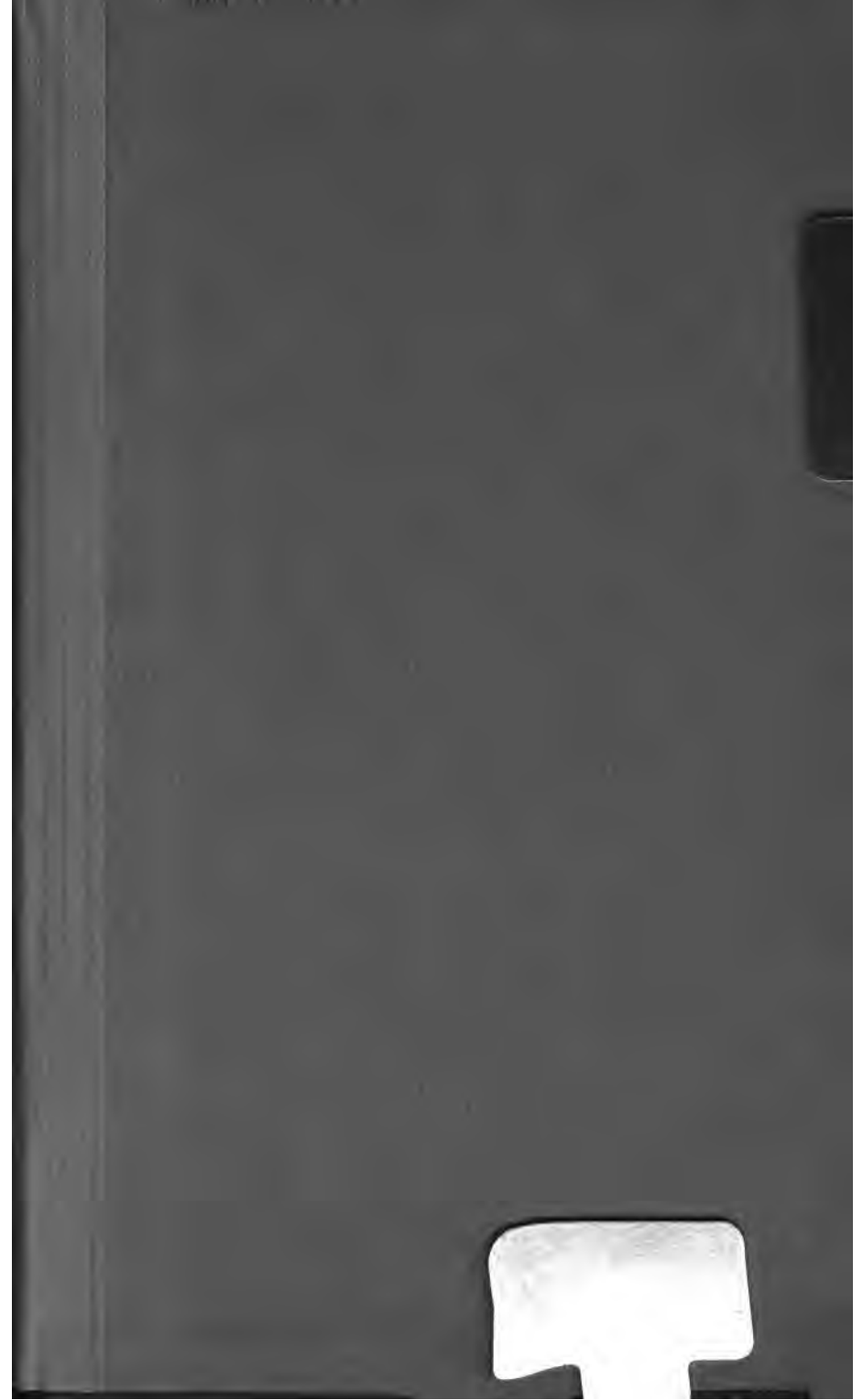
Tennyson's Poems, critique on, 237, 244.
Theological education in Paris, 265 – 279.
The Dying Flower, from the German, by N. L. Frothingham, 288, 289.

U.

Upham's, Rev. C. W., fourth of July oration, noticed, 124.

W.

Ward, George A., Esq., his edition of Curwen's journal and letters, reviewed, 359.
Widow's Son, the, an original poem, 307.
Wilson's concessions of Trinitarians, noticed, 248 – 252.

Y.

Young, ode to, from Klopstock, translated by C. T. Brooks, 169.